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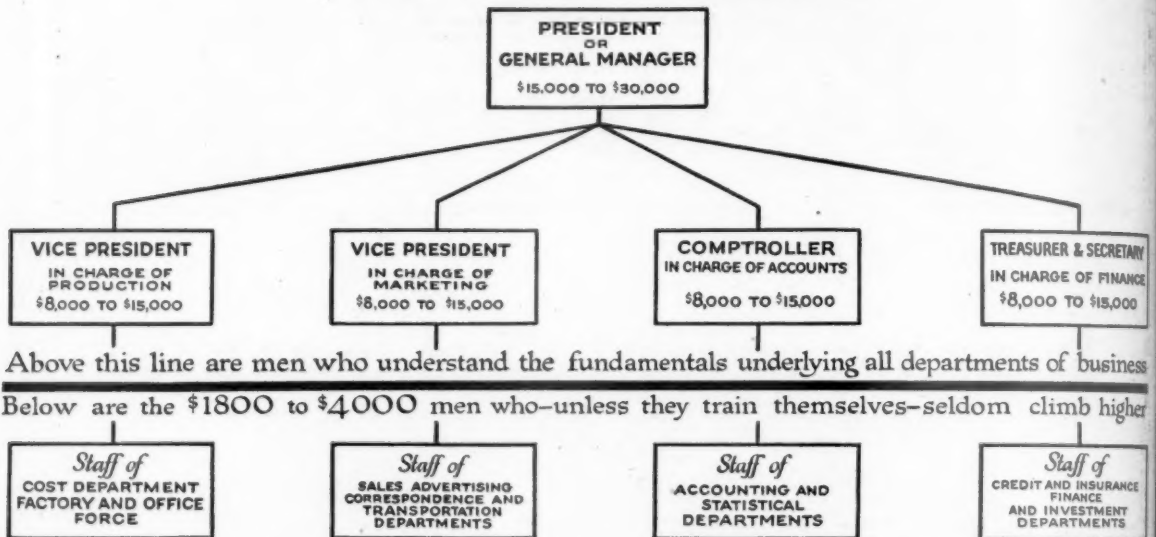
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

MAY
1920

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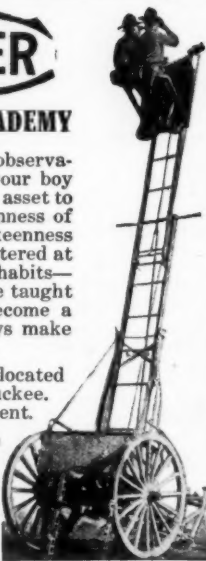
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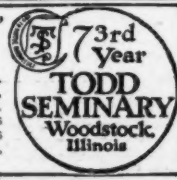
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THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd St., New York

Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By David M. Roth

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with over a quarter of a million others who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written. At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out what it was that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in personally classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who would my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a letup and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method, is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously infallible. Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used our course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

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- ☐ By Frederick Houk Law.
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship (\$7).
- ☐ By Arthur Newcomb.
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.....Red Book 5-20



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OUR success in training men and women, capable of qualifying for important executive positions, has given us a nation-wide reputation among large business concerns for developing employees for positions paying \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year and up. Our service has the written endorsement of many of America's leading corporation officials, bankers and business executives.

THE practical value of this service has been tested by men holding responsible positions in practically every large corporation in this country, including 364 employees of Armour and Company; 390 of the Standard Oil Company; 811 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; 309 of the United States Steel Corporation; 214 of the Ford Motor Company; 303 of Swift and Company, etc.

AMONG the numerous companies employing 50 or 100 or more men whose advancement we have aided are the following: Western Electric Company, International Harvester Company, B. F. Goodrich Company, and many others including all the large railroad companies in the United States—more than 2,100 with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

HIGH-GRADE positions are always seeking applicants of superior intelligence and training. By our methods we find employees in subordinate positions who have the inherent ability to direct re-

sponsible work, but who need only the proper vocational guidance and special training that we supply to make them high-priced men. For instance, we developed a \$20 a week ledger clerk into a \$7,200 a year Auditor; a \$70 a month shipping clerk into the Traffic Manager of a big rail and steamship line; a \$300 a month accountant into a \$70,000 a year executive; a small town station agent into a successful lawyer and district attorney; a bookkeeper into a bank executive, etc.

ADVANCEMENT is not a difficult problem for men who prepare themselves for promotion thru LaSalle training. A few hundred hours of spare time coaching by mail, under the personal direction of LaSalle experts, has been sufficient to increase the earning power of thousands of men from 100% to 600%.

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IT WILL cost you nothing to investigate this opportunity, and you may find out some surprising possibilities about yourself and your future that are unknown to you now. Mark and mail the coupon below, indicating the kind of position for which you would like to qualify. We will send full particulars, also a free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book that has been an inspiration to more than 200,000 ambitious men. Send for your copy now.

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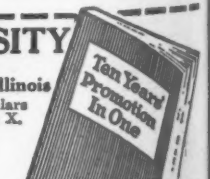
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fidence in another who really has just as much ability? The thing that counts is

Not Only WHAT You Say But HOW You Say It

The world is full of splendid merchandise that doesn't move—"order takers" who should be salesmen—political ideas that meet continual defeat—good men earning less, much less, than they're worth; all because so few know how to use that God-given faculty of speech which is one of man's greatest weapons.

Let Me Teach You

I can teach you how to carry conviction—how to make what you say



If your words carry conviction you can influence a crowd to think as you do.

have the effect you want it to, whether you talk to sell, to convince or to entertain. I can enable you to overcome timidity—give you confidence in yourself, develop your personality, improve your memory.

I can show you the art of brevity, the value of silence. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I can suggest when and how to use humor with telling effect. Do you know the knack of making oral reports to superiors? Do you know the right and wrong way of presenting complaints, estimates, and to issue orders?

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| Can you win confidence, friendship, love, through your speech? | Can you address any size audience from one to thousands? |
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The ability to talk convincingly will win over prominent men. It is one of the secrets of closing big deals.

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DON'T blame your scalp if your hair is beginning to take French leave. Perhaps it is not getting the care and attention it deserves. *You* know best about *that*.

But this for your comfort. A very *little* attention, if it be but rightly directed and conscientiously carried out, will go far to renew your scalp's waning interest in its own special job of sustaining healthy, young-looking hair.

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Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10 cents.

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The Hour-Glass of the Greeks had its limitations as a time-meter. Yet old-world churches still use it for checking the length of sermons.

* * *

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Crude devices all, but milestones—

—marking the flight of Time down through the ages to the marvelous meters of our day—



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of
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in "Tiger, Tiger"
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The Magazine of a Remade World

It There Were Only a Tax on Talk

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

AT a public dinner some weeks ago five speakers were scheduled. It was agreed that each would speak for twenty minutes—a hundred minutes of oratory, all that any patient audience ought to be called upon to stand. The first man spoke twenty-two minutes. The second man spoke twenty-five. The third man rambled along for an hour and forty-four minutes!

The speaker has an unfair advantage over a writer. Any reader of this piece can, at any moment, decide that it is not worth reading, and move on (as doubtless many do). But no man rises in the middle of a public address, jams on his hat and stamps down the aisle. We are held by a certain convention of courtesy; and nine speakers out of ten presume upon that fact.

Only once in a blue moon does a man arise and without palaver, drive right to the point, making his statement in a few crisp words and sitting down before we are ready to have him stop. Such a one leaves us gasping with relief and admiration: we would, with the slightest encouragement, shout for him for President. He glistens in our memory; and we mention his name with a certain awe when the names of speakers are told.

Brevity is so popular a virtue that I cannot understand why more speakers do not cultivate it. It is one of the keys to immortality.

Two men spoke at Gettysburg on the same afternoon during the Civil War. One man was named Everett, the leading orator of his day; and he made a typically "great" oration. What reader of this magazine has ever heard it referred to, or could repeat a single line?

The other speaker read from a slip of paper less than three hundred words. And Lincoln's Gettysburg address will live forever.

Greeley used to say that the way to write a good editorial was to write it to the best of your ability, then cut it in two in the middle and print the last half.

When a reporter complained to Dana that he could not possibly cover a certain story in six hundred words, Dana sent him to the Bible:

"The whole story of the creation of the world is told in less than six hundred!" he exclaimed.

EVERYTHING is taxed these days except talk; and no tax could be more popular from the standpoint of the patient consumer. The tax should be graded, like the income-tax. Let speeches of five minutes or under be exempt; from five- to ten-minute speeches, ten per cent; ten to fifteen minutes, fifteen per cent; over thirty minutes, sixty per cent, with double taxes on speeches in Congress. Only by such rigorous treatment will the spoken word regain a position of respect, and silence receive the honor that is its due.

There is one historical character who has fascinated me. His name was Enoch: the honor conferred upon him has been enjoyed by no other; yet his whole biography is written in less than twenty words. "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not: for God took him."

So far as we know, he was the only man ever selected by the Almighty as a walking-companion. And there is every indication that he was a man of very few words.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.



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IT FLOATS



MAY, 1920
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THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

AMONG American writers of fiction whose work reflects no less a sense of responsibility than high literary quality, the author of this story of a soul's awakening occupies a position of conspicuous distinction.

THE DEVIL'S DOLL

By
ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

"I SAY, it's the chance of your young life! Gee, I wish I had it!"

The taller of the two girls, an arrogant brunette with a small head and Egyptian shoulders, arose from her chair, exhaled a lungful of cigarette-smoke, snapped the ash into the fireplace and spread her feet with her back to the mantle. She had a studied languor, fully conscious of being what is commonly known as *svelte*.

"When it comes to the real thing, the vamps don't have a chance! The directors are all for the baby dolls!" she half laughed, with a suggestion of bitterness in the glance she cast at the other girl. "I ought to have been an angel-face myself."

Her phrase, ironically vernacular, was none the less strikingly descriptive of her companion. Daise Redmond was one of those radiant daughters of the gods who once in a decade or so appear upon Broadway,

and whose classic beauty seems to bespeak an equal purity of soul. Every curve of her small figure, every line of her mignon face was exquisite, wonder-compelling; and her great eyes, full of an eager, puzzled sympathy touched with lights of mischief, were lakes of innocence in which indeed many an innocent had drowned himself. To call her an angel would have been

inadequate. She was an angel of angels, a perfect living doll full of red blood instead of sawdust, a creature so beautiful that it seemed incredible—and left one vaguely sad.

"It means going the limit," she answered, weighing her words.

"Well," retorted the first, "what if it does? You've got to go the limit *sometime*, haven't you? It's only a question of when. Why, it'll *make* you, Daise! What are you getting now? A measly five hundred a week! And overnight you grab off the first fifty feet of film and a quarter of a million

In this vast cathedral of the woods, where the spires towered so high toward heaven, Daise experienced a new sensation.

a year! 'I should worry! Besides, you don't know what Sol has up his sleeve. Maybe he wants to marry you.'

The blonde shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"Alf isn't as easy as all that, Laura," she returned definitely. "He's not giving anything away, darling!"

"What's the exact proposition?" continued the tall girl. "It's in writing, isn't it?"

"Do you take me for a simp?" replied Daise tartly. "It will be, of course. Just now it's slightly nebulous. He wants me to meet him day after tomorrow somewhere up in Maine, and motor to Quebec. His idea is to go from there down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and home by way of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks. He says it'll give us plenty of time to talk over the terms of the contract."

"Some trip!" commented Laura enviously. "Right across Canada, isn't it? What kind of a car has he got?"

"A ninety Rozier—this year's."

Laura whistled.

"The bears better beat it for the tall woods!"

"I guess it's all woods up there," returned the angel-face. "He wanted me to start with him from here, but they're going to shoot the end of 'The Lure of the Lights' tomorrow, and so I've got to wait and go by train. I'm goin' to take Lucile with me—whether he likes it or not!"

The brunette stretched her arms towards the ceiling and yawned.

"What a roast!" she declared. "Just because your grandmother was a Frenchie and your grandfather was a squarehead from Christiania and couldn't pronounce the letter J, you're going to pull down five thousand a week and an introductory close-up in every film; while I—a lady born and reared among the first families of Virginia, and one of the best vamps in the business—am throttled down to two hundred and fifty per!" She stiffened suddenly and turned an almost awed face towards her friend.

"Do you realize," she cried hoarsely, "that you'll be getting twenty times as much money as I am? Twenty times! And just because I'm a vamp and you're a baby blonde!"

ALFRED DE MYER sat smoking an after-breakfast cigar on the back seat of a panting roadster across the street from the Northern Maine & Quebec Railway station at a frontier town in Maine. He had come through from New York in two days, a trip of nearly six hundred miles; and his new car had stood it like a grenadier. So had Alf, but that was to be expected of one whose cardinal principle of life was to keep in the pink of physical condition in order to enjoy the good things thereof. The seat of success lies in a sound "stummick," he was wont to allege with authority; and nobody having seen him eat could possibly challenge the soundness of his. Owing to his philosophy and consequent health Alf was now the head of the Peerless Pictures Company, the artistry of whose celluloid masterpieces had set (according to their standing full-page newspaper advertisement) a new standard of production. He had gone into the business with a definite theory—he had previously been a traveling-salesman in the glove business; and the theory had won out.

This theory had been simplicity itself. Men had no use for other men on the screen—except for two or three old favorites. What they wanted was girls. Neither did their wives and daughters wish to see men—only women, so that they could criticize their frocks and the way they did their hair, and generally contrast their conduct on the film with what would probably have been that of themselves under similar circumstances. Women liked either to hate or adore, and a woman star gave them their opportunity. Therefore as soon as Alf had a real chance to experiment with his theory, he retained all the available vamps and blue-eyed heroines on the basis of one hundred thousand a year guaranteed and a bonus of five thousand a week "when working on a picture." In a word, he cornered the baby dolls, and crowds packed the theaters whenever his films were being exhibited.

Moreover Alf carried out his theory in his advertising, and all his posters in color showed raven- or yellow-haired beauties stabbing prostrate men or hanging partly clad by one hand over bottomless abysses. Every one of his features was a sure thriller, and the public could count on seeing at least two and probably three exquisite creatures clad in everything from furs to bathing suits, and constantly changing their costumes, who would, before the evening was over, register every degree of human emotion from that excited by the morning bath to the fierce passion of the abandoned yet innocent lady stenog.

It was Alf's ambition so to control the market that he could gradually force his rivals to capitulate and to surrender their

fortunes to his direction in one big moving-picture trial. In order to accomplish this, he was prepared to pay more for the same goods than any of his competitors. Already he had won them, from Agnes Atherton to Zaida Zimmerman, and he was picked up as fast as they appeared. He had watched Daise Koller ever since he had stumbled over her the year before when she was being shot for a comic over at Fort Lee, had sent for her the next day, pinched her cheek, been promptly slapped in the face, and had definitely made up his mind that she was worth having.

Accordingly Alf had his leading director put her through a course of sprouts in some "from farmyard to fame" story, and then used her as the ingénue in "The Devil's Doll." She made a great hit, and Alf had raised her to five hundred a week, with which shrewd little Daise in the course of a few months paid off most of the family debts, sent her younger sister to music-school and started her brother Tom in the garage business. She was the family prodigy and idol, their one best bet, their real Angel.

MEANTIME the angel acquired a thorough knowledge of man and his ways, and a vocabulary which was taken literally at its oral value would have caused embarrassment to a longshoreman. But nevertheless she maintained her respect, less perhaps from principle than from motives of self-interest. On every hand she saw girls raised suddenly from squalid surroundings to the height of luxury—today starring in the studios as "extras" at three dollars per, tomorrow driving their own cars and dawdling at Palm Beach. What had happened to them might easily happen to her—probably would, if she did not do anything foolish and had patience. After the release of "The Devil's Doll," there wasn't any longer a doubt about it. She could have had anything she wanted. Had it not been for her, Alf, Kalder of the Perfection Co. and Sarling of the High Consolidation would have bought her away from de Myer. But he, reading the script on the celluloid wall, decided to make a star.

"Cut out the agent thing, dearie!" he adjured her at the momentous interview in his office at the studio. "You know I'm strictly on the level. You've got eyes and can read. What's your sense of your handing over twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars to some fellow in commissions for just saying 'Sign here'? I guess you're a pretty good little business woman, eh? You and I understand one another. If you treat me right, I treat you the same way—see? Now, let's be friends. The only way to do the things is to get away from everybody where you can talk 'em out quietly. What do you say to a trip to Quebec? It's a great place and the hotel is fine. We'll go in my car—it's a dandy. Start tomorrow, if you say so. I'm going to ask the board of directors to give you five thousand a week. And just to show you I'm in earnest, here's your first month in advance."

She turned faint—but reached for the money: twenty thousand dollar bills. The blood crowded to her eyes, and she steadied herself with one hand against Alf's waistcoat while she tried to calculate her coming annual salary—two hundred and fifty thousand and sixty thousand dollars! She swallowed, unable to speak for the dryness of her tongue.

"Oh, Alf!" she stammered. "Is this real? It isn't a stall, is it?"

"Well, I guess not, you little darling!" he retorted heartily, putting his arm around her. "It's the real thing, just like you are! Give Papa a kiss and say you'll come along."

Automatically Daise put up her lips to his. A quarter of a million a year! It seemed a very small return.

"Oh, Alf, I don't think I can go to Quebec!"

He drew back.

"Can't go to Quebec? Why not?"

"Why—they're going to shoot 'The Lure of the Lights' this week."

"Well, let 'em wait."

"I don't think they can; they need the studio for another feature as soon as we get through."

He scowled. "Then you go by train and meet me when the scenery begins to get good."

Daise set her lips resolutely.

"Why can't we talk it over here?"

"Cause I propose to talk it over alone with you—see! Just you and me!" He registered great tenderness. "You know I'm frightfully stuck on you, Daise. This thing involves a lot of both of us—more'n money. . . . Come along!" He took her by both arms and drew her toward him. It was as inevitable as the log drawn toward the saw. But she twisted herself loose; too much freedom would be bad from any point of view.



"It is—beautiful!" she declared. "How proud you must be to have built so wonderful a church!" "It is," he murmured, "the flower of faith growing upward in a barren land."

"All right," she said rather coolly. "Tell me where to meet you, and I'll go along. I'll bring my maid. And there's not going to be any funny business—see?"

"Of course not!" he assured her. "Just a nice motor-trip—and while we're enjoying ourselves we can arrange everything so that we'll both be satisfied!"

He was wondering as he sat there enjoying to the full the fragrance of his cigar how she would act when she got off the train. And how he would act? On previous occasions he had neither felt any awkwardness nor experienced any difficulty. But Daise was a different sort of kid. You could see it in the way she'd acted "The Devil's Doll." Not that she was any different from any of the rest of 'em, but she needed to be handled differently. She might get on her ear and crab everything. *Toujours la politesse* was his game.

At this moment the train whistled down the valley and the arrival of several nondescript jitneys and buggies indicated that he would shortly have the opportunity to put his tactics into practice. Casehardened bouncer that he was, his pulse beat faster as he waited. Would she be morose, taciturn and sullen? What girl could afford to be at two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year?

The baby doll had never been farther from Broadway than her own native village of Hackensack, New Jersey. Her life had consisted of two phases only: the preliminary one had been a sordid and acrimonious semi-poverty which alternated, according as father had a job or didn't, from having enough to eat and upon which to be decently clothed, to an actual deficiency in both; the second was that of the easygoing spendthrift luxury of the theatrical district, where hearts and purses are both left carelessly open. The glorious sense of absolute comfort, of not having to worry about what one spent, of being admired and loved with the effusive emotion of those who are here today and gone tomorrow—this filled her with an ecstatic excitement.

The Cinderella of Hackensack had become overnight the fairy princess of Broadway. The little girl who had a year or so before saved her pennies for an ice-cream cone now tipped headwaiters with the air of an empress. She bought what her fancy dictated and paid cash for it out of a gold-mesh purse. A crowd of less successful, flattering sycophants crowded about her. All the waiters knew her at the Claridge, Healey's

else. She lived in an atmosphere where every woman kissed and every man squeezed her hand. If they had not purred at her she would have thought them cold and unresponsive. It was a sort of continuous, harmless philandering, an indiscriminate feast. And she was so happy! She was "Daise," "Darling," "Sweetie," to everybody. The same adjectives were heaped upon her own tongue. No chorus-girl out of a job, no broken-down actress, no shoestring-seller or "Matches Mary" besought her largess in vain. She threw her money right and left with lavish gesture.

That was the second stage of her career. The culmination now approaching. She had been a lesser star in the Milky Way now she was to become a planet—Venus, perhaps, translated into an aloof, glittering splendor of private cars and "royal suites," sweeping full-length silver-fox and ermine cloaks, of a subliminal national reputation, a familiar intimacy with a hundred million people, like that of Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Ben Ford or Lillian Russell.

And of course there had to be a fairy prince to put on a precious piece of footgear. In future his identity had seemed more important compared with the fact of getting it on. Of course, he wouldn't have picked Alfred de Myer. Still, you couldn't have anything in this world without paying for it somehow, and he lived in a society of unconventional manners and customs, emotional opportunism, of jealous gossip and coarse suggestion where the chief and often the only ethical question asked was "Well, what is she getting out of it?"

She was just dabbing on the final pat of doreine when a whistle brought Lucile to the door of her compartment.

"We are arrived, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the maid rapturously. "Has mademoiselle observed the magnificent scenery—great trees? What wilderness!"

Now, it was the truth that Daise, never having been farther than forty-five minutes from Broadway,—her Siberian picnic having been shot in the Passaic meadows,—had no idea whatever of the kind of trip upon which she had been so casually invited or of the country through which it would take her. Had she

tried to imagine it all, she would probably have conjured up a series of Hudson River villages, of roadhouses and ice-cream parlors and fountains. In being intent upon her toilet, she had not even taken the trouble to look out the window. Now, however, she did so and was astonished to find herself in what

and the Knickerbocker; and when she paused at the doorway of a restaurant to pick her table, she was pleasantly conscious of the tribute to her notoriety that flickered from group to group of "See that girl over there? That's Daise Redmond—the most beautiful girl in the world!"

But the crystal slipper was not what gave her the greatest satisfaction, although her own little shabby one had pinched her sorely; it was the warm-hearted generosity, the stagey courtesy, the almost fulsome admiration, the impulsive, easy-going affection that made her present life all rose-colored as contrasted with the selfish wrangling and nagging of her former existence. Everybody was kind to her—so kind that it constantly brought the tears to her eyes. Consequently she was equally kind to everybody

"Daughter!" was his unformulated thought. "Father!" was hers.



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to find herself in what

appeared to be a primeval forest.

"Mon Dieu, Lucile!" she murmured. "Where's Forty-second Street?"

With a loud rattling of brakes the train clattered into the frontier metropolis; and Daise, followed by the colored porter, bearing her valise-case of blue enamel, her sable cloak, her red-morocco traveling-bag and purple hat-box, and by Lucile carrying Tippie her Pomeranian, floated from the Pullman registering childish rapture, to the open-mouthed stupefaction of a dozen hooded guides and natives.

Alf lifted her to the platform and kissed her enthusiastically.

"Oh, cut it out, Alf!" she protested good-naturedly.

"It's too early for the rough-stuff. Besides, look at all the boobs!"

"Say, they never saw anything like you before!" he gloated. "This'll send local real-estate way up! Had your breakie? Well, hop in the bus with Papa. We've got to do a hundred and eighty before dinner-time tonight."

He led her across the road to where Pierre, the chauffeur, relieved the porter of the hat-box and other impedimenta. Daise made a vague movement toward her purse, but Alf anticipated her with a five-dollar bill, helped her into the rear seat and ensconced himself beside her. Lucile, with Tippie, climbed up beside Pierre. Alf pulled up the heavy fur robe, drew Daise toward him with an encircling arm and tucked her caressingly in.

"All right, Pierre! Shoot!" he called.

The "boobs" saw the trim chauffeur make an almost imperceptible motion; there was a bellow from the concealed klaxon; and the car, gathering headway, roared up the road toward Canada, leaving behind it a hanging cloud of dust.

"Dat feller he got a might' good-lookin' gal!" commented a French-Canadian lumberman from the Chaudière district earnestly.

"You've said it! Some chicken!" condescendingly agreed the visiting barber, who spent the winters with his folks down to Stowbeegan and was quite a devil in his own home town.

Once clear of the town, Pierre dropped down into second speed, and the big Rozier began to climb. Turning her head, Daise could see behind them a wide valley covered with a heavy growth of pines and spruces and rimmed by a line of blue mountains. In the center a lake shone like a burnished mirror. The sun, four hours high, glared hot upon her shoulders, but in the green sunlit depths on either side of the road still lingered the cool breath of the night before, laden with the scent of balsam and fern, and pregnant with all the mysterious odors of the forest. Daise took a deep draught of it.

"Gee!" she sighed contentedly. "Aint it fresh and cool! I didn't know trees ever grew as high as this! Say, you could get lost easy in those woods!"

"Sure!" said Alf confidently. "Folks get lost in 'em all the time. The station you got off at is the last one on the railroad this side of the boundary. We have to go fifty miles right through the wilderness before we get to the next one. They say there's hardly a house."

They topped the first rise, and plunging down into a fragrant shadowy glen, crossed a rushing mountain torrent over a rumbling bridge and took the next grade with a rush. They had left the Moose River Valley far behind and below them, and the "Line Mountains" rose on every hand like the steep, tumbled foothills of the Alps. Ahead the road bored into the forest like a dark tunnel; above, the tall tops of spruce, fir and hemlock parted a fairway of blue through the summer sky. The surface was of gravel, firm and hard, and the car leaped singing to the gas through the light, dry air.

Daise's heart sang too. It was her first experience with the unspoiled handiwork of the Creator. She had always regarded all the "back to the farm stuff" with the same cynical superciliousness as her associates. They had to "feed it to the boobs." She was an esoteric. When as the "Devil's Doll" she had a sudden change of heart, sort of deathbed repentance, in the last five hundred feet of celluloid, and according to the caption, "Seeing the error of her ways, returned to her loved ones in the little



village where she was born"—then she had perceived very well that in real life she would have done no such thing and would have stayed just where she was.

That sort of ending was stuck in to square the Middle West or to give a moral twist to the film so that the raw scenes the public really went to see would get by the censor. Yes, there was no question in her mind—a farm would bore her silly.

But now, in this vast cathedral of the woods, where the spires towered so high toward heaven that at times they seemed lost in the azure above her head, where fleeting patches of sunlight fell upon great beds of white moss, and where blue-white water swirled under arching boughs of maple and fell in rippling cascades over lichen-covered rocks, she experienced a new sensation. This, she realized, was something very real and beautiful. What it was didn't matter. It made her feel curiously apart from the world she had left; and strangely enough, she felt very much at home.

They shot out of the woods and crossed an upland valley where cows and sheep wandered on perilous hillsides. From beside a hovel a foreign-looking child in a blue smock waved at her with a peculiar beckoning gesture, like that of Italian children; and Daise waved back joyfully. Then the car dived through the twilight of a patch of thick evergreens, rose to a twelve-per-cent grade and dropped into first speed. Up, up they ground on low gear through the dense first growth until the water boiled in the radiator, and at length came to a pause upon the rocky open summit of the divide. Not a human habitation was visible. In every direction, as far as the eye could reach, stretched to the horizon an unbroken sea of virgin forest from which rose here and there undulating ridges of distant purple hills like the vertebrae of sleeping monsters. Far below, a silver line marked the tortuous course of a river seeking exit from the wilderness, across the vast expanse of which slowly moved dark shadows; and a cold, invigorating breeze, bending the tree-tops like cat's-paws upon the ocean, swept toward them with a sound like that of a rushing train. Where the sunlight struck unhindered, the forest glowed yellow-green; where the shadow fell, it made somber islands in the leafy sea. The arch of the sky was unbroken save by fleecy castles. Above them, a hawk hung in the brimming ether.

Daise had not listened to Alf's never- (Continued on page 98)

And then suddenly
Father Sansregret
came face to face
with an angel.

THIS Magazine is famous among readers for its stories of animal life and for the very simple reason that they are always written by those who know whereof they write. Thus in the case of—

JUST DOG

By
CHARLES E. TERRY

Illustrated by
FRANK STICK

THEY had never named him. When Doctor Brinton had brought him to the East two years before, they had discussed several names, but none of them seemed to fit the absurdly serious-eyed beast with the gray-black puppy coat that stood out so straight from his round sides and back. As his frame developed and his growing muscles brought symmetry to his splendid bulk, he still remained just Dog, but they said it as they wrote it always, with capital letter and nothing but respect implied. Betsy's "Doggie, Doggie, Dog," as she had called him from the first, probably helped to settle the matter.

His ancestry was more or less obscure. A business trip—half vacation—to the Montana sheep-ranges had brought the Doctor to the ranch-house but a few hours after Long Sam had been carried in with a splintered shin-bone. When Doctor Brinton left, a week later, Sam was fairly comfortable in his splints and duly grateful. His worldly possessions, aside from his herder's pony and saddle, consisted of an awkward, unsteady bundle of gray-black fur, and he insisted that the physician should take it along back East to the "famby."

"He's only a cub now, Doc, but jest lemme say he's goin' ter be a *re-al* dog. Look at 'is muzzle and thet dome atween his ears. Some 'ead there, Doc. Biggest of five, and he licked the litter soon's he could stan'."

Doctor Brinton had at first protested, but finally he agreed to take the pup home, as much because of a growing affection for the animal as because of Long Sam's hurt look when he demurred.

In reply to a query as to his breed, Sam had been evasive.

"His ma belongs to Dick Grimes, up back o' Sweet Grass. Bes' sheep-dog ever herded. Dick'll leave 'er alone fer nigh a week. Thet cub'll be like 'er, only bigger an' faster, I reckon."

"How about his—"

"Well, it's jest like this, Doc. Dick don't rightly know. Last shearin'-time Shep went off a couple o' days, an' last month she had this litter. Dick says how she never made frien's with any dog he knowed, and mebbe—but yer can't tell now. His ears is more p'inted and he's got more black 'an Shep has—but yer can't tell nothin'."

Betsy was delighted, and the pup appropriated her at once. He assumed complete charge of her outdoor movements and stretched beside her high-chair at meals. When he was a year old, and Betsy three, her head just topped his shoulder as she toddled beside him, one hand clutched in his thick coat. At two years the long runs he loved beside the Doctor's buggy had hardened



Once a young couple returning 'cross-lain

him and brought out the fullness of his great frame, and he quivered easily nosed the master's ears as he rested black forepaws on his shoulders; and Doctor Brinton stood but a little under six feet.

They had great games, these two, and Betsy would shrill her delight as audience. A race across the lawn would start it, and then a rough-and-tumble, the man dodging and throwing his adversary back on his haunches, or sometimes hard on his side, and the dog coming again and again with a whirlwind rush that often meant a tumble for the master as the black paws landed squarely on his chest and the animal's ninety pounds, plus the force of his rush, bore home.

They were both hard, and they loved the game. The dog never tired, but the man found his limit, and the signal to quit was when he stretched out at full length on the grass and ceased to struggle. The gray-black form would then squat down at his side, slowly moving its brush back and forth on the grass, eager for a quick move that would mean a renewal of the skirmish, but motionless except for his challenging tail. He would grin his keen enjoyment as he sat there, his eyes watchful, his pointed black-tipped ears alert to the slightest stir on the grass beside him, his tongue held grooved by his long lower fangs.

He seldom barked, even in the excitement of their rough play, save for a short whine of delight or a soft growl of simulated ferocity as he turned for his charge; and when he sprang and threw his weight forward, his head low and every muscle tense, he made



Sunday night dance had surprised the killer as his closing rush had found its victim.

no sound; and onlookers, strangers to the scene, held their breath as the master braced his feet and poised to receive the great

"No," he said once to a visitor, "he never forgets himself. Not once has he so much as scratched me—but he does look terrifying, I suppose, to one who doesn't know him."

For that matter, no one ever knew him except the three he loved. He made no advances to visitors. Patients came and went unnoted, as far as they could see. He never went up and snarled them as most dogs do. Whatever he was doing, he continued to do; but Dr. Brinton, himself a keen observer, knew that no one came or went unseen by Dog, and he never worried about

tramps or other unwelcome visitors. There had been one once, but because Mrs. Brinton's presence of mind and a quick side-eye saved his scrawny neck, he suffered only a ripped coat. No tramps ever came after that. Perhaps some cabalistic sign of the road served to warn the fraternity of a gray-black thunderbolt that lurked somewhere about the inviting lawn or porches of this old remodeled farmhouse. At any rate they ceased to ask for provender, and they never slept in Doctor Brinton's barn, as they did elsewhere in the neighborhood.

With Betsy, the dog never forgot his strength; nor had he once complained of the child's rough handling. Often she would tug unmercifully at the long, soft covering of his tender throat, and his only defense was to move his head away or place a great paw protectingly on her arm and gently push her tormenting hand

from him. His devotion to his adopted charge was complete and absolute. Her treble, "Doggie, Doggie, Dog," would bring him from as far as the shrill sound carried, in a mad rush that ended in a sliding stop beside her and a soft nosing of her curls. He seemed to delight in her imperious, if contradictory commands, and would lie quiet and unprotesting while she climbed over him, pulling and mauling to her heart's content. Not even the master could take such liberties, and Betsy's father and mother had both felt some uncertainty as to the degree of the great animal's patience at such times.

On one occasion, a rainy afternoon, the two were together in the library when Mrs. Brinton's attention was attracted by a low whimper. Seeking its cause, she found Betsy astride the Dog's side, busily at work with a pair of scissors on one of his pointed ears. When she had taken possession of the implement of torture and of Betsy, in the same moment of indignant protest, Dog arose, shook himself and walking over to his charge, cocked up the injured member along with its sound mate and forgave her in his best manner by nosing her neck and curls.

This episode served to dispel any lingering doubts as to Betsy's safety and Dog's devotion.

It was an idle life, however, for a husky animal like Dog. The trips with the master became less frequent after the first year, when Betsy's demands required more of his time. Often at night, when the house was quiet, he would roam off across the rocky pasture to the woods and hunt the maze of little trails, his

pointed nose close to the ground, his feet noiseless as a cat's and every muscle tense with the longing for what lay beyond. One moonlight night he stalked a rabbit and then in a quick rush easily overtook its terrified scamper. He felt its frame crush and its warm body quiver in his jaws.

The next night he came again and had a long run that made him tingle with the lust of the chase, before he captured and crushed his kill. He left it, a torn mass, and took up the home-trail at his long, tireless lope, stopping occasionally to investigate a shadow or a patch of moonlight, teased by the night-smells and whimpering softly now and then in response to the vague yearnings that stirred within him. At such times the master and even Betsy seemed far away, and only the night, the trails and the joy of his strength were real.

He never brought home a kill, as some dogs do. He never ate one. Sometimes he would hide a rabbit in a dense copse, but he never sought it afterward, and more often he left it where his lightning rush had ended the night's chase. Always the paling of the stars, with the first coming of the day, and the stilling of the night-calls found him far on his way to the farm. Here he would stretch out his frame under the trees of the lawn and live over in quivering dreams the delights of his far rangings.

One night Dog was swiftly trailing a red fox. Twice before, the same quarry had eluded him, and a too-small crevice in the rocks of a hillside had forced Dog to go home, his longing unsatisfied. This time the trail led far away from the den, and the gray-black shape was following fast in the low country where the scent lay heavy. Down a valley, across pasture-land and fields of grain, it led, toward a rambling house and outbuildings. As he sped past one of these a growl and yapping warned him of two resentful dogs that sought to contend his trespass. The first, a large hound, closed in with a rush at the intruder's flank. Unexpectedly as the attack had come, however, Dog was quicker. Not deigning even to crouch or turn full on his adversary, he waited, head and brush high; and as the hound lunged for a hold, the tempting flank was gone, and the hound's own shoulder became a center of agonizing distraction. One swing from the great Dog's shoulders and neck, and the hound's fifty pounds thudded a yard away; terrier's yapping became a yelping flight, and, still silent as a shadow, the gray-black form took up the trail again.

Dog made no friends among other dogs of the village, though he never sought a fight with those that passed the place. One or two had made advances, friendly and otherwise, but he either ignored them completely, or if they intruded, his quick, soundless rush, with head held low between his high shoulders, betokened such intensity of evil purpose that the hardiest of them retired, with or without dignity, as his defensive instinct prompted.

VISITORS of the Brintons' tried without success to make friends with Dog. He showed no resentment, but always his brush was still, and as soon as the caress was accomplished, he would walk away to the farthest corner of the room or porch and lie down, his pointed muzzle between his paws, while he sighed his relief from undesired attentions.

"Heavens, Brinton, what a perfect animal!" a visiting classmate of Dr. Brinton's had once said. "But"—as with expert eye he scanned the dog from pointed nose to brush—"what's his breeding? He's got much of the Alaskan husky look about him, but—"

"No one knows," the Doctor replied. "The man who gave him to me said his mother was a sheep-dog—Montana; but his sire is not known. He hinted that perhaps—"

"That's it, sure as you're a foot high. Those ears and the high-arched head—why, man, it's timber-wolf. I'll stake my last poke-dust. I've seen a few brought in to camp by trappers. Same coloring, but a little less weight in the shoulders."

"All I know is that Long Sam picked him from the litter for a real dog, and I rather think he is one."

And then they had a try-out on the grass that left Doctor Brinton blown and tumbled, but elated at Dog's increasing speed and perfection of control.

"He's harder than nails, and it takes all I've got to stand a dozen of those rushes," the Doctor panted from the ground. "And look at him! He's grinning with delight and not even blowing. Isn't he a king, Ed?"

"Yes—but if he ever forgets it's play, why—"

"Oh, shucks, you've got him wrong; hasn't he, Dog?" He poked at the base of a pointed ear, and the great animal dropped prone and wriggled his frame along the grass until he could nose in, close under the master's neck.

It was during the early autumn of Dog's third year that trouble began. It was not a true sheep-country, but nearly every farmer kept a few for the rocky, hillside pastures that were too steep to cultivate—ten or twelve or maybe twenty in a flock, many to house easily in winter.

First one and then another would hear a disturbance at night and find his sheep huddled in a fence-corner—all but one that lay with torn throat or shoulder near the wooded pasture.

Quickly and wide the killings spread. No sheep was ever seen again. It might be a spring drop or an old ewe or ram—it was a matter of indifference to the killer. Traps were set, and men kept long vigils with dogs and guns. One night the lower hills would be the scene of the slaughter, the next a lonely ridge back up in the hills would lose one or two of its small flock.

Once a young couple returning cross-lots from a Saturday dance had surprised the killer as his closing rush had found a victim. A quick shot from a pistol had gone wide of its mark as a dark form faded from view. The killer had gotten in but once, but the ewe's throat was slashed as from a knife, and never rose to its feet in its last struggles.

Sheep were penned up at night in home inclosures, and the killer grew bolder and continued his depredations.

ONE farmer, an Englishman with a sporting bent, kept a bull-terrier of no uncertain courage, as proven in many battles. Every dog in the village gave the animal a wide berth as he trotted storeward with his owner.

The Englishman brought in his sheep and penned them in a small corral close by the barn. He placed his fighting dog on watch, and stayed beside him with a shotgun and swore at the prowler. Three nights later he had his chance. About midnight the sheep showed signs of nervousness and the veteran dog's ruff stood up; he broke for the corral just as a black terror was choked to silence.

With gun ready, the man reached the fence in time to see the starlight, the fine charge of his white and brindle fighter, and the animal's deep-throated growl sounded his battle-challenge. The dark form sprang with incredible swiftness from the corner, and without a betraying sound leaped sideways into the length. Before the bull could check his rush, the killer was on him, and his shoulder was ripped from the neck down as he hurtled free over the intruder's back.

There was no second attack, no time for a load of buckshot to find a mark. Straight through the huddled sheep the killer dashed and was gone without a sound.

The Englishman ended the dying struggles of a fine lamb and carried his torn dog to the house, a useless cripple. He swore that only a timber-wolf could have handled his fighting bull in that fashion, and the word was passed from farm to farm.

How suspicion first came to fasten on Dog, the master did not know—maybe because of his size and strength, and the fact that all other dogs were accounted for nightly.

"Of course, it's ridiculous," he said at lunch, the day when he told his patients and acquaintances had asked an accounting of Dog's movements. "I'm sure he's never off the place at night, but the farmers are worked up about their sheep, and I don't blame them. Over thirty have been killed this month."

"It couldn't be," his wife replied, "but some one will catch Dog or poison him if they really believe it."

"No, they won't," the master replied with emphasis. "I'll have their spokesmen a fair proposal—that Dog should sleep in the library for a month. I promised I would see to it personally, and if the killings continue, they'll be convinced."

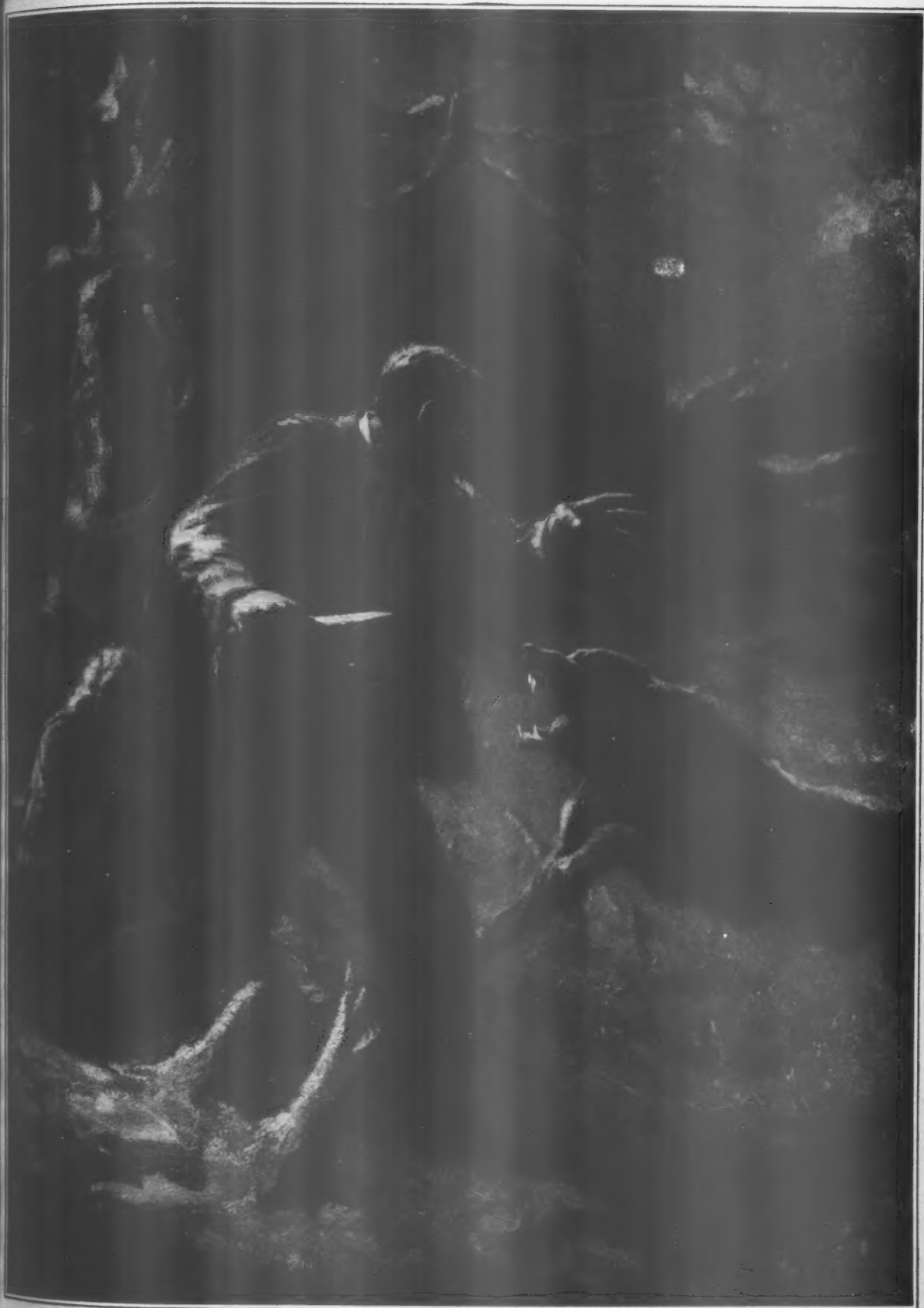
For two nights no sheep were lost, and then the third night a slaughter was taken up again. Every morning the Dog was given his plumed brush in greeting as Betsy or the master opened the library door for his release.

After a week or two even the sheep-owners were convinced, and Dog's devoted family felt their faith was wholly justified.

"I should not be surprised if the killer really were some timber-wolf that has found his way down from Canada," said the Doctor one day, and then he added: "Only two weeks more of the house business for you, Dog, but a promise is a promise, and I said a whole month."

There remained but a week of Dog's sentence to the library when Doctor Brinton came in one evening from a long visit to a desperately ill patient.

"I'm liable to be called before morning," he said, "and rather than undress for so short a time, I'll lie down on the couch in the library, so I'll be sure to hear the phone."



Cursing with pain, he grasped a sheath-knife and met the second onslaught with a savage thrust. The third time the steel missed its mark, and the fangs closed on the man's throat.

At bedtime the Dog stretched out before the empty fireplace, and the Doctor soon fell into a troubled sleep. The room was uncomfortably warm, for the Dog's confinement at night meant the closing of windows.

With a vague feeling that some one had just been watching him, the Doctor half opened his eyes, and a slight sound across the room completed his awaking. A half moon gave ample light to outline the dog erect by the low window—as he nosed up the sash and pushed his head and shoulders beneath it, with scarcely a sound! None of the sashes in the old house were equipped with weights, and the end of the porch railing gave support to the animal's forefeet. Slowly he drew his haunches through as the sash slid down his back. His full brush broke the last of the drop and he poised long enough to drag it slowly out. Only a slight sound of the wood frame betokened the completed descent of the window.

"I wonder whose sheep it will be tonight?" the master thought, as he lay there. He knew he could have stopped the dog, but it was not his way of doing.

He remembered the eyes that he had felt were watching him while he slept, and he knew that watching for any sign of wakefulness had been part of a deliberate plan. He too must be deliberate. There must be no half-knowledge. The conviction must be complete. His lavish trust must be wholly shattered before, in plain justice, he should act.

He had defended the great dog with vehemence. He had believed wholly in his manifestations of loyalty, and no friendship of man carries with it more conviction than that which be-

All night the sheriff and the master and a few friends had searched every likely place near by.

tokens a dog's devotion to a human.

Perhaps Dog would be right back. The man was tempted to go to the window, to look, to send his shrill whistle through the night, but instead he lay still and waited. The hurt was too deep for any but a complete vindication of Dog's action, and deep in his heart, the man knew the vindication would never come.

He could lock the windows in the future; no one need know, and Betsy could have her playmate still, for he felt that if the gray-black killer never knew of his discovery, he would remain as before loyal to his human loves. Such a situation as the idea conjured, however, was foreign to the master's nature. No, justice must be done and the animal's defection made known. Dog must be shot.

Worn with the mental struggle and a hard day's work, the man dropped off to sleep. He did not see, as the stars paled with the first coming of the day, the guilty entrance of the great dog. His first sense of consciousness was once more that of having been watched closely by two peering eyes, and then he heard the soft thud as Dog settled on the rug.

Through half-closed eyes he watched as the sly murderer cleansed with his tongue the dark stains of guilt from his paws and chest. Soon he would be through, his coat free from any spot that might betray him, and then he would sleep and rest until his lying brush wagged Betsy welcome at the door.

The thought was intolerable.

"You infamous brute!" His tone stung like a lash as the man sprang up, quivering with anger. Quicker than the eye could trace his motions, the killer was on his feet, guilt in his low-held brush, crouched for the murderous rush he knew in such perfection of long practice.

No thought of an attack had come, as it should have, to the Doctor's mind. He had never known fear; nor did he know it now. He *did* know, though, that those eyes and dripping jaws held no hint of play, and that the rush, when it came, would not be broken by any shock-taking paws.

Silently they watched the highlights of each other's eyes, the man's strong hands alert for the throat, the gray-black coat of the dog ribbed by the tense muscles beneath, his ruff erect and his long, cutting fangs half-bared. Outside, the night-sounds were stilled, the day's not yet awakened. The man knew the advantage of waiting until the lithe form should be fairly launched in the air. Why didn't he come on? What was he waiting for? He was in full crouch, gathered for the closing rush, and—

Without moving his eyes, Dog slowly stood at his full height and raised his lowered head. Then turning, brush and head proudly erect, he walked slowly to the window. Careless, then, of noise, and before the master could divine his purpose, he nosed up the sash and sprang clear of the railing as the broken glass jangled.

"Ed was right, I fear," the Doctor said at breakfast. "It was wolf more than dog, as we stood there; yet somehow I feel that the wolf in him urged none the less because the dog's heart of him stayed true."

"I think you're right, dear, and whatever he kills of sheep, I shall still love him for the protection he has afforded us, and for the playmate he has been to Betsy."

After Dog's disappearance, no more sheep were killed, and it was thought that some of the poisoned bait had done its work. Flocks were left out on the hillside pastures, and the killer was soon forgotten. . . .

And then—the sheriff and over a dozen men were gathered on the lawn while the master in a dejected, toneless voice told them all he knew, how, while he was away and the child's mother was at work in the house, Betsy had disappeared, leaving no traces.

"I left her here on the lawn with her doll; and Mrs. Brinton came to the door and spoke to her only half an hour before the second time, when she called and got no answer; but there's not a sign, no clue, to what happened afterwards."

All night the sheriff and the master and a few friends had searched every likely place near by. A small pond was dragged; the farmers for miles around were reached by telephone; every neighboring sheriff was notified.

All day the scattered posse searched the woods and hills in every direction—and returned late at night empty-handed. At the end of a week nothing had been heard of the child, and one by one the volunteers gave up the search.

Only the master continued. Alone he rode almost unceasingly, he and his horse sleeping at whatever farmhouse was at hand when exhaustion overtook them. He was silent and worn and haggard, but it was not in him to give up so soon. He questioned all whom he met.

Day and night, a hundred times, as he pursued his (Continued on page 113)



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He reached forward and turned the watch so that he could follow the circle of each minute on the second-hand dial.

ONE wishes that every husband reader of this magazine might read this story—and every wife reader, too, for the matter of that. There's much in it for both of them.

A MAN OF UNDERSTANDING

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

AMÉLIE knew that the moment had arrived. She leaned back against the French brocade of the overstuffed lounge and squeezed one of her small slender hands with the other until both were pink with the pressure.

She knew that the moment was now decisive as to whether she was to be actively disloyal to her husband. Eldon Francis was near enough, bending forward over the back of the lounge, to take her in his arms and kiss her half-opened mouth, behind which her breath had caught like a frail fabric on the nail of realization. Her agility of intuitive sense had gone beyond the sensibility of an onslaught of love from the noted young Irish reviewer and critic in the living-room of her husband's house, and in the same circle of soft light beneath which Pembroke and she, when there were no dinner-guests, had so often had their coffee. With much appreciation of the truth about human souls, Amélie knew that the moment was vital not because of that which might go on outside of her, but because of one of those changes within, recognized by all who think as the real turns in the tide of life.

She either could go on with Pembroke, building with him the structure which, as lovers and as man and wife, they had begun four years before; or she could take the other road.

"There are men and women in the world who believe I have a sixth sense," Francis was saying. "We have been seeing each other enough, Amélie, for you to judge. The sixth sense is understanding—the kind which needs no words, the kind which words sometimes mar. I think if I can claim any genius, it is that genius—the genius of understanding, the talent of sympathy."

She had closed her eyes and had pressed the palms of her hands against the sides of her bare throat; she did not reply, but when he had finished his sentence, she stared in front of her without a motion. The door into the darkened reception-room of their

house was half filled by an ancient carved Chinese screen done in fine red lacquer. In front of it upon a low table of ebony stood a small pigeon-blood vase of the Sung period. It was at this vase that she gazed so steadily, while inside her head, under a mass of red-gold hair, too heavy perhaps for a woman of her stature, there went on the conflict of forces which might decide whether the house of Pembroke would tilt back onto a base firmer than ever or would topple over toward the ultimate smash.

"You are looking at that porcelain!" Eldon said with a trace of peevish irritability. He had hoped that the magic which he believed he could create by his soft voice, his quick changes from dreamy, lulling sentences to rapid and passionate paragraphs, his manner of being a philosopher age-old in wisdom but also a youth in spite of his thirty-seven years and a youth of fire—he had hoped that his poise, his resource in fine phrases and half-truths and subtle flattery, and all the qualities that made him the sought dinner-guest, would have entranced this young wife. She still had the freshness of untouched bloom all about her; she was a novice, and he an expert. He was too clever not to cover quickly the suggestion of a whine from an offended egotism overfed usually by smart society women and by those who adored the flash and thrust and utter cleverness of his book-reviews. He said:

"I think it has a warm motive behind its still, cool, sheer beauty."

"Jack paid nine hundred dollars for it," Amélie replied as if preoccupied. "He just said he liked it."

Francis examined his carefully tended hands, saying slowly: "I was tempted to sneer, I suppose. The appreciation of the club mind—"

"The club mind—" she repeated, looking up puzzled, and straight into his flushed face.

Eldon laughed. "My dear girl—the expression is my own. The club mind is one of those minds which belong to the higher type of American banker or broker or industrial man, the type which likes to think of itself as doing, saying and thinking the correct and proper and conservative thing."

"Of originality it is a little frightened," he went on. "Of departure from well-trod paths it is fearful. It belongs to the worthy gentlemen who are smug in their wealth, who take their code of morals from society and break the rules on a basis of secrecy rather than on a basis of revision. It goes to church because going to church is the thing to do, and praises a certain picture or a certain opera or a certain book because pilots of the world's ideas—like myself—have started the sheep all running in one direction. It pays due attention to having proper clothing and proper, smart country-club exercise. Under no circumstances can it cope with a vision of a changing social order or with the understanding of the most important thing in the world—a woman. In a woman—"

"Yes?" said Amélie quickly, but her thoughts were not upon Eldon.

SHE had just reviewed like lightning the companionship with which her love of her husband had begun and the succession of disappointing disillusionments by which she had found herself somewhat sidetracked every day without being able to phrase a sound protest. She was miserable because there was not much to express of herself; she concluded that a conspiracy existed to prevent its expression. To have a hard time being a wife used to be thought unfortunate; to have too easy a time being a wife, it has been discovered, is more unfortunate still. She would have been glad sometimes if she could complain that Pembroke did not love her sufficiently, or to have found some awful flaw in their wholesome and rather happy establishment of marriage. She had the perverse idea that she, at least, might have the labors of repairing this flaw, or in the absence of a flaw, of making one so that she could repair it.

Francis had told her that under a different influence—his, for instance—she would open like a flower into expression through some art. She only half believed him yet. Unfaithfulness to Pembroke, if undertaken with the man who now leaned over so that his cheek touched her red-gold hair, would come, if at all, partly because life as it now ran was too smooth to be bearable, and there was temptation to smash it into bits. But unfaithfulness would come also because Eldon Francis, whatever his overfed ego might be, was a rather handsome and certainly a fascinating and to her mind probably a lovable man, requiring her care, needing her, furnishing her more of an excuse for being than her husband, who was steady as a rock.

"I said that understanding of a woman was the most important thing in life," said the man, putting his hand on hers, which was resting on the back of the couch at her arm's length. "I said the club mind did not understand woman. To that mind woman is rather a plaything for marriage or what you please,—whether that or worse or better,—as you choose to regard it. The club mind is just stupid enough never to see the treasure in a woman. It regards woman indulgently. Perhaps it says—beating itself on its chest—that a fine woman is God's best creation and dismisses her in that way, or perhaps it looks out of the corner of the eye and says that womankind furnish better hunting than foxes. It's all the same. A woman—when the real business of life, the man's interests, are on hand—is checked at the waiting-room like a hat-box or a Gladstone bag. If you must hear something you have never heard before from me, I will tell you that I think your husband has a club mind."

AMÉLIE said nothing; she took her hand away and squeezed her slim white fingers again until they were pink, and a ring with a great emerald pressed its carved platinum setting into the soft flesh.

"You better go, Eldon," she said dully. "You have come here too much. I have seen you too much. There might be harm come of it."

Of course he had been waiting to hear this. No worse a man than many others, and in some respects a great deal better than most men in his capacity for seeing things, people and the world as they are and not as they are masked and painted, Francis had twisted the quick wit of his Irish blood into an ability to think and reserve expression, as well as to think and voice his thought. He might have said something then and bent forward toward her. Instead he looked into the palm of the hand which had touched hers, as if some of the warmth from her would be visible there.

"That really is a most beautiful porcelain," he said, glancing

again at the Sung vase standing against the background of a high, red-lacquered screen. "It is sympathetic and graceful, Amélie. I would want my love for a woman to be sympathetic and graceful."

Amélie trembled. She said: "You must go."

"We are not children," he replied. "Besides, your husband will be in soon. Didn't he say that he'd probably get here before his dinner with the bankers before ten? There it is now."

The old tall English clock in the hall upstairs where the library was, had tolled off the hour in a businesslike manner now there was only the flutter of the yellow silk curtains in the reception-room behind the red-lacquered screen, and stewed together and flowing out in a dull far-away roar, the sounds of the city. Eldon waited, knowing that Amélie had come to the crisis which he had been training her mind for several months. He no longer wondered which of his two accustomed plays to make—whether to have the intense satisfaction of saving her from herself with all its safety, or to take the harvest of his plans with all its risks. He himself had been swung off his feet at the thought and sought his bearings now. Every shred of evidence furnished by this literary man's subsequent conduct indicates that with Amélie he played thereafter for winnings rather than for the sake of himself. The whole hunger for personal satisfaction uppermost in his otherwise rather attractive personality had concentrated on this affair with young Mrs. Pembroke. He paused at the summit of his climb to look around before taking final possession.

"My dear girl, I would be wanting in candor—untrue to myself—if I did not tell you that the reason I shall not obey you because neither of us has the right to shut our eyes to the truth which you have been living. We ought to tell ourselves, and ought to phrase in actual words, the truth about Jack Pembroke. I have never permitted myself to say to you what I know of him by reason of the genius I have for knowing men. It is this—"

HE came in front of the lounge and stood with his back against the tiled and carved-oak fireplace—which Pembroke had bought, out of an Italian villa, on the honeymoon trip with Amélie. His voice grew dreamy and rich in tone as he spoke, and once he smoothed the black brocade waistcoat of his evening clothes as a fastidious cat might stroke itself.

"Your husband, I said, has a club mind. You are like the Sung vase to him. More important—certainly, but like it, a possession of rarity and beauty. He shows it to his friends. He shows you to his friends. He leaves it behind when he hurries from his breakfast. He leaves you behind."

Francis lighted a cigarette and held it a little away from his gaze at it with the eye of a professional critic who is not willing to let out his poses.

"All in all, Amélie, your husband is a man of no fine understanding. It boils down to that—no delicacy, no fine understanding. He is slender and athletic; he is well poised and correct. And yet—"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly and opened very wide his blue eyes—a characteristic expression serving to emphasize the contrast of these eyes with their black, heavy brows and his black hair above a high, dark forehead.

"And yet—and yet one must say that he has an ice-cold soul!"

Amélie stared at the floor and at the tips of the two black-satin slippers upon her small feet.

"I dismiss him now," said Eldon. "There is no rancor in my measure of him. I shall never mention this again. I did not want to say it later, after I had told you—"

Amélie looked up.

"That I love you." He paused and added: "That you love me."

Her lips parted. She exhaled a breath as one who has come up from below the surface of dark waters into the air and the sun's light.

It was this sound and this expression upon his wife's face which Pembroke might have noticed when he came in that moment from the hall. He did not appear to see it. He walked briskly in, as always. Still in the business suit which he had worn when he left after breakfast for the office, he brought with him a suggestion of a long day of routine and drive. If it is possible to write poetry about business, some poet some day can make romantic the zeal of some of the men who tend the engines of commerce, trade and administration. It is as real as Sir Galahad's, if not as useful. Pembroke was still untired by his long day; it was all game to him.

"Hello, Amélie!" he said cheerfully. "Hello there, Francis."



"There are men and women who believe I have a sixth sense," Francis was saying. "We have been seeing each other enough, Amélie, for you to judge."

a wonderful moon—a very decent cool evening. I'm a bit late. I said I'd be back at ten."

There appeared to be no warmth of welcome for him: he looked from his wife to the critic and back again, as if searching for one. None other than a word of greeting, a little colorless, came from either. There was mail for him on the corner of the mantel, where his house letters usually were laid, and with a nod toward them, he walked across the room and picked them up. He was a shorter, brisker man than Francis; his face was more square, more like a wood-carving and less elastic and expressionful.

"Well," began Eldon, "it is late."

Pembroke replied quickly: "Don't go. It's only the shank of the evening. Climb up to the library and make yourself at home. I've just bought a first edition of Thackeray. Told it was a good one. Elie and I will come right up."

"Really?" Francis began.

"Nonsense! Shall I send up a Scotch and soda?"

"No, thanks."

"The cigarettes are on my desk. Just browse around."

The critic glanced at Mrs. Pembroke as he went out, and smiled as if rather amused and a little bored.

"I forgot you two would want a moment together," said he. The remark was not without his soft caressing manner which he could use even in malice. "I'll be glad to see your 'Pendennis.'"

His steps sounded on the tiled floor of the hallway, and then very faintly in the room above.

"Amélie, dear one," said Pembroke, bending over her, "get up and give me a figurative pat on the back, will you? What do I come home for, anyway?"

"Don't, Jack!" Amélie exclaimed.

Pembroke sometimes raises one of his eyebrows. The men who are associated with him are familiar enough with this expression and know exactly what it means. He raised his eyebrow now, and his lips were a little drawn in. He went toward the red-lacquer Chinese screen, picked up the ancient porcelain and touched its velvety glaze with his finger-tips.

"Do you know what made me fall in love with you?" he asked out of a clear sky.

His wife rose quickly from the sofa to withdraw from the circle of light which the swinging lamp above it threw down upon her shoulders and across her upturned, startled face. He watched her seek the shadow, and when she had reached the corner, turn toward him again as if she felt that she was at bay.

"I didn't mean to startle you, Amélie," he said. "I was going on to say various things. Among them was a mention of the fact that where there was to be real love, there must be truth also. You said that to me once. It made a great impression on me. I think I had always a pretty decent standard of truth. But I saw that love required even a higher standard—if it was to go on; something above the man-to-man principles of daily life."

Pembroke had spoken a little as if it were he who was about to make a confession, and a quick surge of old jealousy made Amélie say: "Have you something to tell me?"

"Have I? No." He spoke as though the question were foolish.

She must have reflected that even if he had answered affirmatively, there would now be no fairness or reason in her demanding from him information or accounting unless she first gave information and made her own accounting. She sensed, no doubt, the fact that he recognized that something had gone wrong in the house of the Pembrokes', as one scents in the dark the presence of some human menace, or as one without turning about knows that eyes are gazing from concealment.

Seeking to protect herself from any question of his, she foolishly emphasized her own empty inquiry by saying: "Are you sure, Jack?" The words had no more than been pronounced when she knew that she had made a mistake. She may have wondered, indeed, whether her husband had not deliberately made a bid for her inquiry so that it would be fair to make one of his own.

His smile might have increased this suspicion as he put down the porcelain and taking out his letters, looked at each one. His words might have confirmed this suspicion as he said: "I answered you without any quibbling. The thing you taught me was more than the telling of the truth on demand; it was that the relationship of love could not exist unless each of us thought aloud—unless we exposed to each other our minds and 'played the game,' as your father called it. He expressed the idea when he said to me: 'Amélie is of the right blood, the right training, the right traditions, and she is also herself. She will play the game.'"

"Do you doubt that now?" she asked in a frightened and trembling voice.

Pembroke looked at her rather indulgently as she came forward again out of the shadow. She was a figure good to look upon. Her hair, the warmth of tint in her flesh and the deep blue of eyes lent color to her, and the black, gray and silver dinner-gown gave her a graceful setting, free from that fortissimo with which most women's clothes drown out their personalities.

"No, I do not doubt it, Amélie," he replied.

She walked straight toward him and announced deliberately: "I have been having an affair, Jack."

He stiffened; he drew his neck down as if a weight had been set upon his head.

"Well, then we must think," he said.

After a moment he raised one eyebrow and pointed toward the ceiling.

"Him?"

"With him—yes."

"I am sorry you chose him," said Pembroke. "He is really a very attractive fellow. But by the way—"

He stopped.

"Yes, of course, I would have told you. I merely wanted you to have the first chance to tell me."

"You knew?"

"I knew," he said.

"Because he had been coming here so much?"

"No; that rather bothered me, but I knew tonight because of the maid."

"Annie? She's been listening. She told you?" The words had come out too soon again.

"No, no," said Pembroke. "She said nothing to me. No doubt you are right; she probably had overheard something. And she's a dramatic old thing, who thought my mother was the finest woman in the world and my family the finest family, including royalty. No, no, she wouldn't presume to tell me—not as you mean."

"What did she do?"

He laughed outright and heartily.

"She had been up in the library, and she met me on the stairs, and with only a word she handed me—oh, Lord, this is funny!"

Amélie stepped back as if afraid.

"You will be amused. She handed me the revolver! She'd got it from my bureau drawer. All she said to me was this. She called me by the name she used when I was a boy. Rattled—poor old thing! She said: 'Mr. Jack, you are a man of understanding, sir!'"

"You wouldn't—" She gasped.

"Oh, no, Amélie. If I chose anyone, it would be him. But you see, that would mean awkwardness. It might mean rough punishment. There is no need for that if we handle the matter right. It probably would be a silly waste. Let us begin more sensibly. What is it you want?"

"Want?"

"Yes, Elie, what is it you want? I can arrange it, perhaps."



His voice grew dreamy: "Your husband has a club mind. You are like that vase to him—a possession of rarity and beauty."

love you well enough to try. I am trying to keep my good name for your sake, and of course for mine too. By the way, he kissed you?" Pembroke's eyes caught hers searchingly. She shook her head. But why did he seem quite so positive?

"I thought not; I was sure of it." He smiled at her again confidently.

"How could you have known that I didn't?"

"By knowing you," said Pembroke. "You are not cheap. You would not go about it that way. I just knew by knowing you. I have been proud of you. You would make up your mind first. It does not mean that you do not love the man. You must. You do things as I do not. You know me better than I do. I leave almost all of that decision to you. I am sure that you are not,—what shall we say?—well, vulgar."

"Why do we talk about it now?" she asked petulantly.

"Because I am dead in earnest about one thing, Amélie. I want to know where I made my mistake. I know this smash can be traced back to me. I feel I am to blame."

He took her wrist. "Come on now, tell me."

"Well, I will tell you," she said with her eyes blazing. "You have been so blind, so lacking in perception. You do not know a woman at all. I am like that porcelain vase there. You love me—don't deny it. But you have not the same sense of leaving me here as you have when you leave that old Sung vase there."

He interrupted her. "Oh, that makes me tell you something I didn't tell you before," he said grimly. "That old Sung vase has a tradition. It was said by the Chinese who sold it to Captain Watterburn in Shanghai to have been molded by a murderer. That's the tradition. And it carries death and bad luck and so on—utter nonsense, of course. But nevertheless Watterburn paid two thousand Mexican dollars for it, and he took a loss on it in order to get rid of it."

Mrs. Pembroke turned to look at the porcelain as if she had been told that it was creeping up behind her like a living thing.

"Well, I interrupted you," Pembroke said calmly. "You were saying that I—"

He wiped the back of his hand across his forehead.

"What was it you were saying?"

She wheeled toward him again. "I said that you have dealt with me as if I were not a human being at all. Love? Yes. I never doubted you loved me."

"I kept it up quite steadily for these three or four years," he interposed with a grimace. "But go on."

"There is a side of me—an expressive side of me, Jack. You were blind to that. You went your way on your activities. When you wanted rest and recreation, you came back. But you have been blind to the fact that I too must have a way to express myself. You looked upon me with your—your club mind. I wanted to express myself."

"How?" asked Pembroke in his quiet, conversational manner. The question seemed to daze her.

"Well, you know, self-expression is expression of self. If you had wanted to be captain of a transatlantic liner, I couldn't very well do it for you, could I? It wouldn't be self-expression—now, would it? I wouldn't oppose your being navigator or mine-owner or president of a corporation or a painter of china. Lord knows, I wouldn't even stand in the way of your doing burnt-wood work! You can write, paint, play, work. I would never say anything but 'I am delighted.'"

"You have no genius for understanding," she said, clenching her hands. "You just do not understand. There is no use—no use in another word!"

"Then we may speak of him," said Pembroke, raising one eyebrow and pointing at the ceiling.

"It is all futile!" "Perhaps it is. But I was going to speak of the woman's point of view, Amélie."

"Well, what is it?"

"I was just thinking a while ago that if I were a woman, a young, beautiful and clever woman, I would not finally commit myself to a relationship, of any kind, with a man until I had— However, it is of no consequence."

She was eager now; she leaned toward him.

"Say what you were going to say," she commanded.

"I was just musing," he said. "I suppose I have an unromantic business point of view. I know that some

women like Eldon Francis. Why, I like him myself. He is more brilliant than I am. He is a fascinating talker. But sometimes I ask myself whether his cleverness ever creates anything. His writing—his criticism is so little about the book he is reviewing and so much about Eldon Francis. And then, I think men rather mistrust him. There's a feeling that in these smart, graceful, soft-eyed fellows, a yellow streak is hidden somewhere. I have no doubt that most people with a sense of fair play would say that when he started out to love you—"

"Love comes. It isn't deliberate," said Amélie.

"He was competing, I suppose—with me?"

His wife reddened.

"He appears to have won without letting me know that I was in a game."

"What did you begin to say?" Amélie asked irritably. "What did you say you would do if you were a woman—or something of that kind? You said something!"

"Oh, yes. I thought a clever woman (Continued on page 128)



She announced deliberately: "I have been having an affair, Jack."



He drove his car off the road. . . . Daniel
had always affected Cleghorn disagreeably. . . .
He walked down the driveway toward the wheel

A DAUGHTER OF DISCONTENT

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by FRANK STREET

The story so far:

JANE LANG, the beautiful daughter of the conservative Socialist Daniel Lang, had determined to make the best possible bargain with life—to win from it the highest price for her beauty. Her soul—love—a deity: events had not taught her to realize them. Soon, however, the thread of her life became interwoven with those of others—with that of Peter Ogus, a radical Russian who claimed to be a prince and yet the friend of Lenin; with that of Cleghorn Islip, son of the wealthy packer Abner Islip, her employer; and with that of Major Weeks Ledyard, a former personnel officer with the A. E. F., who had taken a similar position with Islip.

So too the life-threads of these other people were entangled: sprightly young Cleghorn Islip's with those of three women—Jane Lang, Anna Clotts, his crudely attractive stenographer, and Ruth Deyo, a nurse in charge of the hospital at the Islip plant. Anna Clotts' thread was entangled with those of Cleghorn, a teamster named Borginski, and Peter Ogus. Ledyard's interest was in one woman only—Jane Lang.

Anna Clotts threw herself at Cleghorn Islip's head; Ledyard interrupted a love-scene in young Islip's office—a scene which ended when the primitively emotional Anna fainted; Ledyard then carried her to Ruth Deyo, with the result that the latter's suspicions of Cleghorn Islip were increased.

It was only a little later that young Islip took Jane Lang for a motor-ride: passing through a congested quarter, he ran over a small boy. A crowd gathered. "Beat it!" Cleghorn ordered Jane, and she fled from the scene and from newspaper publicity—but not from recognition. For a red radical named Keenan saw and recognized her—and used the situation for his own sinister ends.

Keenan went to Jane's father. "We need you—your influence," said the Red to the conservative Lang. "This isn't any picnic we're planning. It's a revolution. . . . You've got a daughter, Lang. . . . We've got it on her. She's been runnin' around with young Islip. She's the missin' woman you've been readin' about. And if that aint enough, we'll see to it there's more. . . . If she was to disappear for a week and then come home, eh? And the papers got that story too? . . . Do we trade, Lang?"

"No," said Lang, "we don't trade." Swiftly his powerful fingers fastened on Keenan's throat. The man was all but dead when Jane ran in and prevailed upon her father to stop short of murder. . . . He loosed his clutch and threw Keenan's limp body into the street.

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CHAPTER XIV

ONE may be said to begin to live at the moment when modifying events begin to occur in one's life. At that moment the individual is in suspension, a state of being. One breathes and eats and sleeps, but those vital functions are not life. At best they are only matters which differentiate between the quick and the dead. Living is a matter of the intellect and of the emotions, and just as that book of greatest which arouses truthfully the greatest number of emotions so is that life most complete in which the greatest number of emotions are aroused and kept alive. . . . Jane Lang had existed in a state of uneasy suspension until the day she took place in Abner Islip's office.

That was the first event of her real life. Following that came three events, each unpleasant, each more unpleasant than the one that preceded it. First had come the episode with Peter Ogus in the restaurant; second the event with Cleghorn Islip and his motor; and third the narrowly averted calamity of last night when her father had held the intention to take the life of Daniel Keenan before her eyes.

Up to this time she had taken her life at second hand, by what she saw and through the printed word. She knew as little of it as any individual can know of some highly spiced dish which is described to him by another, or which he reads of in a cookbook. She knew only that she wanted to taste of the dish, and she dipped into it with a spoon of her own devising and without regard to the table-manners laid down and prescribed. She was ignorant of the prescribed table-manners; the rules of etiquette were strange to her.

Her contacts had been with the sordid aspects of life, with the dissatisfied and revolutionary elements of the world. She conceived life, and her conception was perhaps more truthful than many, it was made up of two classes of people at war with each other. There was the stratum in which her father moved—the proletariat; class-conscious, greatly desiring, somewhat lacking, not always clean as to hands or punctilious as to dress. It was opposed by another class which spent its life in luxury (earned by the labor of the proletariat), a class which occupied a sort of elysium. This other class was happy because it possessed. All pleasures were at its command. It lived wonderfully at a great distance from her, and her imagination crossed over it a golden glamour.

Her conclusion from these observations was natural and logical—that it was undesirable to belong to the unhappy proletariat, and very desirable to belong to its opposite. That she should desire to become a part of it is not a matter to cause the slightest ripple of surprise, nor that she should have resolved to become a part of it by the only means she could conceive as efficient to that end—her beauty.

To the eye Jane seemed mature, sure of herself, worldly-wise. In reality her lack of knowledge growing out of a lack of experience was abysmal. She was in that distressing state of ignorance which has no ability to distinguish between fiction and reality. She had heard matters discussed which the ordinary girl of her age did not conceive as existent—collective bargaining, syndicalism, child-labor, birth-control, communism and other similar subjects. She was aware of evil, and had heard plain talk about specific evils, but always as a basis for theorizing. Academically she knew much; actually she knew nothing. . . . And with this equipment she embarked on the important, all-absorbing business of living.

Until the happening of her three experiences Jane had been lulled by living; now she was terrified at life. This morning she dared to leave her room, feared to meet her father. Her one desire was to be alone, to be aware of the shelter of the walls which excluded the world from her.

Her feeling toward her father was a mixture of contradictions. She found herself repelled by that capacity to kill which she had never suspected to be resident in him; she found herself respecting him more than she had ever respected him before; she found herself regarding him as a human being and not merely as a creature who by chance stood in the position of a parent to her; she feared him—and greatly to her surprise, she discovered that she loved him.

This latter fact may be said to mark a distinct epoch in her life, an important epoch. It was portentous, because it was the first appearance of affection for another human being in her life, because until that moment she had known no love. The day when love comes into any life is a great day—even if that love is only for a dog.

Jane forced herself to dress and to go downstairs. She went to the front door and looked out—with a little sharp pang

at astonishment that the world looked as it had yesterday—bright with sunshine, peaceful, not over-armed and blackened by some cataclysm. The outside doors appeared as if nothing had happened whatever; somehow it was reassuring. She went into the library, and there sat her father reading his morning paper, his posture the same as it had been yesterday and the day before and the day before that. He looked the same. There was no mark on him, nothing to single him out as a man potent to kill with the terrible calmness and intention she had witnessed last night. It was her father, just a strange man reading a morning paper.

He looked up at her gravely. "Good morning, Jane," he said.

"Good morning, Father."

She waited, wondering what was to come next, apprehending what was to come next, but feeling that something must happen. Nothing happened. Daniel Lang resumed his paper, and presently the maid, who had made her appearance in the house when Jane went to work for Isip, announced breakfast.

The meal passed in comparative silence. Daniel propped his paper before him as was his custom, and from time to time dropped some remark about the day's news. Jane could not comprehend it. Why, this was yesterday's breakfast, last week's breakfast, last year's breakfast! All this had the effect of causing her catastrophe to dwindle; a catastrophe that has no visible effect cannot be much of a catastrophe.

Jane studied her father covertly but sharply. It was as if she were meeting him for the first time. She discovered that she was proud of having a father who looked as Daniel Lang did. She wanted to ask him if he had not been shaken, if his apparent calm were not spurious, but she did not dare. If the world were indeed as horrible as it seemed to be, she was glad to have such a man for a father. He made her feel safe.

Daniel glanced at his watch.

"You have just time to catch your train," he said.

So the thing was not to be mentioned! It was unbelievable. She was not to be upbraided or counseled! Jane could make nothing of it—almost resented it, in fact. She would have given much to know what was in her father's mind.

"Father—" she said.

"Yes."

He looked up at her almost serenely. She could not finish what she had been about to say, did not know what she had been about to say. "I must hurry along," she said.

She put on her hat and paused at the door; then she reentered the dining-room, went to Daniel's chair, bent over him and kissed him. It was not her custom. She did not know when she had kissed her father before. It did not seem to surprise him, though he smiled at her gravely.

"Good-by, daughter," he said.

But when she was gone, even though he continued to read his paper, his hand moved, as though subconsciously, several times to touch the spot on his cheek where her lips had pressed.

Chagnon was already at his desk when Jane entered, and he spoke to her with that habitual courteous, machinelike manner which he wore during business hours, but he laid it aside for an instant. "Mrs. Chagnon ordered me to remind you that you dine with us tonight," he said.

"Of course—I hadn't forgotten." Jane's voice faltered a bit.



"You love me," Ogus whispered. "I don't know," she said tremulously. Then with desperation: "Love! I don't want to love. I know nothing about love."

"You will drive out with me? You'll quite enjoy the ride."
"Thank you."

Then resuming his detached, mechanical, impersonal disguise, Chagnon began the morning's dictation, and she found herself at work again, normally, efficiently, as if nothing had happened. Already, within so few hours, the affair was assuming the imponderability of a dream.

THE day was poverty-stricken in events. Jane's attention was distracted from her work but once—to listen with inexplicably keen interest to a conversation between Chagnon and a gentleman named Warren who occupied a position of high importance in the industry controlled by Abner Islip. They were talking of Weeks Ledyard.

"Where did Mr. Islip get this man Ledyard?" Warren asked.

"I believe Cleghorn introduced him," said Finney cautiously.

"Then Cleghorn gets one merit-mark. He picked a good one. I've just run against young Ledyard." He smiled at the recollection.

"Run against him?"

"Exactly—collided. *Bang*—like that. I did the rebounding; Ledyard was solid. I fired a man. Those matters all go to Ledyard now for him to meddle with. I'll say he lost no time."

"Mr. Islip places great confidence in him."

"Um! It wasn't half an hour after I had tied the can to the man that Ledyard came to my office. 'You've discharged Coons,' says he—in that courteous way he has; I'll admit that."

"Yes," says I. "What about it?"

"I think you were a bit hasty," says he.

"As how?" says I.

"You fired Coons because he was responsible for damage to a machine," says he.

"Went to sleep on a pile of hides," says I. "Sabotage, most likely. Too much of it. Made an example."

"He's not fired," says Ledyard, and me being the kind of person I am, I rose right up and announced myself. 'Listen, young man,' says I, 'I'm running my end of this business. I'm doing my own hiring and firing. I say Coons is fired, and he's fired. Any time your newfangled notions start messing with me, I'll fight. I'll go to the mat. Can you see Mr. Islip accepting my resignation?'"

"He just sort of looked at me a minute, and then he says in a quiet, kind of sorry way he has: 'I'd regret to see you resign, Mr. Warren.'"

"Meaning?" says I.

"Meaning," says he, 'that I would resign too, if I found out I was the sort of person who wasn't willing to undo a wrong after I'd done it.'"

"Go ahead," says I.

"Did you ask why Coons was so sleepy?"

"Too much booze last night, likely," says I.

"Coons is forty-five. He's an anarchist. He doesn't drink. He's alone in the world. Every night for two weeks, with the exception of three nights, he's been sitting up nursing Mrs. Costigan's little boy, who has pneumonia. Costigan was killed in this plant. Coons didn't even know Mrs. Costigan until he heard about the illness. But he looks around for things like that. This isn't the first thing of the kind he's done."

"How do you know this?" says I.

"Because I relieved him three nights so he could get a little sleep," says he.

"Huh!" says I. "Mrs. Costigan can't afford a nurse?"

"Of course not. She can't even pay a doctor."

"Who does pay the doctor?" says I.

"That doesn't matter," says he, kind of uncomfortable. "What matters is that Coons must be reinstated."

"He is," says I. "But if I'd refused, what would you do?"

"Make you reinstate him," says he as calm as skimmed milk; and Chagnon, he'd have done it, too. I don't know how, but he'd have done it.

"Well, I sort of inquired around. Seems Ledyard's discouraged with his job. He's too busy to notice what he's accomplishing. I can take you into rooms in the plant where it would be all your life would be worth to say a word against him—and he doesn't even guess it. No, he just goes ahead paying doctor's bills and fighting for a square deal and spending more than half his salary to help somebody out of a hole."

"That's wrong," said Chagnon.

"That's why I'm here—to put it up to Mr. Islip to give Ledyard a fund for that sort of thing."

"You'll find it easy to persuade Mr. Islip," said Chagnon.

This was all of the conversation that came to Jane's mind. It gave her food for thought. So *that* was the sort of man Ledyard was! She had read of such people in books of fiction, but had not credited their actual existence. Her eyes blanned.

At five o'clock Chagnon looked up from his desk. "Miss Lang?" he asked.

"One second!" She went to her closet, glanced critically at her wonderful hair, which possessed the quality of securing its position in any way, no matter what exertions she had put forth or how many hours had intervened since her toilette, to have been newly arranged by the hands of a hairdresser. There was a sort of sureness about Jane's hair—and it was not the least of her beauties. She was presently to find Chagnon waiting, hat in hand and gloves on. It was one of his idiosyncrasies that he always wore gloves when going out of doors. He glanced at her admiringly and paid her a compliment which she thought about many times in the future.

"My wife will love to look at you," he said.

She glanced at him quickly to see if he were ironical—there were suggesting jealousy on the part of Mrs. Chagnon. She had heard husbands hint at such a possibility before, but in a sincere way. It was evident he thought of her only in connection with his wife—as something which would give his wife pleasure. He was almost as if he took a certain pride in carrying her to his wife, as he would carry home a bouquet of flowers or a delicate piece of Chinese ware—to delight Mrs. Chagnon's beauty.

"You have never met Miss Deyo—my wife's sister," he said. "She lives with us. She's a nurse—out in the girls' hospital in the yards."

"Will anybody else be there?"

"Not for dinner. Possibly Mr. Ledyard will drop in in the evening. I suggested it. He comes often."

"Oh," she said, and thought of Miss Deyo and wondered what Miss Deyo looked like.

They drove out in a small runabout, and Jane watched a change that took place in Chagnon's manner. He became more man, younger, alert, eager. He was spontaneous now, and human.

"I'll try to get you there safely," he said, "but I'm always in a hurry to get home. Seems as if I couldn't wait. You haven't seen her since breakfast."

He was thinking only of his wife, she saw—was all eager to reach her. She wondered if she would like to have some one so eager to come to her in similar manner. They talked little in half an hour drew up before the Chagnon apartment.

"Third floor," said Finney gayly. "See—there she is, at the window. She's always at the window."

MRS. Chagnon met them at the stairs, and before she noticed Jane's presence, she clung to her husband as if he were returning from a year's absence. Then she turned unabashed to Jane and extended a cordial hand.

"I'm so glad you've come. You look lovely—and I enjoyed your ride out. Doesn't she look lovely, dear?"

"I told her you'd love to look at her," he said; and then he turned adoringly to Jane: "She loves anything that's beautiful—people and people—anything. That's why she thinks so much of me. I said with a boyish grin."

"You *are* beautiful," Hope Chagnon said severely. "You're a beautiful man. Isn't he, Miss Lang?"

Jane laughed. She was enjoying it, though underneath her enjoyment was a thoughtfulness and a questioning and an amazement. It was all so new to her—these actions of husband and wife.

"Come right in here," said Hope, leading the way into a bedroom. "While you're taking off your hat and fixing your hair, if it needs it, I'm going to sit right here and get acquainted with that when we sit down at table we'll be old friends. I hate strangers at dinner, don't you? My, your hair looks as if you've kept your head in a glass case all day. How do you manage it? What did you and Finney talk about coming out?"

"You," said Jane.

"How nice! It seems as if my husband and I always talk about my husband and me. It's because we're so important to each other. That's the way it should be, isn't it? I don't think we're silly about it, do you? But we've always been so happy—every day since we were married. Sometimes I quarrel a little, but Finney never does. He argues. I get downright angry with him, and *that's* nice, because afterward I'm so sorry and he's so sweet about it. The only thing that hasn't been just as we wished it

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Borginski stood over her, twitching with rage. At last he exclaimed, "I told you I'd catch you — and him!" Suddenly he uttered a beastlike roar and clutched her throat with his twisted hands.

was that we've never had a baby." Her face glowed, and she smiled to herself. "But we're going to be perfectly happy now. . . . Really and truly, very happy! I'm so proud. . . . In October. . . ."

Jane was startled. Here was another aspect of marriage that she had neglected to consider. She was familiar with motherhood as a social problem but not as an actual event. She had known of laboringmen's wives who had babies too frequently, and it had been discussed theoretically as one of the ailments of society for which a remedy must be found, or at least as a condition calling for legislative or social amelioration. But she had never come into personal contact with the event of a birth—with new motherhood or expectant motherhood. She had always regarded it as something that happened to certain other vague, undefined individuals, but which did not concern her personally.

Now, for the first time, it was close to her. Here was a delightful young woman actually making the announcement that she was to have a baby—and she was making the announcement joyfully. Jane realized suddenly that babies were an incident to marriage, that *everybody* had them—and she was included in *everybody*. If she married, she might have a baby—would have a baby. It frightened her and repelled her.

Marriage had meant to her a sort of profession—a method of acquiring what she desired. She had seen herself the mistress of a magnificent home, with magnificent surroundings and servants and entertainments; but she had neglected to imagine the presence of a husband, or what the presence of such a creature would signify. She had planned to buy what she wanted with her beauty, but she had regarded her beauty as merely something ornamental like a picture—and not as the beauty of *life*, of a living thing created with beauty to gratify another living thing.

That was what marriage meant! She was repelled, horrified. That was a price to pay, indeed! And yet Hope Chagnon was made happy by it, welcomed it—rushed out eagerly to meet and caress the man who was the cause of it! Jane was puzzled. Vaguely she felt that *she* was wrong, or that Hope Chagnon was mentally awry or somehow depraved. She scrutinized Hope almost distastefully as Hope chattered on. Hope looked happy, *was* happy. Hope looked sweet and good and not at all depraved. It was a paradox to Jane.

Always Jane had known she was beautiful; now for the first time she realized *why* she was beautiful. She was intelligent, extraordinarily intelligent; and once her mind grasped a hint, she could follow it to a definite conclusion. She felt as if she hated her beauty. In her thoughts she was saying that it was horrible to be beautiful, because beauty was forced upon women to make them more desirable in the eyes of men—in order that there might be more babies.

"Oh!" she breathed.

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing."

"If you're ready, we'll go in now. My sister will be along presently. She's not at all like me—not a bit. She's prettier, but she's severe—she's severe on people. She passes judgments and anybody would think her judgments were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. That's because she's young. She's a nurse out at the yards, and sees a lot of unpleasant things. I suppose that's helped make her look at life from that angle."

Finney Chagnon was talking banteringly to Ruth Deyo as Jane and Hope entered the room. Ruth had just come in, and she wore her hat and outer garment.

"How many young billionaires have you snubbed today?" Jane heard Finney say.

"Do leave her alone, Finney," said Hope. "You make her miserable."

It was hard for Jane to realize that anybody could regard Chagnon as a tease; but as yet she was only slightly aware of his dual personality—of the fact that he was one man when he was functioning as Abner Islip's private secretary and quite another individual when he was only himself.

Jane was presented to Ruth, who scrutinized her frankly. Her own impression of Ruth was of capability, freshness, cleanliness—not only of body but of mind. She found herself liking Ruth at sight. Her face was like an open book.

Finney paid no attention to Hope's admonition. "How was business today?" he asked of Ruth in the same tone. He liked to pretend that Ruth counted that day lost when her hospital was not crowded with ill or injured. He even went so far as to hint that Ruth cast a vindictive look at every healthy, robust girl in the office, as if her physical well-being were a personal affront. "She likes to tinker with them," he said to Jane. "There's one girl there that Ruth positively hates. Yes sir! That girl weighs three hundred and could carry a piano. I've seen Ruth look at her. Some day she's going to hire a man to put a banana-peeling on the stairs just as that girl comes down."

"I'm teaching them to be clean," Ruth said in an abrupt way she had of snatching hold of a conversation and starting it the way she wanted it to go—usually middle-first.

"You've a large and splendid field," Finney said admiringly. "Now, that one girl I speak of—there must be an acre of her alone. Do you peek behind their ears and in the corners the way mother used to do when she gave me a bath?"

"They like being clean—when they're directed a little," Ruth said dauntlessly. "They like to look nice—and be nice, poor things. I get to know lots about them."

"I'll bet you do," said Chagnon. "You're what the newspapers call a probe. My dear, you'd be wonderful on a grand jury."

"Dinner!" said Mrs. Chagnon. "And you're to leave Ruth alone, Finney. We have company."

"So we have," said Finney with mock astonishment. "Now that I notice it, so we have. We mustn't let her see how we quarrel among ourselves."

"We don't quarrel—really, you know," said Hope a bit anxiously, as if she feared Jane would believe in the possibility of such a thing. "Do we, Ruth?"

"They're so discontented," Ruth said, referring to the girls with whom she came into contact and not to her family. "I hear it all day long—high prices, long hours, living conditions. I'm afraid something will happen. I hear those girls talking the most incendiary things that they pick up from their fathers and brothers. They're desperate, and it's been worse lately, as if some new influence had come in to stir them up."

"Mr. Ledyard said he would drop in tonight," said Hope.

"Did he?" Ruth said without interest.

"Don't snub him. He isn't a billionaire," Chagnon said.

"I'll snub Cleghorn Islip whenever I want to," Ruth said sharply. "I don't want him speaking to me. There was that thing in the papers the other night. Al most killed a child while he was racing off to some dis- (Continued on page 46)



Ogus paused to look at the quantities of chemistry textbooks which had impoverished Henry Clotts.

WELL, now let's see what's happened to that Jolanda Spencer THIS month—



Jolanda acted the grand duchess even to ordering Effie to bring her a finger-bowl after each course.

THE DIVINING-ROD

By NALBRO BARTLEY

Illustrated by
GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

WHY, in five years his favorite sport will be honorary pall-bearer," was Peter's rebuttal against Jolanda's engaging herself to Wier Kenyon of China, her erstwhile godfather and now the designing, thirty-seven-year-old suitor for her hand.

At this scathing prophecy Jolanda rallied sufficiently to retort: "If Father doesn't put you in a boys' reformatory, I shall report you to the probation-officer—a little boy like you, to be talking about love and marriage!"

"A little girl like you, to be thinking of marrying an old man from China!" flung back Peter, his jealous love of this nineteen-year-old sister, whose heart had suddenly become as tender as an old-fashioned valentine, prodding him on to unknown depths. "Not that I care!" he added, singing gayly, "I'll lend you anything but my sister—and I'll make you a present of her," as he slipped past Jolanda and almost collided with his father, who was coming in the side doorway.

"Well, well, what's wrong now?" Jolanda's father demanded. With engaging charm Jolanda slipped up to kiss him. In her squirrel-gray dress shirred at the ankles just to give the town gossips something to talk about, Jolanda's dignity was overpowering, and so it was Peter who bore the brunt of the paternal ire.

"Now, sir, let me find you badgering your sister again—off you go, without a moment's hesitation, to the school for incorrigible boys!"

Rounding the banister, Peter felt secure. "Why, Pop, when Jolanda marries Wier, I'm going back with them on their honeymoon—yes, I am—Wier wants me to help him build a new railroad in Manchuria. He said I could come and bring my wife, mother, sweetheart and sweetheart's sweetheart," he concluded as

he slowly ascended the stairs. "Besides, Arthur Hedstrom will take me in as a partner in his candy-store if I decide not to go to China—so marry whichever you want, Jolanda; they want me, no matter what!"

Jolanda's dignity forbade tears or temper until Peter had vanished—his cats Mike the Bite and Tommy the Tooth following him with customary devotion. Then she put her head on her father's shoulder and sobbed.

"Oh, Daddy, I wish everyone would go away and let me alone. I don't want to hear the word *love* or *husband* or *wedding* ever—ever. I can't tolerate Wier Kenyon, and I loathe Arthur Hedstrom. I never thought I'd be the sort men would fall in love with—did you? It's so awful to have them come in pairs—and such funny pairs; and I don't want to go way off to China and be Mrs. Wier Kenyon, not if I had a new mandarin-coat every day in the week. And I don't want to marry Arthur Hedstrom and have to wait on the customers in his candy-store—and I know I'd have to!"

Jolanda's father sank into the nearest chair and murmured nerve-soothing profanities to himself. Then he said aloud: "No one is going to marry you unless you wish it. Wier Kenyon is making a fool of himself. Instead of doing things logically, he has balled up everything along the line. When he was a boy of eight, instead of playing with children his own age, he hung around us big fellows, and we were fool enough to make him mascot for our ball-team. Instead of settling down at twenty-one like everyone did in those days, he had to rush out to China and make a fortune and leave a trail of broken hearts—"

"Oh, so he *did* have affairs," Jolanda said very softly.

"Well, whatever you want to call it; he had a different parlor to

sit in every night, and a different girl to take to every sleigh-ride. Don't press me for details. I was married and busy bringing up my own family at the time. Remember, Wier is ten years my junior. I'm merely saying that he has never done things according to Hoyle. Instead of meeting some nice girl in China and marrying her and writing home how happy he was, he has to wait around until you grow up—and your mother had to be romantic enough to make him your godfather by proxy—and a fine old muddle it is. Here he is at thirty-seven with a battered old heart parading as good as new, trying to take my girl from me as unashamedly as a Balkan bandit swooping down on a passing caravan. I've a good notion to forbid him the house, Jolanda."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," Jolanda urged coyly, "because Mother loves to talk about China—you know she always wanted to go there."

"But you needn't blame this atmosphere of tears, tenseness, sudden emotional spasms and heavens knows what all, on Wier alone. Here is Arthur Hedstrom, a commendable young man of a suitable age, who loves you; and if he married you, would be able to provide for you, in time, as well as Robert Todd does for your sister Louise. Besides, he wouldn't take you away," he added tenderly.

"But I don't know whether I love Arthur Hedstrom," Jolanda whispered.

Her father rose and began pacing the floor. "Would you mind telling me how women know whom they do and do not love?" he asked of the various articles of furniture. "Your mother knew. I only had to ask her twice. The first time she said: 'I love you—but you haven't a steady job.' Six months later I asked her again; and she said yes and began marking her linen. Your sister Louise was the most lovesick maiden this town ever harbored. If she saw the postman pass the house without stopping, it was cause for smelling-salts and a long-distance telephone to Robert Todd to find out what was the matter. You must remember how it was, Jolanda—other women in your family have always known their own minds."

"But I'm not like the other women, Daddy. I'm the only girl in town that has shirred her dress at the ankles and wears a dull-red leather coat; so you can't expect me to react in love as normally as if I shirred my dress at the waistline and wore an ordinary raincoat!"

Her father smiled in spite of himself. Then with a last effort to assert his dignity: "This is making your mother a nervous wreck," he declared. "As for myself, I am free to admit I favor Arthur Hedstrom." He noted Jolanda's firm set of the lips as he mentioned the candidate's name, and added: "For instead of descending upon us like half a sultan and half a serpent, shamelessly trying to capture, rushing back to China for a few months and then rushing back here to celebrate your nineteenth birthday with gifts fit for an empress,—this simple, honest young man came and asked my permission to pay you attention. I call that playing the game."

"And I call it pussy-footing about to see if all was safe," Jolanda disputed tartly. "At least Wier has courage."

"I call the whole thing a serious breach of friendship," her father added. Then he looked at his watch and discovered it was time for Wier's return from Chicago. "At any rate, I am going to drive to the station to meet the ogre from the Orient,"—chuckling at his own inconsistency,—"and my best advice to you is to find out your own mind and then declare yourself without any more of this upsetting delay. I hope very much that it will

be Arthur Hedstrom, and that he will buy the bungalow pointed out to me on Parkside Terrace."

Jolanda waited until her father had driven down the road waving at him coquettishly. Then she looked at herself in the

mirror. Not satisfied with the reflection, she slipped upstairs to her room, the room of many turbulent moments and experiences, to exchange the squirrel-gray dress for one of black tulle over cloud-blue satin; it had been made by Jolanda's own nimble fingers in direct defiance of her mother's suggestion of "one of those pretty flowered chailie dearies!"

Arranging the brown hair to resemble a border of oyster shells, Jolanda was surprised by her mother's coming into the room with a white paper bundle and a note.

"Is there another party to-night?" she asked, admitting her willful child quite indelicately.

"No, I'm just dressing for dinner," Jolanda gathered her demure little mother in her strong arms. "I'm pretending I'm Mrs. Wier Kenyon, and some consuls and English noblemen are coming for dinner. I'm dressing so as to impress them—you see? Now, this morning, when I did all Effie's work as well as my own and wore checked gingham, I was practising I was Mrs. Arthur Hedstrom. Really, I like both the titles. I'm afraid I'm a wretched polygamous creature, after all." She had opened the note and was reading it hurriedly.

"Arty does write such refined, restrained sort of letters," she said, sharing it with her mother. "It's to ask me to be his special charge at the picnic on Tuesday. Of course I will. Wier wouldn't be seen at an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic—and I love them. Besides, some one has to stay around to see that Peter doesn't eat too much pie; so I'll go. And here is my usual offering of chocolates—just think, he takes them right out of stock." She opened the package to inspect the florid red box with its rows of paper-wrapped sweetmeats. "Poor Arty—he tries, doesn't he?"

"You are spoiled, Jo-Jo," her mother said indulgently. "Arthur is a nice lad, and he really cares. But you are both very young to begin hard living."

"You were just as young."

"Yes, but things were different then—perhaps, if I had my chance again, I might ask your father to wait a trifle longer. Not that I could ever choose differently, mind, but I might beg for a longer playtime. You will never be so free again; make the most of it."

Jolanda slipped a caramel into her mouth and forced her mother into a chair. Then she knelt at her feet. "Can't you 'vise me?"

Her mother shook her head. "Wouldn't if I could; it would not be right. All we parents can do when real things claim our children is to play the part of seconds in a duel—stand by and hold their coats."

"Daddy favors my marrying Arthur Hedstrom; you favor Wier—your eyes say so even if your lips are silent."

"Daddy doesn't want his girl carted off to China—neither do I." Jolanda's dimples disappeared, and there was a quiver of the red lips. "I could never go so far away—not for anyone, ever."

"So you don't love Wier? If you did, China would seem a paradise."



"You are spoiled, Jo-Jo," her mother said indulgently. "Arthur is a nice lad, and he really cares."

"Would it? Then I don't love Arthur Hedstrom, either—for this shop, particularly the counter of penny candies, seems terribly degrading, even if it is only four blocks away."

"Why marry at all?" her mother urged.

"Because I'm just common house-and-garden variety," Jolanda said with sweet sincerity. "I'm through with pranks and non-sensical tangents—I don't want to be a college woman or have a career. I believe men's shoulders were meant to weep upon; I'm incurably old-fashioned. I believe in brides most of anything—I just must be a bride; but I'll have to be some one person's bride—and that is the terrible part."

"There might be a *tertium quid*," her mother suggested.

Jolanda looked up in alarm. "Oh, never—I can't be three brides!"

"And you are certain the time for the great venture is at hand?"

"Very certain," her daughter answered. "It is a solemn, lovely sort of feeling that makes you deaf and blind to all the other things in the universe. Nothing matters except the things pertaining to orange blossoms and satin. Oh, Muzzy, I just can't help being a bride—somebody's bride; but I must decide whose!"

Some one was playing the piano downstairs, a lilting, teasing melody; and some one was whistling in a minor key an entirely different theme which, strangely enough, harmonized with the pianoforte tune. Jolanda started up, crimson and lovely.

"Wier is here," she said. "Oh, a Chinese godfather changing into a real suitor is terribly exciting!"

Then she glanced at the plebeian box of chocolates and the grim note breathing of the joys of the Sunday-school picnic.

"And Arthur is nice too—only different; he is a checkers-and-ice-cream-soda-and-walking-out-on-Sunday nice boy," she insisted.

Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'm going to be infamous in spite of you and Daddy."

Her mother patted the sophisticated black-tulle shoulder as tenderly as when the same shoulder was very wee and incased in white sighs. "Remember, 'life is woven wind'—and sometimes very tiny straws carry us their way."

Unwillingly, Jolanda opened the door and let her mother pass out.

It was exasperating to have a nineteen-year-old womanette with two perfectly befuddled suitors dangle about in despair—at least, so the Spencer family decided as they sat, helpless and smugged, through the dinner-hour while Wier Kenyon, now a dashing man of the world and now alarmed and jealous boy-lover, waited upon his godchild-goddess' slightest nod or whim, and Jolanda acted the grand duchess even to ordering Effie to bring her a finger-bowl after each course.

"She's only a small-town kid, anyway," Peter told Effie in the kitchen as a vent to his muddled emotions, "and it hurts to see your own sister make a fool of herself over an old man from China. Well, let her marry him, wait till she's in China; then she'll send for me!"

"She ain't going to marry nobody," Effie said savagely. "My lands, it wasn't yesterday that she was skinning through here in short skirts and her hair in two pigtailed!"

At this identical moment Mr. and Mrs. Spencer faced each other in despair tinged with resignation and a blessed sense of humor. Down the front path there walked a dejected individual—Arthur Hedstrom, who had called in vain upon the lady of his dreams. Down the back path there walked Wier Kenyon and Jolanda, who had taken time to don a hat tilted like flower-petals, the whole thing a conception of silver gauze. She also swung a fat little pink parasol resembling an inverted bowl of cut roses.

"Well, Helen," Mr. Spencer said whimsically, "we knew children were a responsibility—but we never figured on quite such a time of stress as this. You favor Wier, I know. But remember, a brilliant marriage is not everything—it takes weeks to get to China."

"I'm not declaring myself—not even to you," was the reply.

Meanwhile Jolanda and Wier had sought out a particularly fetching sunset spot, under oak

trees; and Jolanda, despite the smartest hat and parasol in town, felt again a reserve that amounted to shyness. The feeling enraged her.

As they seated themselves, Jolanda murmuring her thanks for her today's novelty gift of an ostrich-leather pocketbook and trying to realize that she was "just as dignified and grown-up as Wier Kenyon, even if she was only nineteen," Arthur Hedstrom passed by in his twenty-five-dollar blue serge suit, bowing stiffly. Perhaps the flush of jealousy which spread to the tips of Mr. Hedstrom's flaring ears caused Jolanda to feel a bit more set up than if no one had passed by—for she bowed graciously and called out:

"Thank you for the candy. I'll be ready Tuesday morning at ten."

Even this only appeased Mr. Hedstrom to the extent of a curt nod. Had he not bribed his youngest sister—with a terrible appetite for candy, too—to remain in the store while he went to call upon Jolanda? Had he not been told by her weak-minded (in his estimation) parents that she had just gone out with Mr. Kenyon, that evil old Oriental villain who was flaunting his riches before the Spencers and hoping to marry their daughter as a consequence?

He returned to the candy-shop to vent his modest rage upon his small sister, whose mouth was in a telltale sticky state, and to figure how much money it would take to buy Jolanda a three-eighths-caret engagement-ring and take her to New York for a ten-day honeymoon. He wanted to be everything a kind and indulgent husband should be—only, he felt Jolanda was too young to really appreciate jewels or traveling; that would do later on—say, the golden-wedding anniversary.

"There goes me hated rival," Wier murmured as Arthur Hedstrom disappeared.

"He's a very nice boy, and I'm going to the picnic with him!"

"I'm going with Peter. You just can't lose me, Jo-Jo—I'm like the bad penny that always turns up."



Perhaps the flush of jealousy caused Jolanda to feel a bit set up—for she called out: "Thank you for the candy. I'll be ready Tuesday morning at ten."

"I wish you weren't so—so elegant," Jolanda protested. "You make everything else seem tarnished, almost threadbare; does China cause all eligible bachelors to do that?"

"I'm as plain as an old shoe," he insisted. "I'll go about in overalls and a straw hat if it will make you like me more. Tell me, darling, what will make you admit that you care? For you do—worlds may be ruined and new ones created, but that fact will stay unchanged. *You—do—care.* You have been engaged to me for nineteen blessed years—and I've been a pretty patient chap to wait!"

"I don't care enough to go to China or to marry you unless you just captured me—absolutely captured me; and that only happens in fairy-tales."

"So it is young Arty who wins?" The funny, blindish eyes had a jealous gleam in them which quite satisfied Jolanda after all. "I hate men," she declared.

"I anticipated even this," he returned, drawing out a paper with a flourish. "I even wrote a hate-poem for you—to show you how well I understand you. Instead of writing a love-sonnet, —and I'm a great old boy along that line, once started,—I wrote a hate-poem, all about the sort of men you hate. I'll read it if you don't mind—and you'll see that I fully expect you to pack your bags and depart for a cloister. Now then, here is a record of all the men Jolanda hates—" He began reading in a whimsical tone:

I HATE men—they are unendurable:
There are the married ones chatting of kitchen gardens,
Flapping open their watches to show family groups;
They date everything of importance from "the year baby came,"
And rush to trains to meet their mothers-in-law.
They pity everyone who is not married,
Oh, these married menials—I hate them!

BUT then, the divorced men crowd for place beside the benedicts;

They appear in natty suits to play tennis with débutantes,
And tell them not to "spoil a good man's life."
They eat supper with college chums who want to know "all about it."

They take hunting trips—to forget, y'know,
And are heeled by an Airedale—*she* hated dogs!
When *she* remarries, they say they are going to Peru
To unearth a long-forgotten city.
But a month later they marry the cabaret-singer, and a poodle
supplants the Airedale—
Ah, well, the Airedale is to be congratulated!

BUT—consider the scientific men with wizened faces,
Shabby suits minus neckties.
They do not believe in eating flesh—gooey bowls of olive oil
and grass keep the life-flame glowing.
They have no room in their lives for women;
They attend conventions and read essays under
glass;
Surely everyone *must* hate them.

Now the artists loom up before me—with flow-
ing neckties, scarlet housecoats,
Soft fingers and the inability to raise an awning.
Women flock to feed them mayonnaise, christen
them genius.

They rent an unused stable and call it studio,
give teas;
They eat a fig a day when not asked out.
Once there was *the* woman—ah, the agony of the
parting!
It must make them better artists.
Ugh!

FUSSY bachelors are as deplorable,
In rubber-soled and -heeled shoes,
With bird-houses poised in trees
without their library windows.
They buy first editions and are fear-
ful of widows;

They whiz about in selfish roadsters
and are always writing psy-
chological novels.

Sometimes they sing. They drink
white port, and their joy is to
have their blood-pressure taken;
They make their wills so only law-
yers benefit,

And their life-work is to pass a law
forbidding perambulators on
public thoroughfares.

I detest them!

SELF-MADE men are almost worse.

They suspect everyone and have their tooth-powder analysed.
They give little talks to employees about the old days of
ing up coals along the track,
How kind the poor-master was to Mother.
They design their own monuments and have their pictures
hoeing potatoes—
How I hate them!

LASTLY the funny old-young man from China,
Who thought he loved humanity,
But finds it is just one star-eyed girl—Jolanda!
He knows he is not worthy—but it does not bother him
He is going to marry her just the same—
If she will only let him!

"Excepting for the last verse, it isn't bad," Jolanda said
guidily. "And if you don't mind, we better go back—I
missed Daddy I'd play for him."

"I wonder what the divining-rod will be that will prove
care," Wier said as he tore up the verses and helped her
feet.

"There won't be any divining-rod—I'll have to be captured,"
she assured him.

"But I don't want you that way; I may be half a man
and a bit boastful, but I only want Jolanda when Jolanda
me. Otherwise I'll sail for home and live on dreams as a
solation—I've lived on dreams for so long I might not be
badly as you'd like to have me. I don't believe in black-
tricks, darling; I'm just going to keep trying to make you
yes."

Jolanda felt "simmered down"—as it were. This was
and to-be-respected Wier, a hint of the forceful business-
man which was concealed behind the ardent lover. Again she
confused, as if she were only a silly child in a silly frock,
provincial and unimportant, after all. No, it could not be
Wier—he was too wise, too elegant. Arthur Hedstrom was
more comfortable prey.

Save for two rather dramatic incidents, the picnic was
usual thing of speeches, circle games, pink lemonade and an
eating contest, which was easily won by Peter! In more than
way he showed a sweet-tooth, and the means to satisfy it!

The first incident
Jolanda's marriage
Not an
heaven knows who
her family remained
nearly losing her
She willfully chose



"Why, Pop, when Jolanda marries Wier, I'm
going back with them on their honeymoon."

cross a railway-bridge
the ties of which cov-
ered a cheerful expanse
of rocks and water some
two hundred feet be-
low; and midway across,
he suddenly turned
about at the sound of an
approaching and unex-
pected freight-train.
When Arthur Hedstrom,
summoning all his cour-
age and lover's devo-
tion, picked her up in
his arms and strode
manfully across the ties,
placing her under a tree
and waiting for his re-
ward.

"You are wonderful,"
Jolanda said coquettish-
ly, quite coquettishly for
a nearly wrecked a-
doring lady. In fact,
her spirits were quite
revived up by the ad-
venture and the stir it
caused. No other mem-
ber of the party had
been caught on a ta-
wooded railway-trestle
and rescued in violet-
gauze-and-plumed-head-
dresses loveliness by a
would-be fiancé who had
also, at Jolanda's request, contributed twenty pounds of hard
candy to the picnic.

And had not the second incident speedily happened, who knows
what Jolanda, under the stress of being rescued, might not
have agreed with the rapid-fire comment in praise of Arthur
Hedstrom (and did she appreciate it?) and have announced her
engagement to him then and there!

Not an hour later, while Jolanda was still the center of at-
tention, Wier Kenyon managed to bear her off for a moment
in which to admit that he felt naught but a low order of animal
life in his present surroundings.

"My idea of a lark is to be sipping cool, pink things from tall,
thin glasses while a string orchestra throbs with a Strauss waltz
and a princess-like person in sapphire velvet tells me that despite
the heroism of one Arthur Hedstrom, she does think rather well
of me."

"But he was wonderful," Jolanda persisted. Then, at the
sound of a sharp *gr-r-r-r*, she glanced down; and on the here-
before prosaic picnic-ground there wriggled a rattlesnake of con-
siderable size that had already been cleverly and unostentatiously
trapped under Wier's firm and heroic heel!

In the sudden excitement and applause of this second incident,
with Arthur Hedstrom sulking in the offing and Jolanda's family
declaring themselves innocent as to why they ever had such a
trouble-inciting child, Wier Kenyon scored high.

There never had been a rattlesnake seen in the picnic-grove
before, and why one should have appeared from out of nowhere
to lend a halo of heroic achievement to Wier Kenyon seemed a
bit thick, according to Arthur Hedstrom and his faction!

Nevertheless, as Jolanda dabbed cold cream on her face that
night, she realized a heartless but normal feminine truth. Other
things being equal, the final test for these two adorers was a
winning-rod of soul-straining quality. Turning out the light,
she prayed to a mythical Saint Valentine that such a test might
soon come to hand.

"For I've only one other new dress no one has seen," she con-
cluded drowsily—which fact caused her to feel that this mythical
Saint Valentine would not make her wait much longer.

WITH the sensational events of the Sunday-school picnic
somewhat forgotten, the town being convinced that
Jolanda had "staged" her dilemmas like the heartless flirt she
was, there came a lull in her romantic affairs. Arthur Hedstrom
went to the city to buy stock, a momentous occasion for this
young gentleman of limited means and intelligence. At the
same time Wier Kenyon was called to New York so unexpectedly



On the heretofore prosaic picnic-ground
there wriggled a rattlesnake that had al-
ready been trapped under Wier's firm heel.

that he had only time to whisper some loverish thing in Jolanda's
ear and swing onto the train, waving his hat like a schoolboy.

"Let us have a little peace," proposed Jolanda's father; "once
more we may resume normal family conditions."

Life palled upon Jolanda after a day of "normal" family con-
ditions. She realized, as she tried to take an interest in doing
up preserves or smocking a blouse, that she was spoiled—she
was like a fire-horse, as Peter kindly pointed out, who has been
sold to a cab-driver at the station and is compelled to stand
and listen to the fire-bells ring in vain!

"You see," her mother explained the third day of this un-
interesting existence, "you have fancied that without romance,
life is a painted ship upon a painted ocean; now, whether you
marry Wier or Arthur or no one at all, you will find that life
can never be one round of attentions and gayeties for Jolanda.
One does not walk on railway-bridges or have rattlesnakes attack
them more than once in a lifetime. It seems to me, my nineteen-
year-old infant, as if you had eaten your cake—and were trying
to have it too!"

"But it's so stupid without—either of them," Jolanda was wip-
ping the cut glass with the pot-cloth.

"It is life—and you have a good many years of it ahead. Sup-
posing we all lived tiptoes, ballet-fashion, at the same tempo
you have tried to set for yourself? Who would run the affairs
of the world—and the house?"

"You sound like getting up at six o'clock and doing washing
and awful things," Jolanda pouted. "I don't believe you. Wier
says I shall always have everything I want—and even poor old
Arty promised me I need never do anything I didn't want to do."

Her mother smiled. "Remember, too often the odor of jasmine
is interrupted by that of garlic," she remarked cynically, "and
while these adoring and bothering persons are away, please braid
your hair the old way and read out loud to your father. It will
give me time to get caught up with the mending."

Just here Peter reveled in, too excited to speak coherently or
make a dive for the cake-box. He was waving handbills wildly.

"Mock Lo, the Mighty—two nights—Friday—Saturday—he
wants me—says I'm a good subject—doesn't hurt you a bit—
does not. He has hypnotized kings and queens, has letters to
prove it—I get fifty cents a night, and Spider White and Tufty
Fellows are going too; their folks will let them—I guess Pop'll
let me. I'm going to help paste the bills too—"

Mrs. Spencer and Jolanda obtained a handbill each to decipher
the meaning of Peter's brainstorm. From flaring capitals they
learned that Mock Lo, the Mighty, Unsurpassed Hypnotist,
would give a two-day exhibition at (Continued on page 133)



The brown shot in like a mad horse; he cut in diagonally on the chestnut and pinned him to the rail.

THE MAN FROM THE DESERT

By W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

PUD CONNOR and big Jack Severn sat at a little table fronting Broadway in Barnes' Chop-house. They had come from Belwood Park, and were possessed of hunger and much racing-talk. When they had eaten their dinner, they would go up to the old "Car Barns" and hammer out on their typewriters the racing-results of that day. They were both on the *Morning Wire*. Severn was a big, hearty, rather boisterous individual of variable temperament. Pud Connor was a little round-faced Irishman, the possessor of two large, solemn gray eyes. He had just one religion—the *Morning Wire*; and one hope on earth—a great scoop for his paper.

"What did you make of Charcoal today, Pud?" Severn boomed as though they stood in the center of a ten-acre lot and voice-cadence was of no moment.

The little man's big eyes clouded with a passing perplexity: "Wish I had made ten per cent of what the gang scooped over that killing," he answered presently.

"The gang!" Severn growled. "A gang couldn't work as smoothly as all that; somebody'd leak: it's some one man, Pud, and this is the third time round for a killing in the last two months. Today it was Charcoal; at Jamaica it was Rangoon; and at Empire it was Fox Willow."

"I believe you're right, Severn: there's never a clue, never a boy that the stewards can put up on the carpet and bring anything against. Pinkerton, suspicious and all as he naturally is, says it's just coincidence—a horse rounding to form after being away off, and winning. It must be some tight-mouthed cuss with brains to burn, a fellow that wouldn't tell his own mother to have the price of a pair of silk stockings down on it."

"And yet," Severn boomed, "Rangoon was played all over the country, and today Charcoal was backed off the boards at the track."

"I'd like to know what Charcoal's right name is."

"D'you think he's a ringer, Pud—that it's some other horse running as Charcoal?"

Connor drew a paper from his pocket and passed it to his companion. There's *Racing Form*, Jack; just look up Charcoal's form in the fifth race."

Severn ran his eye over the horse's record, muttering: "Some coming to life, eh, Pud? In ten starts never in the money; today he meets a better bunch of horses, wins going away, and they run the mile in one-thirty-seven and two-fifths."

"There's something else I want you to note, Jack; Charcoal is by Hastings, and in some of those races he was beaten in the mud; now he comes and turns the trick on a fast track. A Hast-

ings colt might run some bad races on a fast track and then win in the mud—I've seen them do it. You take it from me, he's a ringer; and that's the hardest kind of a trick to straighten out."

"Yes," Severn contributed, "he won all on his own; it wasn't a jockey job; he wasn't shooed in—they never could get to him."

Severn felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and turning, saw a tall, fallow, leathery-faced man trying in a solemn way to smile apologetically. Then the tall one said:

"Excuse me for bein' friendly, gentlemen, but I heard you talkin' hawse—and Gawd, I'm lonesome! I'm from the West, and I come to New York with a few slugs of gold to get happy where the bright lights is—but I aint. I'm plumb lonesome! If I was out there on the desert with a hawse, I'd just be to home with a couple of sage bushes—I wouldn't feel this way."

Severn, in his big, boisterous way, twisted a chair about, saying: "Sit in, stranger; I'm from the South; when I first hit this town, I died and they buried me; but I was born again, and I know how it feels. My name's Severn, and this is Mr. Connor."

"My name's Hawkins, gentlemen—Lafe Hawkins. Several of the fellers out West knows me, and they know I love a hawse. I see the girls on Broadway, but the good ones seems kind of fur off—I don't know 'em; if they was hawses, I could go up and rub their necks."

Severn roared a Gargantuan laugh, and Pud's big eyes blinked appreciatively. This man was a stray human, all right; he bubbled as straightforwardly as a kid.

Hawkins looked dismally at the two steins of beer that sat on the table, scraped a big foot thoughtfully on the floor and stammered: "Buyin' wine is kind of a come-on game in New York, I guess, but I'd feel kind of good, kind of to home, if you'd let me stand up one of them goldilock bottles just to even up, gentlemen."

"Sure," Severn replied.

A quart was brought, and the man from the desert quaffed it as though he was washing the alkali out of his throat.

"I couldn't help hearin' it, gents," he said after a sneeze when the effervescent bubbles tickled his nostrils, "—but you was talkin' of a ringer. That kind of got me back home again. Just plain hawse-racin' I'll allow is excitin', just the same as a straight game of poker, but when it comes to watchin' the dealer in hawse-racin', so to speak, to catch him slippin' an ace from the bottom—that's what I calls thrills."

Pud's gray eyes circled a little wider at this, and Severn bel-
lowed: "Haw-haw! You've come to the right town, sir, if a tangle-tickles your fancy."

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"There was a man out in our country," the stranger said reminiscently, "who was called Hellfire-Jack. I wonder if you ever heard of him—he was called 'The Man from the Desert.' Also he was named Farmer Gray. He wasn't no farmer—he just looked it. And Gray, I figger, was a hair-brand—somethin' that would scrape off if the truth was known. I guess it was just because he always wore a gray hat, and grew gray whiskers, and gener'ly looked kind of gray, like a fall day—there wasn't no sunshine in him."

Pud started, and a tingle of remembrance caused his big eyes to deepen a shade in intensity.

"The Man from the Desert," Hawkins resumed, "had got hawses and the ringin'-game down fine. He'd been a chemist up among the mines, Cour d'Alene way, always workin' out some cyanide process for ore; he made a bar'l of money at it, and his processes was mostly ringers too—switched in from Germany and other places, I heerd. He got ruled off at that game, so to speak, and switched into the hawse-game. Say, he could take a sorrel hawse with a white blaze and a couple of stockin's, and turn him into a dun or a brown, and nobody on earth could find out how he done it, or even if it was done. You could turn the hair back, and there was the hide as natural as the skin of a peach. He cleaned 'em up good and plenty."

"Is he still out there?" Pud asked casually.

"You bet he aint, stranger; he left there runnin'. And if you ever see a man branded this way, round where the hawses is, that's the Man from the Desert."

Hawkins drew a lean finger across the side of his neck and down the left jaw; then he turned up the lobe of the left ear till it was unobservable.

"It was purty poor shootin', even if Farmer Gray was on the jack-rabbit lope," he added sorrowfully.

"Who shot him?" Severn queried, a knowing smile on his lips.

Hawkins turned a Rameses-like face and stared at the inquirer; then he said: "There aint nobody out in my part of the country asked that question yet."

Connor leaned across the table and shifted the venue by saying: "Mr. Hawkins, you ought to come down to Belwood tomorrow and see the ponies run; I have a fancy you'll find a man there with that brand on."

"Thank you, Mr. Connor; I'll just about do that; if that old whiskered cuss is there, he'll know a sure thing. He wont throw me again."

The result of this meeting with the man from the West was that the next morning bright and early, while the horses were being galloped,—a most unusual hour for the Irishman,—Pud Connor was down at Belwood Race-course. He was close to Stall 11, in Stable 4, when a sprinkle of rain drove him into said horse-box for shelter. It was a stall devoted to the storage of feed.

Almost immediately he saw two men, Jockey Flett and a whiskered individual wearing a gray hat, heading at a half-trot for his shelter-place. A touch of inspiration caused Pud to dive into a little mound of bedding-straw and cache himself.

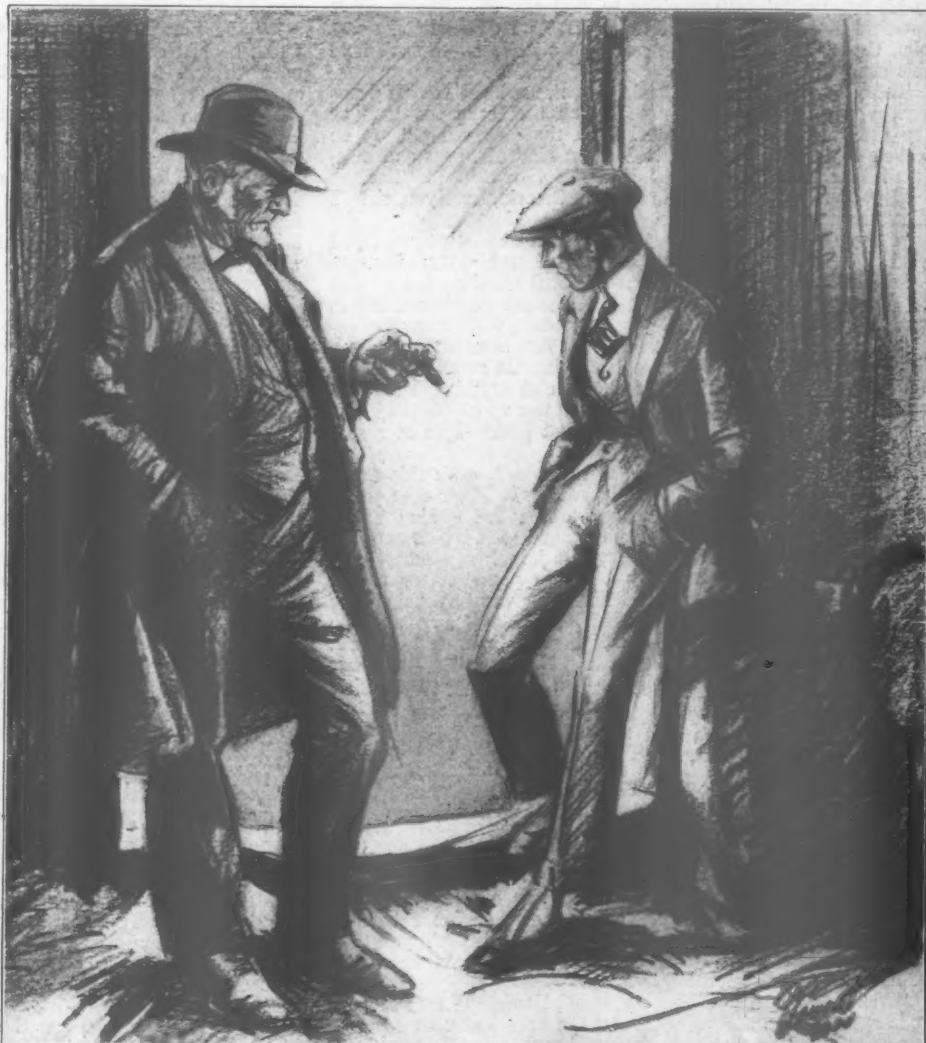
This act of Pud's was absolutely a flash of genius. The whiskers, the gray hat, had shuttered across his mind, recalling all that Hawkins had said the night before, and recalling also a man who had appeared to him casually as a man of mystery on the course, a man he had seen more than once handing up to a book-maker a couple of yellow-backed bills of a thousand-dollar denomination, a quiet, solemn, unassuming man, unknown as owner, trainer or in any way professional. It had needed Hawkins' remarks to crucible these little observances of Pud's into an assayed something. Pud would have bet a year's salary that it was the Man from the Desert.

And with Flett! Flett was, in a sense, Pud's protégé! He was one of the best riders that had ever thrown a leg across pig-skin; and yet, as Pud knew, there was a tangent trend to his mind, a weakness of moral fiber, a sort of superlative good nature that could be utilized.

From his burrow in the straw, Connor heard the man's voice saying:

"I saw you workin' Magic, Flett. He did the three-quarters in one-thirteen under double wraps; he looks good to me for the Hudson Handicap this afternoon."

"Yes, Mr. Andrews," the boy answered, "the big brown's some horse. But as to double wraps, that's just his way of goin'. He runs his own race from end to end; he don't need no steels or whip; all he wants is a hand ride. The boy that hits him in the ribs with a whip just throws the race away, 'cause Magic don't like it—he sulks. Why, you can't make him win by more than a head—he'd make a race of it with a push-cart, Magic would."



There was an ugly note in Andrews' voice: "If I was you, Flett, I'd be careful not to sing that song too loud; some one might bring up the race you put up on Yellow Head at New Orleans."

"Well, with that good ride you speak of, Flett, he'll win the Hudson this afternoon—but he'll be even money. The ink-navvies have got him down as the Black Cat bet, the one good thing of the day."

Pud heard the boy chuckle; then he said:

"If some of them scribblers had to ride a few races, they'd quit studyin' the dope-sheet. What a horse'll do today is what he wont do tomorrow, and tomorrow's race is most generly won by the horse that isn't tryin' today. When the handicapper has leveled all their chances up with his weight-scale, it's racin' luck that wins: a boy gets shut off, or he's carried wide, or his mount doesn't want to try—there's a hundred things."

"Old stuff, Flett!" the man in the gray hat growled. "What about the Hudson this afternoon?"

"I can win it on Magic if he doesn't bear out at the lower turn. We run the reverse way on this damn' Belwood course, and he's an old soldier; on the other tracks, as soon as I'd turn into the home-stretch with him, he'd steal the rail and glue to it. He's got kind of left-handed in his mouth, I think. This morning in his work he swung wide as I turned for home, and when I hit him with the whip, he laid his ears back and propped. I just let him go then, and he straightened out and made a good workin' gallop of it. If I had the mount on Osceola, I could beat Magic in the Hudson."

"The devil you could! Osceola wasn't in the money in his last race, a week ago."

"He wasn't, sir, because there was no money for him to be into. I had the mount on Malay in that race, and Osceola was just breezin' in front of me, and Craig was sittin' with the horse in his lap, waitin' for something to shut him off. Malay didn't overhaul him—Osceola just come back. As I crabbed along past him, Craig said: 'For Gawd's sake, get a move on—I can't hold this one.'"

There was an ugly note in Andrews' voice as he said: "If I was you, Flett, I'd be careful not to sing that song too loud or too often; somebody might bring up the race you put up on Yellow Head at New Orleans. I might kind of forget and mention it myself to one of the stewards."

"But you aint got nothin' to do with Osceola, have you, sir? I didn't know—"

"I don't own any horses, Flett; but accordin' to what you say, I kind of feel like bettin' about five thousand on him this afternoon—he'll be ten to one, and there'll be about ten thousand of that to give as a present to some boy that's got an old mother to support and a sister at school—just a present, you know."

"But I aint goin' to bet it if Magic can beat him, not by a damn' sight I aint. I've been watchin' Osceola myself; and Barney Short, that's got him, tells me there aint anything in the race outside of Osceola except Magic. If you was up on Short's horse, it would be like sittin' down to dinner at home—kind of a sure thing; but you aint."

"And little Jim Berry, that's got the mount, can't ride a finish with you, not by a long chalk he can't. If Magic ever got to Osceola and just hung that big, heavy brown head of his over the chestnut's nose, I guess my five thousand would be burnt up. That kid would start ridin', and you'd josh him—perhaps two or three of you older boys'd just try to pocket Berry if you thought there was anythin' doin'. That's the worst of racin' now; an honest bettor aint got a chance; he spreads his mazuma on the best horse, and two or three of the old jocks shut him off. Taint honest; it just gives the game a black eye."

"Oh, you damned old hypocrite—you flounder, you catfish!" Pud growled in his straw lair.

"THAT'S it," Flett objected. "No matter what happens, I'm blamed. That's what I'll get this afternoon. If Osceola's good enough to hold Magic, and I sit tight, as I ought to, they'll think I aint tryin'; they'll say I've been bought. And if Magic tires under his weight—he's givin' the chestnut ten pounds—and is beat, them boobs that sling the ink'll call it a weak ride."

"I'll be lucky if I get off with a caution. But if I go to the bat to save myself from all this, and ride a hurricane finish, old Magic'll call me a damn' fool and quit cold, for he'll be doin' his best without the bud. Up in the stand they'll yell their heads off sayin' how I tried to lift the brown home, when all I really done was throw the race away."

"Well, you've got to think of yourself, Davie. If they say you rode a weak finish, it'll be you lost the race with them; you've got to think of yourself, same's everybody does. You've got to get the money while the gettin's good; you wont last more'n a year or two at the game—you're puttin' on flesh now, and any day

you may get a fall that'll put you on the shelf. Magic's own don't bet, and the purse is only a thousand to the winner. You've got to think of yourself; do you get me, Flett?"

"I don't want to get ruled off, Mr. Andrews," the boy pleaded. "You wont get ruled off by ridin' a strong finish, will you? A boy aint supposed to be pullin' a horse when he's up with the leader, and tryin' to lift him home with the whip. That race on Yellow Head was a bit diff'rent, Dave; two or three of you ran that race in a little room the night before—d'you remember that? I wasn't there, but I can bring one or two that was aint askin' you to do anythin' crooked; I never bribed a boy in my life."

"Oh, you swine!" Pud moaned. "That bullet didn't cut deep enough."

"All you've got to do," Andrews continued, "is to ride Magic as if you was in the Futurity and thirty thousand hung up—d'you see, boy? Takin' your advice, I'm goin' to win fifty thousand over Osceola; and if you can't win, just give the chestnut a fair show, an honest chance, 'cause that's racin'."

There was a sound of voices outside, a scuffle of feet, a creak in the stall; and peeping out, Connor saw that Machiavelli and Flett had gone.

CAUTIOUSLY Pud emerged from his hiding-place, his mind vastly perturbed. He had played the evening's game, which to his punctilious Irish soul was a crime. Also he must prevent this steal without hurting the boy. He was a little Irishman, was Connor; so he took himself back to Manhattan to prepare some course against the time of action, which would be about four o'clock.

By the time Pud was back for the afternoon racing at Belwood, he had concluded that there was just one way to fix the unholy thing—tell the boy that he must win the race and go straight. Pud was no sleuth for the Jockey Club; if he could crab this crooked game without hurting the best jock on the track, he was going to do it. Pud was pretty human; that was why he was the best-loved man in the Valhalla of the Fourth Estate.

After the third race Pud got a chance to take Flett to one side for a brief half-minute and say: "My boy, you've got to win the Hudson on Magic; if you don't, I'm going to say right out a loud print why you didn't; and I'm going to tell your mother why you didn't."

Flett gasped; then he worded a little bluff.

But Connor, ignoring this, said: "You've got to ride without a whip; you've got to hand-ride the brown home."

The boy's face went white; he tried to speak, but his tongue was like asbestos; his articulation was simply a gasp.

Pud's gray eyes searched the little man's face solemnly:

"You see, boy, just where you stand. I've been your friend, and I'm still your friend so much that nobody on God's earth can get out of me what I know; but this is pretty near the last call, Dave. You've got to leave that whip at home today and let the big brown win his own race. I'll get that damned old hypocrite, but I'll get him when it wont hurt you, boy: I'll wait for him."

"I've got to carry the whip, Mr. Connor," Flett pleaded. "Mr. Bradley don't take no advice from the boys that rides the horses; he trains; if I suggested it, I'd get hell."

"That's right, Flett," Pud said musingly. Then his face changed, and he added: "You've got to lose the whip in the race—that happens sometimes. Then if you are beat, you've got your whip; I'll know if it's on the level or not, and I'll protect you or shut you up, according to how you ride."

"If Magic tries to bear out on me—"

"The whip wont help you."

"Not if I hit him, but if I just shake it alongside his head—"

"Look here, Flett," and Pud's voice hardened,—"are you going to do what I say, or have I got to make you?"

"I will, Mr. Connor; as God's my judge, I'll ride to win. I'll lose the whip, sir. I must go now; here comes Mr. Bradley."

Just before the Hudson Handicap, Pud strolled over into the paddock. Magic was being saddled under a big elm, and as Connor stood beside Trainer Bradley, he heard the latter say: "Flett, I've been thinking over what you told me about the brown jockey this morning when you cut him in the ribs, and I think you'd do better by just hand-riding him. Give your whip to the lad."

Pud started, and he saw the boy's face go white as it was turned toward him. In the minds of both was the same thought—had the trainer found out something? Pud could see in Flett's eye the troubled, beseeching query, and he shook his head.

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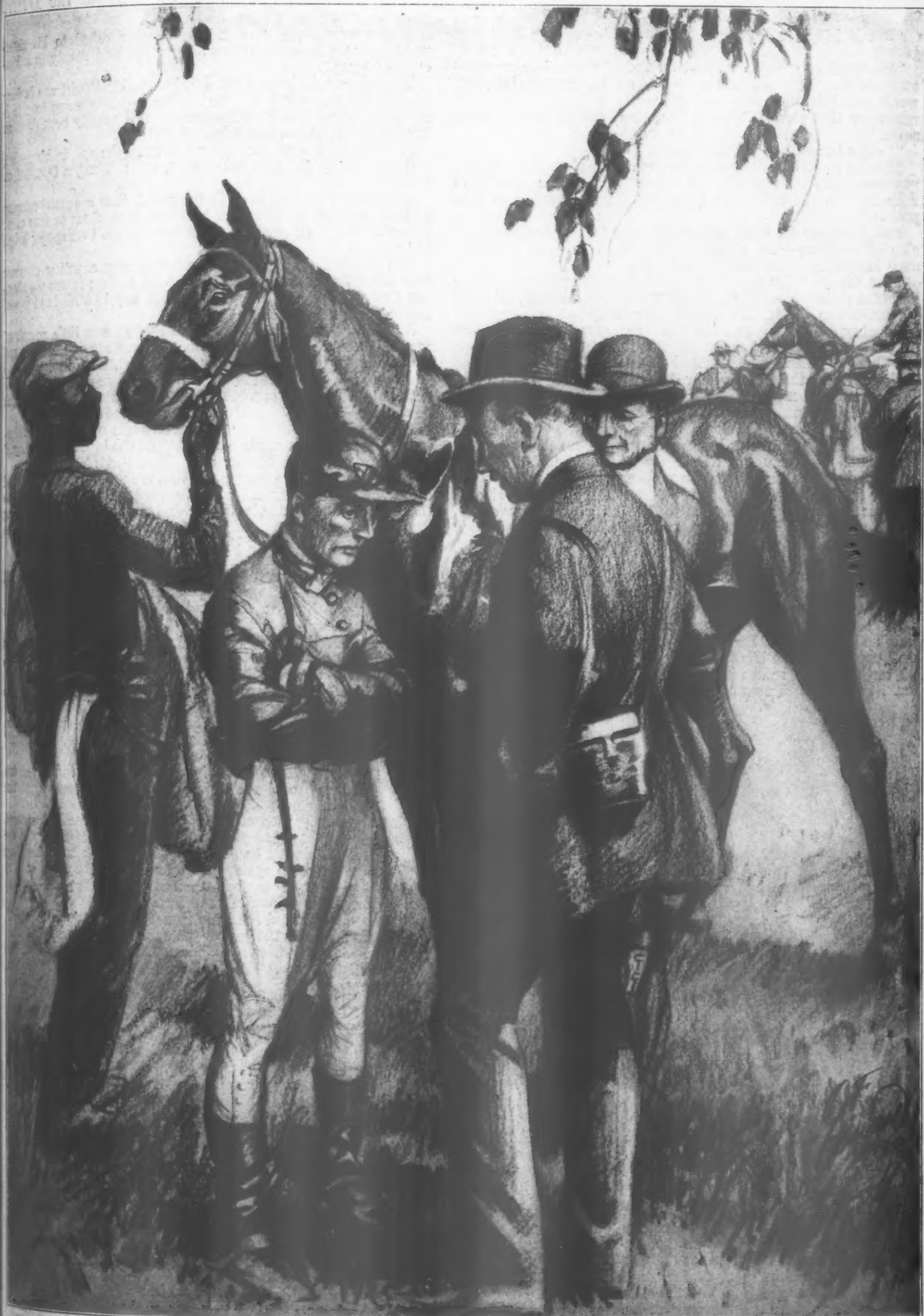
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Pud got a chance to take Flett to one side and say: "My boy, you've got to win the Hudson on Magic; if you don't, I'm going to say right out in loud print why you didn't."

"But if Magic tries to run out at the turn, sir?" Flett suggested.

"He could do a wide turn and then win," the trainer answered confidently. "He's a notional cuss—he's got brains; he never would stand for the whip, and if he sees it in your hand, he'll remember that you hit him this morning, and be lookin' for it again."

"I hope he wont try to bear out, sir."

"I know he wont," the trainer answered with a chuckle. "Don't you see that leather pricker on the left side of his bit—that'll keep him in. If he's coming too wide, just give him a little pull in."

Pud could see from the trainer's manner that he had no suspicion of anything—just a natural caution. It was an extraordinary happening under the circumstances.

Then the cry, "Get up! Mount your horses!" sounded, and the beautiful thoroughbreds, blood bay and golden chestnut, with the big seal-brown Magic, filed out to the course.

As they mincingly paraded past the grandstand, the man in the gray hat stood close to the rail watching for Magic and Osceola. There they came; the chestnut Osceola in the lead—Number One, the position next the rail. Behind him was a bay, Jack Straw; and next was the brown, Magic.

Suddenly Andrews gave a gasp; his cold, fishy eyes widened in an unbelieving stare. The boy on Magic carried no whip. A sudden fear seized the crook's heart; Flett must have double-crossed him—must have told the trainer something. Perhaps Bradley had found out and had taken the whip away.

Yes, the boy was going to ride it out; there was the sign of confirmation. Casually, as though it were an idle movement, Flett's right hand had dropped to the saddle-cloth just behind the saddle, and his fingers were caressing, quite idly, the number, "3," on the corner of the saddle-cloth.

The Man from the Desert knew this as Flett's message to his girl up in the stand that Number Three would go up as the winner. What an escape he had had!

He whirled quickly and searched with his eyes the tiers of seats up in the stand. He knew where the girl always sat. There she was, a doll-faced blonde in a neat blue serge, whispering into the ear of a short, stout man who stood in the passage just beside her. . . . Now the man had left the girl's side and was hurrying

and said something; then the bookmaker called to his clerk, writer as he passed the money: "Hundred and twenty to a hundred, Magic."

That was all Andrews wanted to know. Flett's girl was backing Magic, and the signal was right—the boy was going to ride it out on him. Gad, if his five thousand had already been down on Osceola, it would have been burned up!

He stripped a thousand-dollar bill from the roll in his pocket and stepping to the next bookmaker, said: "Fred, a thousand on Magic."

There was a sudden hush in the stand, then a general scrambling of feet as people shifted their positions, then three or four cries: "They're off!" Somewhere down toward the betting-ring a bell had clanged.

Pud Connor, sitting in the press-box, saw a yellow streamer float along the rail on the far side of the course; it was the chestnut Osceola, away to a flying start. A bay had his head lapped on the chestnut's quarter.

As they rounded the upper turn, Pud gave a little squeak of joy. He could see Flett low-crouched over Magic's withers, and the big brown was stretching out in his mighty stride, creeping inch by inch on the flying chestnut. The boy on Osceola was riding a good race; glued to the rail, the chestnut was being ridden beautifully—not being pushed, just running free.

As they swung into the straight, Pud could see a sudden widening of the space between the chestnut and the brown. "Oh, Lord," he moaned, "Magic's bearing out! Poor Flett!"

Then something happened; the brown shot forward like a mad horse; he cut in diagonally on the chestnut and pinned him to the rail; then galloping, galloping in his giant stride, from behind lapped on the chestnut, he headed him. Then the chestnut was blanketed from their view by the brown.

"My God, Flett's fouled him!" Pud groaned.

And all up the straight, the brown squeezed the chestnut and he was clear; then he came away to romp home.

There was a hush in the stand as the numbers shot up, with "3," Magic's number, on top.

The hush held as the boys turned, dismounted, stripped the saddles off and passed over the scales. The favorite had won, but—

Ah, yes! A little man in a white jacket with scarlet stars, the rider of Osceola, ran up the steps of the judges' stand.

Somebody in the crowd, a piker who had bet ten dollars on the outsider, cheered; a hundred growled, "Shut up!" for the favorite had won.

Then a little man in a green jacket and a red cap crept up over the Bridge of Sighs, the stairway to the judges' stand.

There was a tense wait of three minutes. A steward spoke through a tube to the other side of the track; the numbers were hauled down, rearranged; and when they were run up again, "1," Osceola's number, was on top; and Magic's number was not among the three—he had been disqualified, placed last.

Men cursed the little man Flett who, up in the stand, had said to the judges with tears in his eyes: "If they hadn't taken my whip away, I could have kept him straight, sirs. I'd just have shaken it at the side of his face, and he'd have kept off; but the pricker hurt him."

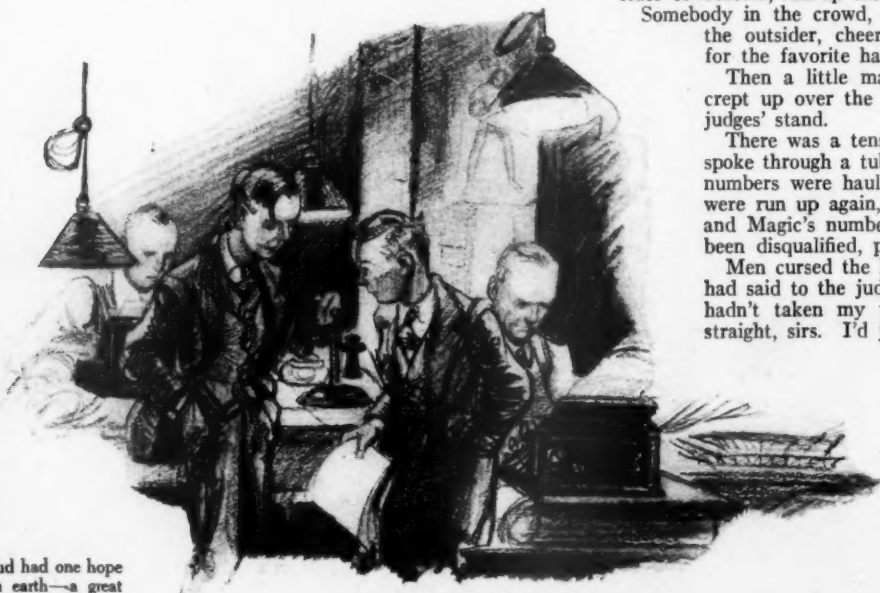
Pud had come down to mingle with the others at the judges' stand, and as he turned away, his arm was clutched by a lanky, saw-toothed man, Luke Hawkins of the West; and Hawkins was saying:

"The Man from the Desert has got your judges, same's he had 'em out West. I come down today to play a few steps of gold on the ponies, and I spotted Farmer Gray. I guess he was afraid I'd spit on him, for he wised me up to Osceola and I bet five hundred at ten to one on the sorrel."

"Holy Mackinaw!" Pud moaned. "And he bet a thousand on Magic—I had him trailed by a Finkerton, who saw the bet laid."

"He give me the double-cross again—"

"No," Pud explained, "everybody—the Man from the Desert and all—has been double-crossed except you. I guess the gods just love you—don't die young!"



Pud had one hope on earth—a great scoop for his paper.

down the steps. Andrews knew just what this movement meant: it was a commissioner hurrying to put the girl's bet on.

Andrews trailed him into the betting-ring, pushing his way unperceived through the crowd at the man's very back. It was a task, for the commissioner was looking for the very best odds. Once he darted across from one line of books to the other side, elbowing his way through the mass of humans like a hog tearing a way through a herd of his fellows.

Suddenly he stopped at a book, shoved up a sheaf of bills

The story

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A Novel of Today's Tempestuous Youth in America

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by
FRANK SNAPP



April, however, was finished with Bob. She had fallen out of love with that aviator, and she had no parachute. It was an awful bump from clouds to clouds.

The story so far:

BOB TAXTER came home from the war to the pleasant surprise of a ten-thousand-dollar legacy from an uncle. But he found that his cousin and sweetheart April Summerlin had inherited ten times as much from the same source; and he felt that he had no right to marry her till his financial status at least equaled hers. So when a Texas soldier named Yarmy offered him a share in some marvelous oil-lands (and when Yarmy's sister Kate added her persuasions), he determined to invest.

Yarmy sought also to interest the Summerlins, but April was suspicious and tried also to dissuade Bob from turning over the five thousand-dollar bills he had brought with him, to Yarmy. Bob would have done so however, had not the bills disappeared.

Next day Kate Yarmy appeared at Bob's hotel room and made herself at home, much to his embarrassment. And then—strange coincidence—Joe Yarmy appeared—intending to extort money from Bob because of his compromised sister. Bob, however, felt it his duty bound to marry Kate, and she accepted his proposal.

Bob's mother came to his hotel, with April and Mrs. Summerlin, and received Bob's announcement that he was to be married to Kate that afternoon! And in spite of their grief and horror, Bob would have gone through with the marriage after their departure had not Zeb again intervened and proceeded to throw monkey-wrenches into the matrimonial machine as only a valet can, while Bob was bathing. Zeb sent his trunk, containing most of his clothing and all his trousers, to the wrong depot—and Kate was left waiting at the church.

Joe Yarmy demanded explanations; Bob undertook to buy off the Yarmys with his remaining five thousand. Joe was only too willing; but again the jealous Zeb rushed in—stole the five thousand, locked them in and escaped.

All this was too much for Bob's patience. When Yarmy had disappeared in vain pursuit of Zeb, Bob managed to acquire trousers from the hotel valet and he himself sallied forth. Hours later an inebriate Bob entered a café where April was supping with a party of friends. She gallantly came forward and by her welcome saved him from the inhospitality of the head waiter. A few moments afterward she was rewarded by seeing Bob start free-for-all that ended in his violent ejection to the street.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A MORE unheroic place, mood and posture for a hero than Bob Taxter's would be hard to imagine. An author often has an experience common to a marrier: the chosen hero or heroine turns out to be full of unsuspected and ineradicable faults, discovered all too late. Many authors, like many matrimonial victims, thereupon devote themselves to concealing from the public the terrible truth; they lie about, gloss over and suppress everything not pretty. Like photographers they retouch every blemish and leave a pale blur.

But Bob must not be disguised. It is hard to find a single bit of hero-plasm in him. He went into the air because he loved adventure. He went to the war not because he loved humanity, but because he hated Germany, and he hated Germany mainly because his country had declared war on Germany.

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He fought without piety or prayer. He fought like a fiend, cursing and blaspheming. He wept because the war died under him before he had satisfied his thirst for gore. He got out of the uniform as quickly as he could, and proceeded to flirt with another girl while he quarreled with his fiancée.

When Bob found himself unexpectedly possessed of ten thousand dollars, did he rejoice at the opportunity to devote his future to the betterment of the poor, or the foundation of a chair of learning, or social welfare? Not in the slightest! It never occurred to him to give it away magnanimously. He revealed a disgusting ambition to get rich quick. He showed deplorable traits of envy and jealousy, and tried to get richer quicker than his betrothed.

Even in his investment he let himself be duped, and would have been swindled out of his money by a pair of crooks if it had not been stolen from him by an old doddering Senegambian.

BOB let his chivalry make a fool of him, and would have let it drag him to the altar with a woman he did not love. And again he was saved from disaster only by a stupid ex-slave.

Then did he reform like the Prodigal and turn homeward repentant? He did not! He avoided his only living parent and went out with no finer ambition than a lust for liquor and general rampage.

And now he slumped on the old foot-bitten steps of a house with six "To Let" signs on it, and he wept—wept with remorse because he had debased his aristocracy, disgraced his breeding and his opportunities and belittled the proud name he bore? Not by a jugful—not by a tear-jugful! He wept because he could not get as drunk as he wanted to, and nobody would fight him.

When he arose at length, with a high resolve, was it to lead a better life? It was not. The thing that straightened his wobbly legs and lifted his swimming head was a sudden happy thought that perhaps he could find a policeman who would give him a good battle. His ambition now was to put out one of New York's guardians of the peace, take his club and cap away and flaunt them himself. A fine flower of generations of freedom, compulsory education, equality and opportunity in the greatest country on earth, by its own admission!

But in spite of many traveler's tales to the contrary, the New York policeman is the politest, peacefulest Samaritan on earth. He spends his time saving myopic imbeciles from walking into or driving into destruction; he is always courteous when fairly bespoken, and his patience with drunkards would make Job throw up his job.

Bob wasted a good deal of time looking for a policeman. There are only ten thousand of them required to keep the traffic of New York's five or six million wanderers in order, and at this hour most of them were in bed, or playing authors or parchesi in the back rooms of the station-houses.

While he looked for a policeman, Bob paused to inspect several restaurants. Their stodgy respectability disheartened him, and he would not have lingered even if he had been urged to.

Three or four places offered dances, cabarets and revues of splendor, and he tried to force his way into Healey's "Golden Glades," but was rebuffed at the door.

A CABMAN offered to take him to the glories of Pabst's. It was a long way, and once there, Bob was informed that only gentlemen with ladies, and ladies with gentlemen, were admitted to the ballroom. By the time he had been jolted back downtown, his money was almost gone, and his time was all gone. It was one o'clock, the very closing-hour when waiters yawn and bakeries give up their bread.

Bob was almost frantic as he saw the front doors of cafés and cabarets being folded together and locked on the heels of evicted lingerers. Here and there a few were permitted to finish their cheese and crackers behind drawn curtains. But the town was on its way upstairs.

One famous all-night haven occurred to Bob as a last resort. He hastened to Jack's, on Sixth Avenue. Even here he found the doors bolted! He tapped frantically on the glass, but a waiter within shook a doleful head and yawned. Everybody had the gapes but Bob.

He clung like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, but the gate would not yield to his prayers. As he stumbled away, he had the companionship in misery of two taxicab-loads of thirsty men, who rolled up and rolled out too late.

They mingled their groans with Bob's, but their lamentations were drowned by the passage of an elevated train, thundering overhead. That juggernaut of respectability was carrying the final roisterers back to the pillows and penates of all Uptown.

An unutterable loneliness overwhelmed poor Bob. He let himself be taunted as Coleridge's wretches. They had "water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink;" and Bob had people, people everywhere, and nary place to drink. Bob was as epically lonely as the young hero of Charles Hanson Towne's poem "Manhattan."

New York had no dark life then. It was as dull in the noon of night as London had been for decades, and Paris during the war. The one o'clock closing-law of wartime still clamped the lid on New York, and would long prevail. Wherever he went, prowling for a refuge from the dark streets, he found the cafés darker still.

It was not that all New York was innocently abed. There were carousals in private resorts, gambling in secluded spots, and going full tilt in many a gleaming ballroom and many a hall. Vice was industrious here and there, but generally in the background. Young girls of all ages were still reading themselves amusements in novels. A few students were poring over lessons, and capons were insomniac over the problems of making the world into a labor union. But these places were not for strangers, especially the haunts of vice, were cautious against outside visitors.

Like another Wandering Jew, Bob's dreary pilgrimage was in vain. By three o'clock he was desperate enough for rest, society and refreshment, even solid, to enter one of the commonest of Childs' dairy lunch-rooms, the one in Columbus Circle.

HERE he found a strange assemblage of gentlemen and ladies in full evening dress mingled with the small-fry that eat at the darkest hour before the dawn. It had come to be a fashion even before it became a necessity for those who had danced themselves hungry in the early evening, to flock to the dairy lunch-rooms for food. The first venturers discovered to their surprise that these places of entertainment for the stomach no less delicious than the products of the foreign cuisiniers. They found here as many and patés, salads and meringues, nor even any lobsters and rapin, crabmeats and clams. But they found national ingredients of equal toothsome, and equally interesting as sporty food for the digestion.

Here a *spécialité de la maison* was the last word in the fried-egg sandwich, which would be as poetical as *ouzelles fines herbes* or any of the thousand forms of oral disguise. A foreign poet would rave over its wealth of gold in a white envelope laid between two sheets of bread, with the added beauty of a great circle of Bermuda onion, sweet as candy.

The *cordon bleu* of this tavern prided himself on certain malloy crumpets of bulging creaminess between blistered sides made wonderfully savory with butter plunged into their insides. They are less satisfactory after they have been put into one's own insides, and hence their popular, or unpopular, is "sinkers." Fair but false, they melt like edible evanescence on the tongue, but lie like paperweights on the stomach—they receive but marble to retain.

But best of all were the cakes—those buckwheat cakes of Matthew Arnold, being coerced to nibble during his American lecture-tour, said in his most Athenian manner to his wife: "them, my dyah; they're not half so nahsty as they look."

For this the poet merited the rebuke that Dr. Johnson (perhaps) administered to one who spoke slightly of the Venetian Medici: "That remark, sir, is not a criticism; it is a calumny. It was almost a sacrilege."

Bob stared in unbelief at the sight of all these sweets, away eggs and beans and pies and cakes, and at the last he threw back their gorgeous cloaks and bent forward in a gluttonous opulence to feast on what was once considered grub for the poor and hasty. One dreamy-eyed sultana lifted in her jeweled hand a tiny pewter ewer of maple syrup and trickled it over the gilded buckwheats as if she were eking out a very precious ingredient. The place was murmurous with swagger and merriment. The place was somehow managed (as the well-dressed always do) with a look of dissipation to the most innocent activities. One indubitable wastrel eating a bowl of graham bread with milk with a manner positively Trimalchian.

Bob stared and turned away. The thought of syrup and maple wrung his parched tongue to a revulsion. Maple syrup was not what water is to a mad-dog. With a howl of sackcloth and ashes Bob turned and fled back into the night.

And now at last he found a policeman to challenge. He was not so young and fit as Bob would have liked, but he had a cap that Bob decided to acquire as trophies of the most unsatisfactory day and night of his existence.

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Honest Jack tried to console her in his rough-diamond way. Champagne was trebly a tribute now, since its price had trebled more and more; so Jack ordered a bottle of champagne wine, and like all Westerners, said: "Here's how!"

CHAPTER XXXV

OFFICER DERMOT TWOMEY was as peaceable a man as ever came out of Ballinasloe, that two-county town half Galway and half Roscommon. He had been trained to compromise there as a boy when neither county faction could move the town to its side of the line.

In all the dissensions that had torn the Irish heart for the last five years, and were rending it now, Twomey quarreled with nobody, not with those who upheld President De Valera of the Irish Republic, nor with those who were for Plunkett's plan; not even with those who approved the incorrigible Carson. Twomey was a much-needed sort of Irishman.

He had spent a long evening on post in the theater district; his relief had been delayed; and he had lingered at the station-house making out his reports, till now, at three o'clock, he was on his way home to his wife and the smallest two of his six children, who knew so well how much he admired them asleep that they always pretended to be asleep when he came home, no matter how much noise he made or what the hour.

The policeman's heart was full of song and philanthropy. His cap was pushed back to let the moonlit breeze sweep his brow, and he was humming something in Gaelic as he tossed his short club in and out of his hand on a loose wrist-knot.

He was taking the long-cut home because he liked Columbus Circle—a fine open space with no very tall buildings to cramp the big sky, like a broad blue bosom with silver buttons on it and the moon for a badge. The Circle was rarely dead at any hour of day or night. At three o'clock the morning papers were already there in big stacks, with gossiping old men and women fussing over them, and a man could have a look at tomorrow's sensation before going to bed—news oft modified in later editions.

Then there were usually an Irish county dance or two going on in Fifty-ninth Street and early stragglers going home and willing to stop and have a kindly fight over what Ireland was coming to. In any case, the Circle was always an eye-ful. Central Park came up to one side of it, fetching forests and country lanes right into the city. There was the big monument to the men who were lost in the *Maine*, with a fine lot of gold figures at the top of it. And there was that old Columbus, perched aloft on his rostral column in the center of the street-car tracks, always standing there in an attitude of astonishment at what his little hunt for India had brought upon this dark continent that barred his way. Twomey used to draw a lesson from it to the effect that a man never knows what he's starting when he starts something—especially a dago.

Upon his philosophical meditation Bob Taxter intruded with the blatant cynicism of a Diogenes.

Twomey's practiced eye recognized from Bob's legs that his burden was almost more than he could bear, and Twomey's heart softened a little in advance. He felt the sorrier for Bob because the lad was plainly driven to an ugly climax and would probably belch up some sour language. But Twomey was as patient with seasick men on land as a steward on a Channel steamer with the victims of a rough crossing. And what Irishman would take umbrage at a mere swipe with a fist? A man doesn't have to hold his head still; he has a neck, hasn't he?

The final degree of Bob's initiation into the Arcadian simplicity of New York night life was an encounter with a non-inflammatory policeman.

Bob's first words betrayed the fact that he had no special grudge against Twomey, but merely an academic revolt against coppers in general, and against the fact that he could not get drunk! He was so lit up that he was blinded by his own effulgence.

Twomey only laughed when Bob tried to insult him, revealing none of that inspired alcohol wit so much advertised and rarely met.

Bob was simply maudlin:

"Say—you! Zhes, I mean zhoo! You old sparrow-coop! You goo'-f'r-noth'n' gum-shoe constable in the jayest town on earth!"

"I'm goin' lick 'ell out of you an' take your club away an' everything."

"That's a domd good idea," said Twomey.



Bob was simply maudlin: "Say—you! I'm goin' lick 'ell out of you and take your club away an' everything."

"I'm off duty annyhow, so you're hairtily welkim."

He did not quite give Bob the club, but he gave him support, and he held Bob's lapels crosswise in such a friendly clasp that somehow Bob could not quite reach the smiling face with his wobbly fists.

"Would zhoo like know what I think this damn' town?" Bob demanded.

"I'm achin' to hear," said Twomey; and Bob got rid of a lot of very seasick language that fascinated such men and women as were to be found in Columbus Circle at that hour, and was amused at drunkards as people used to be amused by the permanently insane.

Twomey sighed at some of Bob's abuse. It was very ancient, and not at all brilliant. A policeman is a sort of trained man to people sick of various disorders, from absent-mindedness to absent-consciousness, and Twomey had heard it all before.

out-of-town people and in-town people. They seemed to feel that it did them some good to denounce that great shapeless nebula called New York—as if New York were something or somebody that could accept rebuke or praise.

When Bob had exhausted his vocabulary, New York felt just about the same, and Bob was a little easier. But he was no nearer a fight, and Twomey still wore his cap, his club and that abominable smile. Finally Bob saw a great light. He knew how to enrage this pacifist.

"You're Irish, I reckon," he snarled. Twomey nodded, a little uncomfortably. He hoped the boy would not lay violent hands on the ark of his patriotism and pierce through to certain hidden springs of wrath that might whirl in spite of Twomey's self-control. Bob sneered:

"What side were you on in this swar, huh? Wha' side you on in this swar?"

"On this side," Twomey sighed.

"You never had any sons over there at all—not a dam' tall."

"Two I had," said Twomey. "Wan of them is only partly home; wan of them is stayin' over thayre," said Twomey, his eyes askance, and little muscles in his cheek showing that he had set his jaws on an old cud of grief.

Suddenly Bob was weeping the mobile tears of the drunken. He flung his arm about the father's neck and tried to kiss him, but ju-jitsu saved the officer again. Being killed by criminals and killed by drunkards are commonplace perils with the force.

"Zhoo know," Bob sobbed, "I flew over that dam' rezhmen' once, an' I could hear the brogue of the Micks a mile in the air. Well, if you're Irishman, you ought to unnerstan' why I've got to fight somebody. If you're a frien' o' mine, you'll gimme a li'le battle yourself. I just nash'ally got to punsh a p'liceman."

"I'd be glad for to oblige you, but I'm off duty and it wouldn't count. Tomorrow I'll meet you wheriver you like."

"Thass a bet!" said Bob. "Let's meet Ma'son Square Gar'n."

"You're ahn! And now hadn't you better be off for home to tune up a bit? You'd be the better for a little alcohol rub on the outside."

Bob followed this dangled thistle with asinine solemnity: "Thass inspration! You're a zhenius, and I'll beat life out of you with greates' poss'ble affection."

"And where might you be havin' your trainin' quarters?"

"The Deucalion's my dump, but I'm not goin' there yet—oh, no, the night is still young yet."

"Too bad—for my way lays just past the Deucalion, and there's a few perliminaries we could be settlin' if you were goin' that way."

Bob relented at once:

"Well, o' course, if you're afraid to go home in the dark, I'll protec' you. You're only a poor li'le p'liceman, and you need chaperon. I'll scort you home; but remember—tomorrow I'm goin' to knock your dam' block off."

"That's my understandin' of it entirely," said Twomey.

And so they made their way, the policeman in slow strides and Bob with a corkscrew gait. He talked after the method of a poet writing a triolet, a rondel or any of those forms with lines incessantly recurrent.

"Whass name, ossifer?" he babbled. "Whass name? I say, whass name? Don't you know y' own name? Typical N'York p'liceman!—too stoopid know 'is own name. Well, needn't get s'mad about it."

"Manners is somethin', ossifis! Whass name? No matter. Don't tell me if you don't want to. Matter of no 'mportance me. Manners is somethin' though. New York is most ill-mannered place in universe—in whole universe, mos' ill-man' place N'York. D'you deny it? No! Well, since you don't deny it, I'll prove it to you."

"Tonight, for instance, I go into res'rant, famous hostillery, and I go into res'rant, an' there I meet

—who suppose? Don't try suppose. You'd never guess. Nicest girl in world, thass all.

"But of all the dam' doutrageous, treasherous fiends in human form, that girl is it. I'm not criticisin' her, but it's heartbreaking to me to find girl I trust with m'life is regular Judascariot. O' course you don't know whole story, and wild horses wouldn't drag out of me her name, or what she did. Wild horses wouldn't. Her name was April Shummerlin, and what do you suppose she did? Well, I go in there, and—I may have had have had drink or two—few innocen' li'le ornzh-bloshms—no harm in ornzh-bloshms—man take all ornzh-bloshms in Unine Stashe and never feel it, couldn't he? O' course he could. I did."

"All ornzh-bloshms world couldn't drown my powers of rishinashotion—good word, huh? Ver' nice word! But what use is it to be able rashinosh when you're only roshinasher in town?"

"Can April Shumerln use powers reason? No! abslooshy no! Why, when I walked in there, sober as old hoot-owl, that girl—don't ask me name—remember, wild horses!—don't forget wild horses—

"Well, anyway, Mish Shumliner tried reform me! Said I'd had enough! Enough! Oh, dear, there (Continued on page 152)



"That's a domd good idea," said Twomey, "I'm off duty anyhow."

"Wh'd I tell you?" Bob cried. "You didn't go over. You're a dam' pro-Germanirishman, and I knew it firs' time I saw you."

"And what side were you ahn?" said Twomey quietly. "I's on oth' side water shavin' the worl' for democ'shy. I got life of war-crossh 'n' ev'thing."

"And were you now, and did you?" said Twomey. "It may be you met one or the both of my boys there. There was Sairgeant Francis X. Twomey of Coompany Ah, and Corpor'l John Pether Twomey of Coompany Haitech. You saw them, belike?"

"What rezhmen' of what d'vision?" Bob demanded. "And what rigiment would it be but the Hoonderd an' Sixty-Fith Rainbows?"

"You don't sho shay—shay sho!"

Bob saluted and drew himself up so sharply that he would have collapsed like a stack of arms if Twomey had not held him. Then he grew cynical again and continued his taunts.

ODELL

By
MILDRED CRAM

Illustrated by
E. F. WARD



ONLY one thing of importance has ever happened at Odell's Landing. It happened about ten years ago, and since the place is probably obliterated by this time, wiped out by the devouring forest, knee-deep in tangled grass, rotted, burned by the sun and forgotten, the story can be safely told.

In those days Odell's Landing was an ivory station. If you were going out there from New York, for instance, you had to cross the continent to San Francisco, take a steamer to Port Michael and then wait for a coast trader, one of those itinerant peddlers that poke their noses into every harbor and river where there is a native settlement or an isolated post. Odell's Landing—named after the first Englishman who risked his sanity in that God-forsaken spot—was within reach of these vagrant steamers. A clearing had been made on the banks of a river which poured toward the sea out of the heart of the continent—a clearing won by sheer courage from the grasp of the forest, maintained by cunning, violence and desperation. A crazy wharf braved the swift current for a few feet. The house itself was built solidly enough then—heaven knows what it is like now! Odell had planned a comfortable bungalow, one-storied, with broad verandas, large, airy rooms and many doors. When young Michelson came out, he added distinctive American touches—a bay window, for one thing, from which he could look down the rushing, foaming river toward the sea.

About once every five or six months the panting steamer fought her way two hundred yards beyond the landing, then drifted into the current, blowing whistles and ringing bells hysterically, bringing up against the wharf with a crash. She never stayed more than a day. The captain, who was an unimpressible Dutchman accustomed to silence and desolation, nevertheless shrank from going ashore at Odell's Landing. He went, because it was undoubtedly good policy to be polite to the agent, but he always slept aboard the steamer and departed in the thick white mists of dawn, taking with him what ivory there happened to be, and a bag of letters and reports to be posted at Port Michael.

When Odell died, succumbing at last to fever, the post was vacant for some time. A tall, somber negro, Odell's servant, kept the books and lied to the natives. Odell was not dead, he said, but asleep. All white men slept five months every third year. In this way the canny native saved his own neck and his job. When young Michelson came out, it was Sambo who had taught him the primitive, simple and unalterable rules of existence at Odell's Landing. . . . The little steamer turned downstream again, borne at furious speed on the brown current, and left Michelson to silence.

Silence—silence in that small clearing hemmed in by a whole continent of unbroken forest; silence in the shadowy storehouses, Sambo's quarters; silence on the river, where the vast stream, clogged with the up-tearings of the forest along its banks, swept forward without a sound. Much farther down it was to break into murmurings, and at the bars into a joyous thunder of amber-colored surf; but the water swept past Odell's Landing a compact mass, like the rapid motion of a serpent, smooth, inaudible,

"Intolerable!" Michelson shouted. He seized a glass and hurled it. It splintered against the wall, leaving a splash like the imprint of a hand on the plaster.

resistless. Now and again, as some great uprooted tree tumbled toward the sea, a black arm would rise from the river, bedded grotesquely and disappear in a swirl of foam. Michelson liked to watch the human antics of these logs. He found, after several months of it, that they were strangely companionable. When Sambo wasn't about, he'd shout at them and wave his hand.

Michelson succeeded Odell because the Dutch branch of the company had no one in mind and telegraphed to the English branch, which was equally embarrassed. Michelson's fate became temporarily embodied in the person of the family lawyer, who happened to hear that the Dutch-English Company had an excellent vacancy for a "young man of courage and initiative" and who rather put it up to young Michelson.

"Two years out there, and you will have proved your worth. When you come back, there will be an opening, either in London or Rotterdam. It's the best thing I can think of now."

When Michelson accepted, he had very little idea what he was being let in for. He was a big, shy, likable fellow, taciturn but not moody, poetic in an inarticulate way. He had Dutch blood in his veins, and it had stamped him with the Hollander's skin, blond hair and blue eyes. All his life he had followed the amiable path of the well-to-do. When his parents died, leaving him nothing, he woke to the realization of his utter worthlessness in the world of business. There was literally nothing that he could do.

"Odell's Landing," he said to the family lawyer. "Sounds quite harmless."

The lawyer glanced at the English firm's letter again and wrinkled his brow. "I don't imagine there will be anyone there except an assistant of some sort. A chap called Odell established the post."

"What happened to him?"

"He died," the lawyer admitted.

Michelson smiled and tapped his brown boots with his cane. "It happens," he remarked, "now and then. I think I would like that stop me. It's a chance to travel again. And I must have been a source of anxiety to you. Thank you—I'll go out there."

Before Michelson left New York, he had asked Agatha Wrightson to marry him. She was young and well-bred and fearless—a little too young to marry him, a little too well-bred to risk two years in a jungle wilderness, not quite fearless enough to face silence and hardship with Michelson. But she promised to wait for him and gave him her heart and her lips before he left. Michelson went away exalted. The post at Odell's Landing seemed a dignified, a magnificent thing, a place worthy of a big gesture, an open door to inimitable opportunities. He would improve the place, put American business methods on trial in the wilderness. When he went finally to England, or better still, to Holland, the company would receive him with respect.

He had no thought for his predecessor Odell, the Englishman who had been foolish enough to die in the arms of his great opportunity. But when the wheezing tramp-steamer had waddled away leaving him at last alone in his silent kingdom, Odell appeared beside him, voiceless and featureless but unavoidable. The Englishman's things still hung in the bedroom closets—tweeds, ulsters, dinner-jacket, overcoats and several suits of dirty linen clothes. Michelson took them all down to make way for his own possessions, and from them reconstructed the agent's life. He found a sprig of heather in the side-pocket of one of the overcoats. It crumbled into gray dust between his fingers—relic of some island pasture, the smell of fresh earth, mist from the sea and buoyant winds. The dinner-jacket was redolent of camphor, good cigars and an indescribable odor of the river-mist. Michelson felt through the pockets and discovered nothing save a woman's letter, written on a single sheet of white stationery, asking Odell to write often "from that outlandish place of exile, wherever it is you are going, obstinate dreamer that you are."

Well, Odell had died in exile! Michelson tied the clothes together and gave them to Sambo, that inscrutable "assistant" mentioned so hopefully by the family lawyer. Sambo accepted them without comment and carried them into his quarters behind the house. Presently he emerged again, still wearing his dazzling loin-cloth, but carrying one of Odell's walking-sticks between thumb and forefinger. Thereafter he was never without it.

No one had taken the trouble to put Odell's desk in order; there were neat packages of business letters, a year of the *Times* carefully arranged in a pile, a pipe and a jar of tobacco, the photograph of a woman. The tobacco had gone musty, Michelson discovered; it too was flavored with that penetrating odor of jungle and mud, wet, sticky, supersweet, disgusting.

It took Michelson a week to settle himself in the house. With Agatha Wrightson's photograph on the desk, and a new supply of pens and paper, the place looked quite shipshape, ready for business. Sitting there, far into the beating silence of the nights, he poured out his heart to Agatha on the stationery of the Dutch company. His letters piled up—one a day for five months—a mountain of love to be called for and carried away by the erratic steamer when it came again. His reports he left entirely to Sambo, who understood Odell's way. Whenever the native hunters slipped out of the forest into the hard-won clearing by the river-bank, it

was Sambo who bargained with them, paying for the ivory in that exchange of calico and canned goods, umbrellas and beads, cheap ribbon and wire, known only to his kind.

Twice Michelson showed himself to a watchful half-circle of hunters while Sambo explained in strange speech that here was the white lord, refreshed and rejuvenated by his long sleep, friend of the people, son of the Great Queen and enemy of thieves and liars. Michelson felt decidedly uncomfortable beneath the unblinking gaze of all those eyes. He went into the house and opened one of Odell's books, but his attention wandered. The indispensable Sambo was entertaining guests out in the clearing; a fire blazed, there was a low, unceasing murmur of voices and, grotesque and indescribable, the ribald piping of a mouth-organ blown upon by some naked savage.

Michelson had always liked to believe that the picturesque formalities of life would cling to him even in exile. At first he dressed scrupulously for dinner. It distressed him that Odell had tried and had failed. Whenever he sat down to his lonely evening meal, washed, brushed and wearing a fresh suit of linen clothes, it seemed to him that the dead Englishman in dirty linen, soiled, crumpled and torn, sat down facing him, his elbows on the table, his pipe in his mouth, a gleam of unpleasant humor in his sunken eyes.

"You wont last."

Michelson started. "The devil I wont!" he said aloud.

"You spoke?" Sambo asked, coming in from the kitchen with the tea.

"No."

Talking aloud became a secret pleasure. Whenever Sambo was clear of the house, Michelson addressed Agatha's photograph, as if his voice could penetrate the wall of silence and make itself audible above the brazen clamor of civilization.

The days were more endurable. He potted and painted; when the feverish sun touched the rim of the forest, he stripped and launched the heavy native canoe belonging to the post. At first it gave him a good deal of trouble. The paddles were unwieldy and he could make no headway against the impetuous downrush of the river. Little by little he conquered the craft. His white body was burned in the sun; he rejoiced in his strength, his skill and his sanity. Also he was fever-proof. Odell had not been so lucky.



Once Sambo brought a bottle of whisky from the storehouse. "The fellow wants to destroy me," Michelson thought. But he drank.

When the little steamer came again, it brought three letters from Agatha, an official confirmation of his appointment from Rotterdam and a letter for Odell.

"Is no one watching out for this chap's affairs?" he asked the Dutch captain at dinner.

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"A man living in a place like this has no affairs," he said.

"This letter—"

"Some woman! My dear sir, women are tenacious creatures—tenacious. I have had some little experience with the sex. If a woman once makes up her mind— But why don't you read the letter and see for yourself?"

Michelson put his finger beneath the flap of the envelope. Then he shook his head and tossed Odell's letter aside. "No. There might be instructions later. I'll hold it."

He kept the captain as long as he could, made drunk by the sound of words. The Dutchman was sullen and uncommunicative. At ten o'clock he got up, stretched his short arms above his head, yawned and waddled back to his steamer.

"See you in the morning," he said, shaking Michelson off at the gangway.

Michelson was left again within the beating, tangible silence of his house. He went to bed without having opened Agatha's letters; they were to be saved for the coming months. Tonight he must taste to the full the presence of white men. He lay awake, listening for the loud clatter of ship's bells.

IN the morning Sambo appeared, quiet, efficient, carrying Odell's walking-stick. He attended to the unloading of stores, the weighing and loading of the ivory. Whenever Michelson interfered, he felt that he was being brushed aside by an invisible hand.

"Why don't you come back with me to Port Michael?" the Captain asked. "That nigger of yours knows more about this job than you do. You can play around Port Michael for five months and come back with me. Pretty women there."

"Did Odell do that?" Michelson asked quickly.

"No." The Captain squinted and stared at the intolerable brightness of the river. "He stayed. And the damn' fool died. Fidelity! He had some idea of duty to the Company. Duty—bah!"

Michelson went back into the house. He stared long at the photograph of Agatha Wrightson. Presently he put his head down on the desk and clenched his hands and cried. One year and seven months more of it!

When he got to his feet again, his mouth was set. He said good-by to the Captain with ostentatious good humor. "I'll want a piano," he said. "Bring it down, next trip."

"A piano? God in heaven! Why not an elephant?"

But five months later the piano came, strapped to the peddler steamer's broad back and covered with straw matting. Michelson went down to the wharf to get it. He was burned black by countless days of implacable sunlight; his eyes were unnaturally wide open as if he had stared too long at the invisible. His clothes were dirty, and he wore a pair of straw sandals that flapped loosely against his bare and blackened heels.

"Here's your piano," the Captain bawled from the bridge.

"Ah," was Michelson's answer, "now I'm safe."

He did not explain himself, then or later; all that afternoon and late into the night he labored to get the piano into the house. It gave him a tremendous amount of trouble. The tackle broke; the muddy bank gave way beneath the unaccustomed weight; at the steps it seemed as if the whole rotten fabric of the dwelling would crumble into strips of sodden wood. When the thing was finally in place, Michelson threw his hat into a corner and sat down to play. All that night, until the white mists of dawn rolled down the river and enveloped Odell's Landing, the grumbling crew of the steamer heard the tinkle of that precious instrument. It stopped only when Sambo appeared to take the stores ashore. Then Michelson stood on the veranda, haggard and listless, to watch the feverish activity of loading and unloading. When the peddler had dropped down the river, he rubbed his dirty hands across his eyes and went into the house to read his letters.

There were two envelopes addressed to Odell. Michelson compared them with the one which had come five months before—the same stationery, heavy, white, with the single word *Blythlea* printed on the back; all three bore a Devonshire postmark; the handwriting was identical.

"A tenacious woman," Michelson thought, with a pang of envy for Odell. Unconsciously he glanced at the place where Odell's shadow always seemed to be—a forlorn shadow with burning eyes.

Agatha had written frequently. He read her letters one after the other, with a fury to know what she felt, what love had outlived the numbing silence of the months. She raved about her crowded life—theaters, dinner-parties, parties. "I am very happy," she wrote, "because you love me. I want you to stay out there for as long as you promise. No one can accuse you of failure—failure would hurt me more than anything that could happen to you." Which was a comfort Michelson got. "I am very happy because you love me!" Little enough! And he had given her full measure!

In the months that followed he became convinced of his worthlessness. He left the administration of the station to Sambo and spent his days lounging in a hammock on the back side of the house. He was a failure, always had been. It was a simple matter to believe that he always would be. He had turned two years of his youth into a pit of mud and burning silence. There was no escape. He counted the hours, the crawling and interminable minutes. Time hung stationary.

Presently Michelson became unaware of the difference between night and day. He slept through the blistering progress of the sun from forest to forest; prowling at night up and down the river in the canoe, he watched the flickering bowl of the sky, listened to the grunting and coughing of animals in the thickets along the banks, drifted aimlessly, tempted to let the current carry him into bars and shatter the canoe in that thunderous encounter with river and sea at the mouth. Always he turned back to the land, beached the canoe with a savage plunge of the paddle, and flung himself into his hammock, sleepless, disgusted.

Sambo he despised. The big negro moved about the place attending to his own business. Either he had companionship in the forest, or else he knew the secret of happiness. Once he brought Michelson a bottle of whisky from the storehouse. "That was the English lord's," he explained. "There is more."

"The fellow wants to destroy me," Michelson thought. He drank. Thereafter the bottle stood always at his elbow. In it there came dreams, lassitude, a penetrating languor, broken by hours of passionate self-hatred. He no longer thought of returning to the world of white men and responsibility.

The steamer came again, bringing a letter from the Company offering an increase of salary if he would "continue, for two years, to administer the new post with the wisdom, accuracy and attention displayed during the contracted term." His reply, phrased himself to two more years of despair, was the only letter sent back to Port Michael by the Dutch peddler. Michelson waited to himself a few days later to find that Agatha Wrightson had written, and that four letters, postmarked Devonshire, had come for Odell. He tore them into strips and threw them at the door, which nowadays was always there.

That night he spoke to Sambo. "When the steamer comes again," he said, steadying his hands with a perceptible clasp, "I am going away."

"Where?" Sambo asked softly.

"To America. I have had enough of this."

"Will Mr. Michelson recommend me as agent of the post?" Sambo asked in his precise English.

"The Company will decide," Michelson answered without looking at his eyes.

"Very well. I have been faithful."

"FAITH. Humbug! It is a monstrous lie. There is no reward. Failure—failure and silence." He looked up, caught the negro's eyes and shouted: "Get out! I am master here!" Sambo glanced aside. "Odell is master here," he said in a clear voice. "I serve him, not you. You are a shadow; he is a man. It is well that you are going when the white steamer comes again."

Michelson clenched his hands and rose to his feet, shivering incoherently. It seemed to him that the negro glided backward out of the room, smiling a sweet smile full of malice and cunning. He felt himself clawing at the closed door. A great light burst before his eyes. His knees were weak and gave way, letting him down on the floor. He was alone again. He was cold—cold for the first time in two years. Shivering—weeping like a woman! As he lay there, face down, with his hands clenched over his head, he heard Odell say distinctly: "Fever! You will have died long ago."

But Michelson did not die. One attack of fever nearly killed a man of Michelson's sort. But he forgot the passage of time completely, so that when the steamer came again, he was not even standing on the crazy wharf to watch the landing. For

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He listened to the animals in the thickets along the banks, and drifted aimlessly, tempted to let the current carry him to the bars and shatter the canoe in that thunderous encounter of river and sea.

his hammock he heard the whistle—three sharp blasts which splintered the silence. The Dutch captain, seeing no one about but the inscrutable Sambo, shouted from the bridge: "Where's Michelson? Where's that fool agent? There's a woman here who wants to see him."

A woman! Michelson heard and sat straight up as if electrified. He ran his fingers across his unshaven face, tried to smooth down his hair, groaned, then got unsteadily to his feet. "I am coming," he shouted in a desperate voice. He could not find his straw sandals; so after feeling about on the floor of the veranda vainly, he went out barefooted and hatless, blinking in the white-hot glare of the clearing.

"Agatha!"

He ran down to the wharf and pushed Sambo aside, staring up at the deck. There was a woman, but she was not Agatha Wrightson—a tall, dark woman whom he had never seen before; that he realized in that terrible moment of disappointment, when their eyes met across the narrow strip of muddy water between the steamer and the jetty.

When Michelson again became aware of things, he was in bed. Consciousness came like the rolling-up of a curtain, and he saw the strange woman standing by the window with her back turned to the room. He spoke, and she turned, not quickly but with a sort of expectancy, as if she were about to encounter a friend she had not seen for many years.

"You're better?" she said.

Michelson made an effort. "Real?" he asked.

She came over to the bedside and put her hand briefly on his forehead. "You're wondering who I am. I came out here to see Odell. I didn't know, until I got to Port Michael, that anything—what had happened." She lifted her head. "I was going to marry him," she explained simply.

"The steamer—"

"Gone—a fortnight ago."

"Good God! What happened to me?"

"Fever—and worse."

"What d'you mean?"

"Conscience—self-hatred—blighted life. Oh, you've talked a lot."

"Why on earth did you stay?"

"Because you needed help and so did I. The Captain wouldn't take you aboard—he isn't amiable, is he? And I hadn't any money. So I stayed."

"I might have died."

"But you didn't."

Michelson felt again the appalling weakness. The woman's face wavered; he caught at her hand, seemed somehow to have missed it, and was whirled away on an amber current of silence. When he opened his eyes again, she was still there, but it was night, and a candle burned dimly behind her. She did not see that he had come back, and for a long time he watched her, deeply conscious of her as the sick are always conscious of those who are well. She had gray eyes, black brows with a curious downward sweep, white skin and shapely hands.

"You wont go away?" he whispered.

Her eyes turned slowly. "I can't, very well," she said.

"What's your name?"

"Lilah Stephens. I wish you'd call me Lilah."

"We have five months of this ahead of us."

"You're English, aren't you?"

"Scotch, but Devonshire bred. I live among the hills of Blythlea."

"I know."

"My letters?"

He nodded, and she said:

"Odell didn't get them."

"I'm not sure."

"What d'you mean?"

"It takes a long time to kill a man out here."

She drew in her breath sharply and averted her eyes. Then she gave him a look both beseeching and inscrutable. "It is a shadow," she said.

"It is Odell," Michelson answered.

She laughed. "You are ill, and I am overwrought," she said. "Neither of us has seen—anything. Some day I'll

tell you why I came away out here alone. It's a long story."

"I don't care why you came," he said. "I'm only glad you're here."

He held out his hand, and she took it, her fingers closing around his with a firm, strong pressure that seemed to envelope his sick spirit, his exhausted heart. He closed his eyes. And still clinging to this strange woman's hand, he presently fell into a heavy, smothering sleep.

He woke to a sense of unreality. He had dreamed. There had been no woman. The house was entirely empty. White slivers of sunlight cut through the closed blinds. The air was flavored with the sticky sweetness of mud and decaying vegetation.

He got out of bed, dressed and staggered into the corridor, keeping himself erect with difficulty. Despair seized him with the conviction that Sambo had followed the roll of the native drum further into the shadows of the forest, leaving the station to its fate.

"Sambo!" he shouted, setting in motion a fusillade of echoes. "Sambo! Where are you? I'll see that you pay for this, you—"

The answer came from the office. A woman's voice, startlingly loud and steady, said: "I am in here, Mr. Michelson."

"You!" he shouted, and ran forward. She was standing by the desk—Odell's affianced. Michelson swayed in the doorway, staring at her. The blinds were drawn, but the hostile sunlight entered the room and lay across the woman's white dress like chains made of some dazzling and fluid metal. She had thrust flowers into the thick strands of her hair—scarlet flowers without perfume, warm things that had blossomed in darkness. In the look she gave Michelson there was no hostility, only a sort of frightened patience, and he thought: "She is a woman made for love."

Aloud he said: "Did I startle you?"

She moved, the chains of light falling away as if struck of by an unseen hand. "No."

"Is he here?"

"Who?"

"Odell."

She put her hands over her eyes. "Odell is dead," she said in a tragic voice. "They told me at Port Michael—"

"What did they tell you?"

"That Odell died two years ago." Her head bent forward, her face twisted. "Is it true? Tell me! You've got to tell me!"

Michelson shivered. He took her hands in both of his and looked at them, turning them over so that he could examine the soft palms, the strong, flexible fingers. Holding his breath, he listened with awe to her breathing. He leaned forward and brushed his lips across her hair. Then he knew that he was no longer alone. Dropping her hands he stammered: "I beg your pardon. I'm not myself. Of course! Odell is dead."

Saying this, he felt suddenly secure, as if in denying that detestable shadow he had banished it forever.

She lifted her head and smiled. "Did you know him?"

"No."

"He was romantic—not a great man, you understand, but a man of ideas, a man of dreams. And this was the end of it all. This river—silence—and death."

"Why didn't you come out here sooner? A woman like you—you might have saved him."

"I wonder if you'll understand? My family didn't like Odell. He was something of a mystery. I met him one summer in London—at some one's house. I've forgotten. I remember nothing except that I loved him—at once, without question, without reason! We talked very little together. I knew nothing about him except that he was poor, that he had great ambitions, that he hated struggle—what he called the ugliness of life. He believed that wealth and accomplishment would come to him under romantic circumstances, in such a place as this. He

(Continued on page 130)



How did the fictitious Adelaide Rutherford extricate herself from the amazing situation into which she was led? This installment tells. There's a surprise in it for the reader.

"Don't talk to me like that," he said indignantly. "It's bound to make my temperature rise."



HELD IN TRUST

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Illustrated by RALPH PALLÉN COLEMAN

The story so far:

JASPER HAIG and Hasbrouck Rutherford were searching for a young woman—a girl who resembled Adelaide Rutherford enough to serve as her double. For Haig was manager of the great sixty-million-dollar Gorgam trust-fund, created by old Daniel Gorgam in his will for the benefit of his daughter Adelaide during her lifetime; Rutherford, the husband of Adelaide, shared her great wealth. And—Adelaide Rutherford was dying, was already unconscious.

They found the young woman—Mary Manchester, a work-weary but still beautiful young shop-girl who lived with a drunken father and was thoroughly discouraged with life. So it happened that when Haig—after explaining that Adelaide and her husband had lived apart for some years—offered her great wealth if she would abandon her own identity and remain in seclusion as a convalescent Adelaide Rutherford, she accepted. And on that same night the real Adelaide Rutherford died. . . .

To the new servants who replaced the old ones in the Rutherford ménage it became apparent that their mistress was rapidly improving—though they, like everyone else, had been given to understand that her mind was unbalanced. Soon she was up and about, and taking an interest in pretty clothes. And when a ragmuffin of a homeless dog appeared outside, she had him called in, and made a great friend of him. Yet she was very lonely, for she was not allowed outside, and sometimes she summoned her great and famous physician merely for the sake of companionship. On one such occasion this physician was out of town, and his substitute came—and important consequences ensued.

For a close friend of this young physician was Stanford Gorgam, a cousin of Adelaide and Hasbrouck Rutherford—and a personal enemy of the latter. To Stanford the young physician so far forgot professional ethics as to confide: "Adelaide Rutherford is no more insane than I am."

Stanford promptly went to see his cousin—and was denied admittance by a new doorman. Suspicious, he employed a latch-key to a private entrance, a key once given him by the elder Rutherford. Confronting "Adelaide," he recognized her for an impostor. "And yet," he incredulously said to himself afterward, "murder—with that face!"

Ignorant of Stanford's identity, Adelaide assumed from his possession of the key that he was her supposed husband and sent for Hasbrouck—who came, found her pleasing and insisted that when he came next she be kind to him; otherwise he would have her confined as insane. And Stanford Gorgam in a second interview all but accused her of being a murderess. Desperate, Adelaide tried to escape and was prevented. Then she found a note from Gorgam under the dog Rags' collar offering to come and take her away. By the same mail-carrier she answered: "Tonight at eight-thirty."

The story proceeds:

THE mind of an old and long-experienced lawyer, for years busied in constructing and avoiding legal ambuscades, a creator of trusts and other devious creatures of the law, is a strangely subtle thing, often a very dangerous one. Consider, as the basis of a possible theory of a case, the mind of one of these, ambitious beyond measure, of great standing in a great community, determined upon assuming and holding the immense power of sixty million dollars of money and its accompanying corporate interests. And then suppose his ambition to be so great that he has gone through actual crime to carry it out. And let us assume again that he is confronted suddenly with the very lively chance of discovery and exposure.

"I see," said Jasper Haig to the stern-faced woman, dressed like a lady's maid, who appeared late that night in great haste at his house. If he was surprised, his face did not show it. He read the note and asked her for a more detailed description of

the young man she thought she had seen that morning, and previous days, with the dog in the park. Finally he seemed satisfied with what she told him. "You found it," he said. "Very well! Put it back where it came from—under the collar of the dog. Watch her continually, more than ever, and keep continually in touch with me tomorrow over the telephone. That will be all. Good night."

HAIG was nervous, after she had gone, over the inferences which he gathered from this note and her observations. And yet it seemed to him, upon consideration, that the situation, desperate as it might seem to be, still offered certain possibilities for a mind fertile in expedients, not merely to avert ruin and utter personal disgrace but even to turn a great disaster into a great personal gain.

Suppose, for example, a man of unusual mind and will-power, possessed an accomplice—a coöperator, let us say, entirely under his influence, mentally as well as financially, a man generally inert, unimaginative, dull, yet singularly emotional and open to suggestions along one line—an old and continually traveled line of thought along which he could be propelled with the absolute certainty of direction and result of a freight-train sent rolling down a grade!

"Listen," said Jasper Haig over the wire. "This is very serious. Some one is following us."

"Who?" asked Hasbrouck Rutherford. Even over the wire one could tell that he had been drinking.

"Who?" he demanded again when he had reached the house of Jasper Haig. And he cursed without restraint when he was told of the other man's conclusions from the maid's observations.

"Again!" he said. His memory of all the unpleasant occurrences in his life brought about by Stanford Gorgam, from the days at Yale down through his marriage till today, rolled back over him. That was one thing always that would stand out clear and red before his usually somewhat jumbled mind.

"What shall we do to him?" he asked dully.

"Sit down," suggested Jasper Haig. "Have a drink." An invitation not refused, leading always to a certain stimulation of memory and old anger—the pet personal hatred of a hard-drinking man!

"Again!" repeated Hask Rutherford hoarsely. "For fifty cents I'd kill him on general principles."

"No—no! Hardly that!" said Jasper Haig deprecatingly.

"I would," stoutly asserted Hasbrouck Rutherford. There are certain times and seasons, as every successful lawyer knows, when opposition of a certain type provokes rather than prevents the thing that it is directed against.

"No," repeated Jasper Haig, "no! You would not do that! But we must do something—that is certain. Or he's got us!"

"He! Got me?" said Rutherford, the veins starting in his thick neck. "No! Not again!" His hearer thought that he sensed already a certain tone of decision in his voice.

"But what can we do—besides your pleasing thought of killing him?" inquired his quiet-voiced companion, thinking now out loud. "I think we can assume," he added, watching him quite closely, "that idea to be unfeasible!"

"Not for me!" said Hasbrouck Rutherford firmly—and taking a tight hold upon the neck of the decanter. "I'd kill him in a minute. I'd like nothing better," he asserted again, "on general principles."

BUT Jasper Haig smiled again that oblique smile of his—considering the suggestion apparently from an abstruse legal standpoint.

"What is there to laugh at?" demanded Hasbrouck Rutherford, roughly breaking in on his amusing meditations. And it seemed to Jasper Haig, as he looked up, that he had never seen him in an uglier or more reckless mood.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "in particular."

"Well—what in general?" the other man insisted.

"I was merely thinking of what you said—your little humorous suggestion of murder," he replied, "from another humorous angle."

"Let me laugh too," demanded his companion.

"Oh, nothing," repeated the lawyer, "but the legal end of such an episode—the probable evidence which might be produced in such a case."

"What is it? Spit it out," his companion directed him. And finally, reluctantly, the lawyer developed in his talk another theory of a supposititious case, smiling with cold intellectual amusement as he did so.

"Suppose," he said, "a young married woman, very attractive,

even beautiful, let us say, is found late in the evening in a room where she has stolen away from her attendants. For whatever reason, she is hopelessly insane—insane, it seems, for she is devoted for love, which an unfortunate marriage has not accorded her. And at that statement his companion cursed a little under his breath, but made no further contradiction or interruption.

"She is there alone," the speaker went on, "in this room, and a revolver still warm upon the floor; and near it is the body of a rich young clubman—a cousin, known often to have visited here in the past, and suspected, it is said, of having been here before. No one else is, or has been, in the room."

"Yes," said Hasbrouck Rutherford, his prominent blue eyes fixed on the speaker.

"And suppose then," said the lawyer, "as would seem under the circumstances, the servants in the house, after breaking into the room, should telephone for advice and instructions, whom to whom would they naturally turn first?"

The great figure opposite him sat staring, scarcely breathing, his prominent eyes now almost bulging from his face, with the sincerity of his attention.

"And then suppose," he went on, "upon his arrival, the guardian of the woman, who we will say had been first notified by the servants, should hear from her an improbable and highly interesting story of the presence of a third person in the room, a man whom she incoherently claimed to be the actual murderer: a man whom the woman claims she thinks, but is not sure, may be her husband, or the husband of a dead woman whom in her mind she believes she represents—an individual who has in some way by some secret passageway, escaped."

"What would be the natural conclusion of such an episode—from the presence of the young clubman in the house at night alone with a beautiful woman whose mind is hopelessly gone, to whom he has been forbidden to see? What would be the natural attitude toward the woman's incoherent statements, especially if it could be proven that the man who, in her confused mind she believes, but is not sure, may be her husband, is at the very heart of the crime found to be elsewhere—in conference, in fact, with the woman's guardian, by the testimony of the guardian himself, when and before the telephoned information of the tragedy reaches him!"

"By God!" cried Hasbrouck Rutherford suddenly, standing up, the great veins beating visibly faster in his neck.

BUT of course," the lawyer went on, "such things as she suggested—as you yourself suggested just now—do not occur in real life. Murder of this kind would scarcely be conceivable, for in real life the husband—in case the woman's fantastic story of her substitution for another woman, and the dead man's discovery of this were true—would not have killed this man. He would not have dared to!"

The great bulk opposite him stiffened again with repressed anger; the hoarse voice raised itself into a roar of disgust.

"Dared!" he called hoarsely. It was too simple. The sting of his emotion lay in too plain sight—easy to play upon as a harp.

"But if he dared, if it happened," the speaker went on, continuing his exposition of his theory, "there would be a curious situation." And then he went on to outline it in its various ramifications.

"A very, very unpleasant situation," he pointed out. "One would scarcely expect, in fact, to see a case like that—especially all within one influential family—to go further than the most formal preliminary legal processes."

And he showed still more at length the logic of his case—the interest of all sides concerned in this distressing tragedy—the friends and family of the man as well as of the woman—to put together and to focus all of their not inconsiderable influence to hush and keep from general publicity such a distressing and deplorable scandal as the death of this young man, whose body might be found at night, in the room where he had been in secret association with this lovely madwoman, his near relative.

The lawyer worked out in great detail this interesting legal supposition he had conjured up—talking far into the early morning.

"But there must be no accidents!" said Jasper Haig in a warning. "Not too much drinking now!"

"You'll be safe," replied Hask Rutherford with a heavy laugh. "I know that—in any case!"—a statement that was probably true, though ordinarily he would not have said it. He had never before in the history of their relations been quite so independent. "He don't worry," he asserted. "I'll do my side of it. I'd do it anyhow," he asserted for the third time, "on general principles."



"No," she said, springing to her feet. "No! I won't have it so. I'm Mary Manchester. I've never been Adelaide Rutherford, and I won't."

The other man, it seems, was at heart not quite so confident—of him or of circumstances. He always saw too far and too clearly for his own comfort. But it was a choice between two dangers, either one bad. And this was clearly the less extreme.

"No accidents this time!" said Jasper Haig to himself, after he had personally dismissed his visitor from his front room in the early morning. He stood thinking, shook his smooth gray head ever so slightly, turned the last lights out and went to bed. However, he was too restless for sleep.

But is there, after all, such an illogicality as an accident in this scheme of the Power, whatever we may choose to call it, which directs the progress of this web of interwoven action which we call the universe? Many of the greatest intelligences have answered no. To the mind of Adelaide Rutherford, the absence of her personal maid and attendant that next evening, for an evening out, seemed on its face a very fortunate accident, and yet was it entirely that? Was there not very likely, if all were known, a purpose behind that action?

Whether there was or not, it gave to Adelaide Rutherford the exact opportunity that she had wished, to be entirely free in her own house, at least—and to be, at a little before half-past eight, in the great study of the dead Daniel Gorgam without the questioning glances of anyone following her. She was dressed in a dark, rather quiet gown which would have seemed equally suited to indoor or street wear. She was alone when she entered the great room, her usual companion, Rags, having by a strange awkwardness been allowed to go out of the house following her maid. There was nothing to be done, then, but go alone into the room and to the interview that she expected and at the same time dreaded and wished for.

She was afraid, until the hour itself came, that she would be unable to get into the room unseen. She did so, however, and turned on the light and closed the door behind her. There was an inside bolt on the door—of the kind that turns with a little knob. She turned it. There would be no one now who would enter the room to disturb her. It was now eight-thirty by her watch, but she listened several minutes in vain for any slightest sound from the room or from behind the door on the farther wall by which she knew her visitor and accuser would enter.

Several minutes passed, which seemed more like hours. She looked at her watch again. It might be that her message by her accepted messenger that morning had miscarried—even though she had believed that she herself had seen it taken from the dog's collar and knew for a fact that the dog had returned without it. It might even, she reflected, have come into other hands! She stirred uneasily and got up.

It was now eight-forty. She turned toward the long bookshelves at one side of the room, took out a book at random and sat down again, making a pretense of reading but with her eyes upon the wall of the room where that door was to open. And as she sat there, —still with no sign of the sound she was listening for,—a feeling came over her that not infrequently attacks one alone at night in a great dark-cornered room, that some one else was there watching her. Dismissed at first, the idea returned and even grew. Gradually she had the fancy that there was some one breathing heavily in the stillness.

Behind her, at the farther extremity of the room, two tall, heavily curtained windows looked out upon an inner garden laid out at one side of the house. It was possible, of course, that some one might be concealed there. Try as she could to resist it, the impression grew upon her mind that there was some one there. She was determined about one thing: she would not leave the room for any mere imagining. So, rising suddenly, she moved quickly toward the long velvet draperies to convince herself of

her foolishness. She reached out her hand—and when she so, felt through the softness the terrifying solidity of a body.

"Keep still, if you know what's good for you!" said a voice. And stepping backward, Adelaide Rutherford saw the great figure of the man whom she believed to be her band.

He had evidently—only too evidently—been drinking. His breath, his bloodshot eyes, his stiff but carefully controlled—
—all showed it. But besides, there was a thing more terrible than this, she thought—the light of a curious and hidden anger, it seemed to her, in his eyes.

He smiled, or pretended to—a surly smile. "Sit down!" he told her thickly, and forced her into a chair. He turned then, and going back to the door where she had entered, unlocked it and assured himself that it was locked. Then coming back, drawing up another chair, he sat down beside her, both facing this arrangement, she observed now, the door in the back of the room which she expected at any time to open—to open to admit the man who was to have rescued her.

"You're clever, aren't you?" the man went on. "Now, you down and shut up! And if you make the first attempt at escape it will be the last exercise you'll ever take in your little mortal life."

She shrank away from him, but for the moment he made no offer of violence to her beside his seating her and cautioning her to keep still. So she sat for the time being, thinking—trying to realize the full meaning of his words, just what he was saying and what she herself must do.

And then silently, with a certain stupid bravado, he drew an old revolver from the pocket of his coat and laid it upon her lap. And now she saw, or thought she saw, with terrifying distinctness, what his purpose was. He was offering no violence to her—yet! Probably he would not until—until after her escape arrived. For very clearly in some way he must know the man was coming. She sat still silent, wondering what he should do, watching him furtively as he sat beside her.

She was very near to him indeed; she could feel the warmth of his breath—almost of his great body. She could see the beating of his pulse in his thick red neck, and she could see, always more and more distinctly, that glint in his eye—that glint in the eye of a man who has been drinking, drinking all day long for a purpose! Her patience outlived his.

"When did you expect him?" he asked her finally—after several minutes of restlessness and growing irritation on his part.

"Expect whom?" she returned with a calmness she did not feel.

"None of that!" he said, and took the corner of her shoulder in his great hairy hand. "When?"

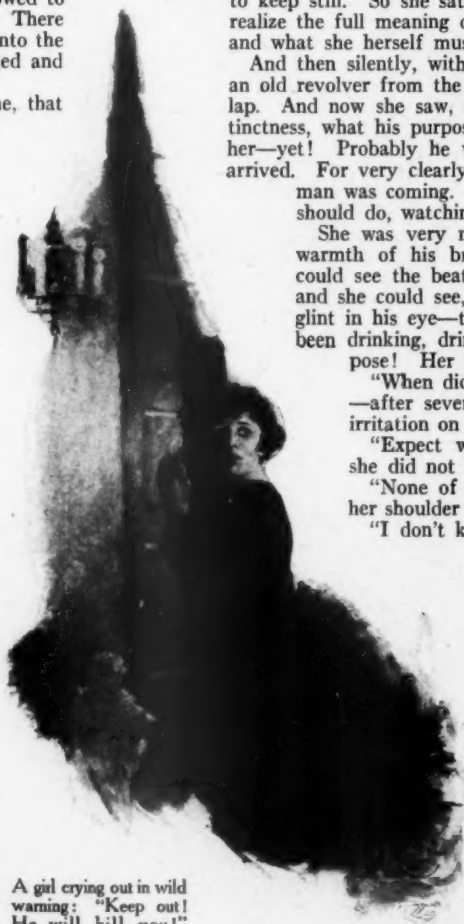
"I don't know what you are talking about!" she answered with spirit, and she started to get up. But when she attempted it, a faint scream came from her lips. It seemed as if her shoulder would be crushed.

Her first instinct was to keep on screaming, but the look in his face prevented her. It was a look, she saw clearly now, a little different from the look of a mere drunken man; it was more the glance of a man unbalanced, by drink perhaps, and by something else—by hatred, the impression grew on her—an old, violent hatred, studiously self-inflamed.

And again they sat there waiting. It must be, she thought, like this that men sit hunting

animals by a runaway in the woods. She sat now, as still as he, submissive now to all appearances; but her mind was never clearer or more accurate, or her senses keener. They were probably, she thought now, over-acute—yielding perhaps to a touch of hysteria, to something she must fight.

For now a still more singular impression came over her. The idea had come, and was growing on her, that there was a third person in the room! It had come first—so far as her excited



A girl crying out in wild warning: "Keep out! He will kill you!"



"You!" he said, and added a hideous name. "You couldn't keep away, could you?"
He was clearly now a thing entirely out of any semblance of self-control.

mind recalled—at the time when this man beside her had hurt her and made her scream. It had seemed to her that at that instant she had seen a movement, a sudden twitching, of the velvet curtains in the window upon the other side of the room from where she had discovered this man beside her.

Since then she had cast continual guarded glances at the window—trying to satisfy her mind whether she had been mistaken. Could it have been that this man whom she had been expecting had arrived before the time, and had concealed himself there—possibly suspecting the other man to be in the room—and waited; if so, he was certainly a strangely constituted man to let her sit there under the threats and compulsion of this drunken brute—her madman, whichever he might be—without aiding her. And yet, on reconsideration, what else could he do now but wait his chance—if he were there. For one thing at least was certain in her mind: appearance now must mean certain death to him.

"What are you looking at?" demanded the sudden voice of the man beside her.

"Looking at!" she exclaimed in a voice that seemed even to her to be speaking from a great distance.

"I believe," he said, starting up, "he is here already. I believe you've got him hidden away here somewhere now."

He was certainly not a mere drunken man now. He was certainly not sane. His voice showed it, as did the blood rising to his face, the little knot of veins upon his temples and the unnatural glint which showed now in his reddened eyeballs.

He started to his feet and she with him. He was staring now at the place where her eyes had been—the folds of that high velvet curtain.

"Come out of there!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "From behind that curtain! I see you," he said with a mouthful of foul epithets.

And at that the curtain moved—very slightly but still visibly.

"No, no, no!" cried the false Adelaide Rutherford, pushing at him with all her might. She saw now what she had done. She had brought this unfortunate man—this rescuer and befrienders whose name she did not even know—in here to be murdered.

"No!" she cried hysterically; and she was pushing at the unyielding body of the man beside her as he fired.

He fired; the curtains shook and fell apart. And on the floor, protruding from them, appeared the upper body and face of—Jasper Haig!

The new Adelaide Rutherford crouched for the moment, covering her white face with her bloodless hands. She heard the heavy footsteps of the man who had been with her pass across the room to the body upon the floor—the body with the white face and the smile—still that oblique smile of the celebrated and wonderfully astute lawyer, the manager of the Gorgam Trust.

And as she looked up, she knew with terror that he must be dead, for she saw the great brute who now stood over him, lift him and drop him back.

"You!" he said, and added a hideous name. "You again!" He was clearly now a thing entirely out of any semblance of self-control.

"You couldn't keep away, could you?" he asked deliberately, and quite deliberately kicked him in that still oblique smile, for which so long the face of Jasper Haig had been famous.

Then suddenly he stopped and listened. And Mary Manchester listened with him. Outside the door, back in the hallway of the house, there was a low sound of a dog growling, and of whispering. The servants were there—beyond that fastened door, waiting, no doubt wondering what to do—and as yet doing nothing!

And now another change came over the speaker—his voice and manner hardening.

"Don't come in," he said quite calmly, addressing the closed door and holding his revolver at attention. "It'll be bad for you.

"Why bring them?" he asked, now reasoning with Mary Manchester. "Rank outsiders! Innocent! It's got us. You and me—and this," he said, alluding to Jasper Haig, "and the one that's coming. It's got us—it was certain to from the first—it planned to. You can't help that—you can't stop it," said the speaker. And now, his mind turning in a new direction, he started cursing the Gorgam Trust. The girl was surprised as she listened. He was addressing it, this legal fiction, like a living creature, a monstrous thing of flesh and blood which hated and pursued him.

"They make them," he cried, his wild imagination taking now a curious form, "they make them, to do (Continued on page 114)

THERE are always two sides to a story. It's the other side that is being told by Mr. Cary in this group of stories, which are, in this way, cross-sections of our common life in America today.

THE WAY IT ALL COMES TRUE

By
LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

YOU have read about the unlucky girl who didn't belong. She couldn't go to the ball because she didn't have a thing to wear, and nobody had noticed that she was pretty, and besides, she hadn't been invited. Her predicament was all the more poignant because she was so lovely and it wasn't her fault. If she had only had the right frock, everybody would have seen she was beautiful, and she could have danced away with everything she wanted.

At the last moment a rich aunt appears to recognize the beauty that has no setting and the virtue that has no reward. Aunt in her wisdom provides the perfect frock and introduces the perfect man. He falls in love with Cinderella on sight. And they live happily ever after.

There are almost as many variations of this appealing story as there are people who write for the magazines. A succession of happy coincidences is just as useful as a rich aunt; sometimes we have both; and sometimes there is no aunt and no coincidence and no frock, but a prince with the eyes to discover her incomparable quality in a blue gingham apron. But the essential story remains the same; it is the story of the girl without anything who gets the man with everything. She may be a poor school-teacher in a tiny Iowa town, or the girl at the cigar counter in a great metropolitan hotel, or a barefoot daughter of the Tennessee mountains—it does not matter. You know that a handsome young man with money will fall in love with her because she is so much more true, so much more sweet, so much more beautiful than her luckier sisters.

It's a fairy story for unlucky girls—a story in which dreams come true and wishes are furs of real fox, and silk stockings.

It actually happens, too; it all comes true. It all came true for Maizie Maynard—as you may read. . . .

Maizie Maynard was born in one of those little Illinois towns with a name like Sharon or Hebron or Lodi that doesn't appear in any ordinary gazetteer—one of those towns where twenty years ago the farmers' horses had stamped out a pit in front of the hitching-racks along Main Street, and where last spring Andrew Johnson stalled his flivver in front of Jenkins' drygoods store. You can imagine a mud-hole that would stop a flivver? But don't imagine that Maizie's other name was "the Rose of Sharon" or anything like that. The Rose of Sharon was a plump and



blooming person, the daughter of Doc Hoskins, who kept the Illinois House; and hers is quite another story. Maizie Maynard was a slender thing, with a pale oval face, a bit paler than most likes in a girl of twenty, and red hair. They called her "can-top" at school, and Maizie was so unhappy about it that her mother often discussed the possibility of dyeing Maizie's hair black, or at least dark brown, and Maizie once made a disastrous experiment in this direction with the juice of the black walnut, which does not cost a dollar a bottle and does not come off anything it touches for a long time.

When Maizie was twenty-one, and it became evident that if she was to earn a living in the town, it would only be by "working out," Mrs. Maynard cast up the list of her relatives and wrote to her cousin Julia Orton in Chicago. Cousin Julia replied that her daughter Lil was making twenty-five dollars a week as a stenographer, and her daughter Belle twenty dollars a week selling hats in a State Street store. It sounded like the Arabian Nights to Mrs. Maynard. Within a week she had made over her brown suit for Maizie and packed her off to Chicago. Maizie passed in an afternoon from the warm stillness of Maine Street to the bright staccato of Wilson Avenue.

Maizie wrote home that getting used to everything was "awfully hard and frightfully interesting."

The Wilson Avenue district, five miles from State Street, contains perhaps as great a variety of hearts and hopes as any other part of Chicago. To the west are tenements; to the east is the beach, with a succession of bathing-pavilions; between are shops and restaurants and theaters and a great dance-hall and acres of three-story flat-building; and cutting Wilson Avenue at right angles is that shining avenue of motors, Sheridan Road. It

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tains everything, this district, but its dominant note is youth. It is a country of young people. There are thousands and tens of thousands of them, each a little brighter, a little smarter and a little newer than the other. To the beholder of an older day they might seem flip or even cynical. To the insistent moralist they are no better than they should be, lolling every spare moment on the bench all summer, and dancing to jazz music all winter. (The insistent moralist is always seeing young people in their hours of play and not in their mad rush to go down to the Loop in L trains for the day's work.) To Maizie Maynard they were of an elegance and a fashion and a wealth once only dreamed of—and now to be attained, cost what it might.

Maizie was to share in the benefits and expenses of the old-fashioned six-room flat in which Cousin Julia Orton and her two daughters lived. She won the instant gratitude of Lil and Belle by volunteering to take on, as part of her share, the dinner-dishes; and with the kindest of intention and the cruelest of wit they gave her the benefit of their sophistication. They greeted her clothes with frank laughter; they called her "Carrots;" they made constant fun of her ignorance. And they boldly invented the "experience" she so conspicuously lacked when she set out to find a job. Maizie feared them and envied them and imitated them.

In a week she had a place selling notions in a neighborhood department-store. In a month she had saved enough money to buy a pair of white spats and the high-heeled patent-leather shoes to go with them. In six months she had dropped every trace of rural Illinois from her speech and learned to say "Believe me, kid," and "Where do you get that stuff?" with quite the Wilson Avenue manner.

Yes, Maizie learned; Maizie learned fast; but Maizie didn't learn fast enough to suit herself. She never woke up in the morning without wishing she were back in Sharon. She never got through with the dinner-dishes early enough to be in the parlor when the young men who admired Lil and Belle arrived. And in six months she had not acquired nerve enough to go in after they arrived. She knew them all by sight, because she had often surveyed them through the crack between the folding-doors that

separated the dining-room and the parlor. But none of them had ever been introduced to her. Maizie had acquired rouge, and an eyebrow pencil and a lipstick. Maizie had learned to do her thick red hair down over her ears and in the back of her neck and to hold it there with a net. But Maizie Maynard had not learned the art of accepting the attentions of young men. There hadn't been any attentions.

When Lil and Belle had gone off to movie or dance-hall with their escorts of the evening, Maizie slipped into the

parlor and played hymns on the small piano in weathered oak, and thrilled with her own sorrow. When Mrs. Orton went to bed, Maizie shut the door and practiced the arts of Lil and Belle, with due regard to the mirror.

One Sunday afternoon—Sunday dinner was at one o'clock—when Maizie had done the dishes and hung up her apron and spent twenty minutes in front of the mirror, the door-bell rang.

Maizie languidly pushed the button that released the latch of the hall door, three flights down, and peered over the banisters to see who was coming up. Her view of him was a bird's-eye one, but she recognized him instantly; it was Joe Davis. Maizie's heart gave a little skip—for Joe Davis was the most prized of all the suitors who came to the Orton flat; Joe Davis was a city salesman for the distributors of the famous Wabash Twin-Two Motorcar, and he had what none of the others had, a car of his own to drive. Maizie's heart gave a little skip—but her well-trained fingers flitted expertly over the coils of hair that concealed her ears, assuring her that all was well. Maizie had not practiced for nothing!

"Hallo there," Mr. Davis called from the bottom of the last flight.

"How do you do?" said Maizie Maynard.

Mr. Davis looked up sharply.

"Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon. I—"

"I'm Miss Maynard," said Maizie.

"Mr. Davis," said the young man. "Aren't Lil and Belle at home?"

"They went out about twenty minutes ago," Maizie said.

The young man, hat in hand, considered a moment.

Maizie did an amazing thing—unless one considers her habit of practicing before mirrors all that she had observed in Lil and Belle. She said, with the manner of one who had been saying it all her life:

"Wont you come in?"

"Sure," said Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis removed his overcoat with the freedom of one who knows the house well. Maizie sat on the piano-stool.

Mr. Davis was a clear-skinned young man with a good chin, who had come about as near in his dress to realizing the ideal of the clothing-manufacturers' advertisements as is possible. His clothes were so new that they creaked. He had a certain dignity, too, the dignity that goes with a sixty-dollar-a-week job, a dignity tempered by a smile that had done as much as hard work and honest argument to win signatures to those dotted lines which assured his employers that the prospect had become a customer, paying three hundred and seventy-five down and the balance in ten monthly installments of \$32.50 each. Mr. Davis now smiled at Maizie. Again Maizie's expert fingers flitted over her back hair—a concealed reflex of her perturbation.

"I'm expecting Lil and Belle back almost any minute," she said, "so if you don't mind waiting—"

"I've got all the time in the world," said Joe Davis.

Maizie extended a hand toward the loose pile of the Sunday paper on the center table.

"Shall I get you something to read?"

"Sure," said Joe Davis, "but you aren't flattering yourself, are you?"

Maizie flushed prettily.

"Not as a conversationalist," she admitted.

"I hope I'm not keeping you."

"Not at all," Maizie said. "I haven't any date for this afternoon. In fact, I was just sitting here all by myself playing hymns when you came in."

"Say," said Joe Davis, "what hymns do you know? I haven't heard a hymn since I left Hebron, Iowa, and I used to sing in the choir."

"I can't play well," Maizie interposed. "I—"

"Do you know 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains, from India's Coral Strand'?"

"Sure," said Maizie.

Mr. Davis jumped to his feet.



Lil interrupted the steady flow of Belle's words: "He said: 'Dr. Foxcraft has set her leg—Dr. Ernest Foxcraft.'"



"Gee," said Joe Davis, "you look good to me. . . . I don't think I got how pretty you were that day we sang hymns together."

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"Play it, will you?"

Maizie spun herself round on the piano-stool.

"I don't know if I can," she said, "but I'll try."

Joe Davis hummed the air; Maizie found the chords. In another moment his voice filled the little flat.

When Lil and Belle came back, Joe Davis and Maizie Maynard were singing hymns together as if they had known each other all their lives.

"What do you know about this?" cried Lil.

Maizie's touch faltered. Joe Davis paused.

"Carrots!" said Belle with mock horror.

Maizie wilted.

"Been waiting long, Joe?" Lil asked.

"No," said Joe Davis. He looked at his watch. "Why, I have too. Maizie, you and I have been singing for an hour!"

"Let's beat it," said Belle. "Let's get Johnny Fulton and go somewhere out the North Shore and dance."

"Sure," said Joe Davis. "Want to come along, Maizie?"

"Oh, she never goes anywhere," Lil said roughly. "She can't dance."

Maizie was conscious of Joe's glance.

"No," she said, "I—I couldn't go."

She wondered afterward what Lil and Belle would have commented had she said: "Sure, I'd like to go." She wondered if she would always be like that. She went over every detail of her hour with Joe Davis, examining it to see how she had conducted herself, and what his response had been, and she concluded that she must have liked her. He had called her Maizie. The next morning, at breakfast, Belle paused between gulps of coffee to say: "Maw, what'dya think? Yesterday afternoon Joe was here while Lil and I were out, and whadya think? When we came back, he was singing hymns with 'Carrots.' Hymns!"

Maizie got up and left the table and rushed out. She was convinced that she had made a fool of herself, after all. Maizie was so near to tears that she did not know it was raining until she was halfway to the store and her white spats were spattered with mud and the thin soles of her pumps soaked through. Dully she waited on women who wanted sewing-machine needles, or tape, or hairpins; dully she ate her lunch of two eclairs and an ice-cream soda; dully she started home in the rain. It had been raining all day, hard showers alternating with a steady drizzle. Maizie walked along, holding a newspaper over her hat, and contemplating the ruin of her patent-leather pumps—a week's wages. The rain came harder. Maizie started to run. The wind tore at the newspaper. Maizie gripped it harder and ran faster, her head ducked. She glanced up as she reached Sheridan Road, saw a clear space, started across the wet asphalt.

Something enormous tapped her on the shoulder; she went down on her knees, struggled like a mad thing, half rose to her feet, fell headlong. She felt somebody tugging at her, lifting her.

"Are you badly hurt?" said a voice in her ear.

"No," she gasped, and felt herself slipping into sleep, into unconsciousness.

"Look out—she's fainting!" shrilled a woman.

Maizie smiled faintly, and slept.

MAIZIE opened her eyes, felt a wave of nausea go through her body and closed them again. She had been dreaming that some one had said she was beautiful, and she wanted to recapture the delicious sense of that dream. But she could not. Her body ached; her head rang; she was sick. Dully, with infinite pain, she raised her eyelids. The light blinded her; bright dots swam before her eyes, swam like little hard points of incredible brilliance in a mist of light. She made out a mirror on a wall, a vase full of roses, a figure in the stiffly starched uniform of a trained nurse.

The figure advanced upon her with a swift gesture.

"Was it an automobile?" Maizie asked.

"Yes," said the nurse. "But you're all right. Everything's all right. You must go to sleep."

"Could I have a glass of water?" Maizie asked.

"Yes," said the nurse, "if you'll sleep a little first."

Maizie felt herself drifting in the mist.

"Till—" she began, and went off into unconsciousness.

When she awoke, it was to the sound of whispered consultation.

A big man with gray mustaches leaned over her.

"How are you?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

Maizie was wide awake now. Her body still ached, but the bright spots no longer danced in the hot mist before her eyes.

"What have I got?" she asked.

"You've got a broken leg," said the doctor.

"Oh," said Maizie, pretending that this made everything clear.

"But you're all right; I set it myself."

His tone implied that there could be no possible question about the future usefulness of a leg that he himself had set.

Maizie endeavored to sit up. The doctor put a large firm hand on her shoulder.

"I wouldn't do that just yet," he said gravely.

"But they won't know where I am," Maizie began. "They'll be expecting me."

A tall woman on whose face anxiety was so plain that it struck Maizie as funny came into the room with a little rush.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "Your aunt and your cousins have been here to see you. And we've telegraphed your mother. Is there anyone else?"

The name that passed through Maizie's mind in that moment was "Joe Davis," but she did not speak it.

"How long?" she asked. "How long will I—"

"Five or six weeks," the woman admitted. "We're so awfully sorry. But we'll do everything we can to make it pleasant for you—everything. My brother is just sick about it—just sick!"

"It's all right," Maizie said. "It was my own fault."

"No, Horace shouldn't have been driving so fast on a wet pavement. He recognizes that."

"It's all right," said Maizie.

"Oh, I do hope you'll tell him so. He feels so awfully guilty."

Maizie smiled. The woman came closer.

"I'm Eugenia Van Blarcom," she said. "It was my brother Horace Van Blarcom—he was driving when we struck you."

"It's all right," said Maizie.

Maizie Maynard had not yet learned to read the Chicago papers. She did not recognize the name of Horace Van Blarcom. She did not know that of all Chicago's reformers he was the youngest and most earnest and most regularly defeated. But when Miss Van Blarcom had left her alone, and Maizie examined the brown old mahogany in her room, and the brocade hangings, and fingered the nightgown of crêpe de chine in which she found herself, she guessed very near the truth: she guessed that the Van Blarcoms were millionaires.

THE next morning Miss Van Blarcom came in with a bed-jacket of diaphanous green silk trimmed with fur.

"I tried," she said, "to find something that would be becoming with your beautiful hair."

Maizie's hand involuntarily sought her back hair, but it was braided in a pigtail.

"My hair is red," she said stupidly.

"The most beautiful red I ever saw," said Miss Van Blarcom.

Maizie looked at Miss Van Blarcom. Maizie had always thought of her hair as ugly, and on her mother's advice she had always chosen colors that would, as nearly as possible, match it, in order to tone it down. But Miss Van Blarcom seemed to be perfectly serious. Miss Van Blarcom was incapable of not being serious.

She now helped the nurse prop Maizie up in bed and put on the jacket, and tilted the mirror to the right angle. Maizie regarded herself with interest. It was becoming. It must have cost forty or fifty dollars.

"The jacket," she said to Miss Van Blarcom, "is beautiful."

"But your hair—your hair is simply glorious; it is like a flame—it is beautiful!" Miss Van Blarcom spoke with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur.

"I don't like red hair," said Maizie flatly.

"Oh, how can you say such a thing!"

Miss Van Blarcom beamed on Maizie.

"And now—would you let me introduce my brother?"

"S—" Maizie hesitated. She had been about to say "Sure!" and that abrupt word seemed somehow out of place in the Van Blarcoms' house. "I should be very glad," she amended hastily.

Mr. Van Blarcom was a tall man with a small mustache, so shy, so clumsy and so kind that Maizie felt an odd impulse to put him at his ease.

"How do you do?" she said, and extended her hand.

Mr. Van Blarcom took it in his.

"If there is anything I can do for you—" he began.

"You're doing—enough," said Maizie.

"I want you to have everything," he answered. "I want you to stay here until you—until you're just as well as you ever were—and as long after that as you will—as our guest. And I know that—well, you see—"

"It's all right," said Maizie.

Mr. Van Blarcom dropped her hand (Continued on page 148)

Appreciation

BY WALT MASON

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John

THERE are about ten million wives who do their endless chores; they spend the gray years of their lives at sweeping wooden floors. They start their weary round at dawn, and toil the long day through, and when the hours of light are gone they still have things to do. From task to endless task they tread, and swat the household flies, and bake large loaves of luscious bread, and rows of dazzling pies.

Ten million husbands come at night to their respective homes, with thoughts of sorrow or delight in their respective domes. They seat themselves in easy-chairs, serene and amply fed, until the striking clock declares it's time to go to bed. They see all round the evidence of women's toilsome days; it should appeal to every sense, and draw a word of praise.

But they are used to things like that, and so they pass them by, and talk about the neighbor's cat that stole a pumpkin pie. They talk about the baseball score, about the pretzel crop, and do not see the shining floor that knew the broom and mop. Sometimes ten million wives break down, from heartache of the years, and wail and weep and nearly drown in their own scalding tears.

Then all the husbands stand aghast, and wonder what is wrong; oh, why this cataclysm vast, with teardrops flowing strong?

The whole thing looks to them absurd, that women sigh and weep; and wives are dying for a word of praise, and praise is cheap.

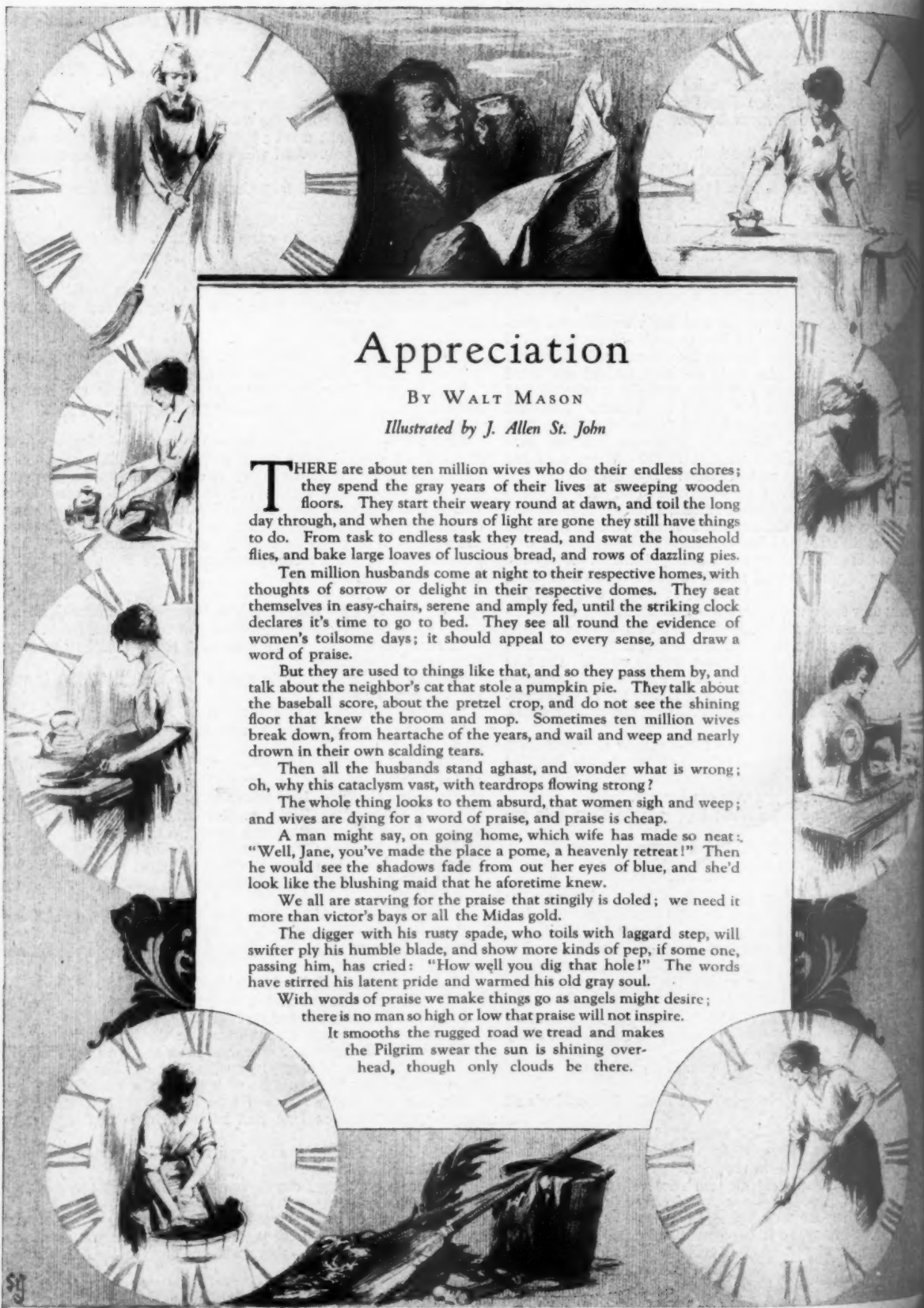
A man might say, on going home, which wife has made so neat: "Well, Jane, you've made the place a pome, a heavenly retreat!" Then he would see the shadows fade from out her eyes of blue, and she'd look like the blushing maid that he aforesaid knew.

We all are starving for the praise that stingily is doled; we need it more than victor's bays or all the Midas gold.

The digger with his rusty spade, who toils with laggard step, will swifter ply his humble blade, and show more kinds of pep, if some one, passing him, has cried: "How well you dig that hole!" The words have stirred his latent pride and warmed his old gray soul.

With words of praise we make things go as angels might desire; there is no man so high or low that praise will not inspire.

It smooths the rugged road we tread and makes the Pilgrim swear the sun is shining overhead, though only clouds be there.



LIVERY STABLE

HAY & GRAIN

DR. STOKES
LINIMENT
FOR
MAN & BEAST

"Joseph, can you see me takin' it? It ain't in me to horn in for no rake-off on one o' the Lord's miracles."

THE FACE IN THE WINDOW

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by CHASE EMERSON

AT nine o'clock this morning Sheriff Crumpey entered our New England town post-office for his mail. From his box he extracted his monthly Grand Jury paper and a letter in a long yellow envelope. This envelope bore the return-stamp of a prominent Boston lumber-company. The old man crossed the lobby to the writing-shelf under the Western Union clock, hooked black-rimmed glasses on a big nose and tore a generous inch from the end of the envelope.

The first inclosure which met his eyes was a check. It was heavy and pink and crisp, and was attached to the single sheet of letter-paper with a clip. Impressed into the fabric of the safety-paper were the indelible figures of a protector: *Not Over Five Thousand (\$5000) Dollars.*

The sheriff read the name of the person to whom it was payable and gulped. His gnarled old hand trembled with excitement as he glanced over the clipped letter and then went through it again.

November 10, 1919

My dear Sheriff:

Enclosed please find my personal check for five thousand dollars. It is made out to Mrs. McBride. Never having known the lady personally, and because you have evidently represented her with the authorities, I am sending it to you for proper delivery. I feel, from your enthusiastic account of her recent experience, that it will give you pleasure to present it to her.

Under the circumstances I do not begrudge the money. When first advised of Ruggam's escape, it was hot-headed impulse which prompted me to offer a reward so large. The old clan-blood of the Wileys must have made me murder-mad that Ruggam should regain his freedom permanently after the hellish thing he did to my brother. The newspapers heard of it, and then I could not retract.

That, however, is a thing of the past. I always did detest a wicked, and if this money is going to a woman to whom it will be a blessing from heaven,—to use your words,—I am satisfied. Convey to her my personal congratulations, gratitude and best wishes.

Cordially yours,
C. V. D. WILEY

"Good old Chris!" muttered the Sheriff. "He's rich because he's white." He thrust both check and letter back into the long envelope and headed for the office of our local daily paper at a smart pace.

The earning of five thousand dollars reward-money by Cora McBride made an epochal news-item, and in that night's paper we headlined it accordingly—not omitting proper mention of the Sheriff and giving him appropriate credit.

Having so started the announcement permeating through the community, the old man employed the office phone and called the local livery-stable. He ordered a rig in which he might drive at once to the McBride house in the northern part of town.

"But half that money ought to be yours!" protested the proprietor of the stable as the Sheriff helped him "gear up the horse" a few minutes later.

"Under the circumstances, Joseph, can you see me takin' it? No; it aint in me to horn in for no rake-off on one o' the Lord's miracles."

The old man climbed into the sleigh, took the reins from the liveryman and started the horse from the livery yard.

Two weeks ago—on Monday, the twenty-seventh of the past October—the telephone-bell rang sharply in our newspaper-office a few moments before the paper went to press. Now, the telephone-bell often rings in our newspaper-office a few moments before going to press. The confusion on this particular Monday afternoon, however, resulted from Albany calling on the long-distance. Albany—meaning the nearest office of the international press-association of which our paper is a member—called just so, out of a clear sky, on the day McKinley was assassinated, on the day the *Titanic* foundered and on the day Austria declared war on Serbia.

The connection was made, and over the wire came the voice of young Stewart, crisp as lettuce.

"Special dispatch . . . Wyndgate, Vermont, October 27th. . . . Ready?"

The editor of our paper answered in the affirmative. The rest of us grouped anxiously around his chair. Stewart proceeded.

"Hapwell Ruggam, serving a life-sentence for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Martin Wiley at a Lost Nation kitchen-dance two years ago, killed Jacob Lambwell, his guard, and escaped from prison at noon today.

"Ruggam had been given some repair work to do near the outer prison-gate. It was opened to admit a tradesman's automobile. As Guard Lambwell turned to close the gate, Ruggam felled him with his shovel. He escaped to the adjacent railroad-yards, stole a corduroy coat and pair of blue overalls hanging in a switchman's shanty and caught the twelve-forty freight up Green River."

Stewart had paused. The editor scribbled frantically. In a few words aside he explained to us what Stewart was sending. Then he ordered the latter to proceed.

"Freight Number Eight was stopped by telegraph near Norwall. The fugitive, assuming correctly that it was slowing down for search, was seen by a brakeman fleeing across a pasture between the tracks and the eastern edge of Haystack Mountain. Several posses have already started after him, and sheriffs all through northern New England are being notified.

"Christopher Wiley, lumber magnate and brother of Ruggam's former victim, on being told of the escape, has offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Ruggam's capture, dead or alive. Guard Lambwell was removed to a hospital, where he died at one-thirty' . . . All right?"

The connection was broken, and the editor removed the head-piece. He began giving orders. We were twenty minutes behind usual time with the papers, but we made all the trains.

Her conscience might be called upon to smother much more before the adventure was ended. Off in the depths of the snowing night she strode along.



When the big Duplex was grinding out newsprint with a roar that shook the building, the boys and girls gathered around to discuss the thing which had happened.

The Higgins boy, saucer-eyed over the experience of being "on the inside" during the handling of the first sizable news-story since he had become our local reporter, voiced the interrogation on the faces of other office newcomers.

"Ruggam," the editor explained, "is a poor unfortunate who should have been sent to an asylum instead of the penitentiary. He killed Mart Wiley, a deputy sheriff, at a Lost Nation kitchen-dance two years ago."

"Where's the Lost Nation?"

"It's a term applied to most of the town of Partridgeville the northern part of the county—an inaccessible district back the mountains peopled with gone-to-seed stock and half-civilized illiterates who only get into the news when they load up on squirrel whisky and start a program of progressive hell. Ruggam was the local blacksmith."

"What's a kitchen-dance?"

"Ordinarily a kitchen-dance is harmless enough. But the Lost Nation folks use it as an excuse for a debauch. They gather some sizable shack, set the stove out into the yard, soak themselves in aromatic spirits of deviltry and dance from sunrise night until Monday noon—"

"And this Ruggam killed a sheriff at one of them?"

"He got into a brawl with another chap about his wife. Some one passing saw the fight and sent for an officer. Mart Wiley, deputy, afraid of neither man, God nor devil. Martin had got disgusted over the petty crime at these kitchen-dances and came out to clean up this one right. Hap Ruggam killed him. He must have had help, because he first got Mart tied to a tree in the yard. Most of the crowd was pie-eyed by this time, and Ruggam would fight at the drop of a hat. After tying him secure, Ruggam caught up a billet of wood and—killed him with it."

"Why didn't they electrocute him?" demanded young Higgins.

"Well, the murder wasn't exactly premeditated. Hap was himself; he was drunk—not even able to run away when Sheriff Crumpett arrived in the neighborhood to take him into custody. Then there was Hap's bringing up. All these made extenuating circumstances."

"There was something about Sheriff Wiley's pompadour," suggested our little lady proofreader.

"Yes," returned the editor. "Mart had a queer head of hair. It was dark and stiff, and he brushed it straight back in a pompadour. When he was angry or excited, it actually rose on his head like wire. Hap's counsel made a great fuss over Mart's pompadour and the part it sort of played in egging Hap on. The sight of it, stiffening and rising the way it did, maddened Ruggam so he beat it down hysterically in retaliation for the many groins he fancied he owed the officer. No, it was all right to make it a sentence life-imprisonment, only it should have been an eye."

Hap's not right. You'd know it without being told. I guess it's his eyes. They aren't made for the night. They light up weirdly when he's drunk or excited, and if you know what's healthy, you get out of the way."

By eight o'clock that evening most of the valley's deer-hunters, all of the local adventurers who could buy, borrow or beg a rifle, and the usual quota of high-school boys and sons of thoughtless parents were off on the man-hunt in the eastern mountains.

Among them was Sheriff Crumpett's party. On reaching the timber-line they separated. It was agreed that if any

them found signs of Ruggam, the signal for assistance was five shots in quick succession "and keep shooting at intervals until the rest come up."

We newspaper folk awaited the capture with professional interest and pardonable excitement. . . .

In the northern part of our town, a mile out on the Wicket road, is the McBride place. It is a small white house with a barn in the rear and a neat rail fence inclosing the whole.

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years ago Cora McBride was bookkeeper in the local garage. Her maiden name was Allen. The town called her "Tomboy Allen." She was the only daughter of old Zeb Allen, for many years our county game-warden. Cora, as we had always known—and called—her, was a full-blown, red-blooded, athletic girl who often drove cars for her employer in the days when steering-wheels manipulated by women were offered as clinching proof that society was headed for the dogs.

Duncan McBride was chief mechanic in the garage repair-shop. He was an affable, sober, steady chap, popularly known as "Dunk the Dauntless" because of an uncanny ability to cope successfully with the ailments of ninety per cent of the internal-combustion hay-balers and refractory tin-Lizzies in the county when other mechanics had given them up in disgust.

When he married his employer's bookkeeper, Cora's folks gave her a wedding that carried old Zeb within half an hour of insolvency and ran to four columns in the local daily. Duncan and the Allen girl motored to Washington in a demonstration-car, and while Dunk was absent, the yard of the garage resembled the premises about a junkshop. On their return they bought the Johnson place, and Cora quickly demonstrated the same furious enthusiasm for homemaking and motherhood that she had for athletics and carburetors.

Three years passed, and two small boys crept about the yard behind the white rail fence. Then—when Duncan and his wife were "making a great go of matrimony" in typical Yankee fashion—came the tragedy that took all the vim out of Cora, stole the ruddy glow from her girlish features and made her middle-aged in a twelvemonth. In the infantile-paralysis epidemic which passed over New England three years ago the McBrides suffered the supreme sorrow—twice. Those small boys died within two weeks of each other.

Duncan of course kept on with his work at the garage. He was quieter and steadier than ever. But when we drove into the place to have a carburetor adjusted or a rattle tightened, we saw only too plainly that on his heart was a wound the scars of which would never heal. As for Cora, she was rarely seen in the village.

Troubles rarely come singly. One afternoon this past August, Duncan completed repairs on Doc Potter's runabout. Cranking the machine to run it from the workshop, the "dog" on the safety-clutch failed to hold. The acceleration of the engine threw the machine into high. Dunk was pinned in front while the roadster leaped ahead and rammed the delivery truck of the Red Front Grocery.

Duncan was taken to our memorial hospital with internal injuries and dislocation of his spine. He remained there many weeks. In fact, he had been home only a couple of days when the evening stage left in the McBride letter-box the daily paper containing the story of Ruggam's "break" and of the reward offered for his capture.

Cora returned to the kitchen after obtaining the paper and sank wearily into a wooden chair beside the table with the red cloth. Spreading out the paper, she sought the usual mental distraction in the three- and four-line bits which make up our local columns.

As the headlines caught her eye, she picked up the paper and entered the bedroom where Duncan lay. There were tell-tale traces of tears on his unshaven face, and an ache in his discouraged heart that would not be assuaged; for it was becoming rumored about the village that Dunk the Dauntless might never operate on the vitals of an ailing tin-Lizzie again.

"Dunnie," cried his wife, "Hap Ruggam's escaped!" Sinking down beside the bedroom lamp, she read him the article aloud.

Her husband's name was mentioned therein; for when the Sheriff had commandeered an automobile from the local garage to convey him and his posse to Lost Nation and secure Ruggam, Duncan had been called forth to preside at the steering-wheel. He had thus assisted in the capture and later had been a witness at the trial.

The reading ended, the man rolled his head.

"If I wasn't held here, I might go!" he said. "I might try for that five thousand myself!"

Cora was sympathetic enough, of course, but she was fast approaching the stage where she needed sympathy herself.

"We caught him over on the Purcell farm," mused Duncan. "Something ailed Ruggam. He was drunk and couldn't run. But that wasn't all. He had had some kind of crazy-spell during or after the killing and wasn't quite over it. We tied him and lifted him into the auto. His face was a sight. His eyes aren't mates, anyhow, and they were wild and unnatural. He kept shrieking something about a head of hair—black hair—sticks up like wire. He must have had an awful impression of Mart's face and that hair of his."

"I remember about Aunt Mary Crumpey's telling me of the trouble her husband had with his prisoner in the days before the trial," his wife replied. "He had those crazy-spells often, nights. He kept yelling that he saw Martin Wiley's head with its peculiar hair, and his face peering in at him through the cell window. Sometimes he became so bad that Sheriff Crumpey thought he'd have apoplexy. Finally he had to call Dr. Johnson to attend him."

"Five thousand dollars!" muttered Duncan. "Gawd! I'd hunt the devil for nothing if I only had a chance of getting out of this bed."

Cora smoothed her husband's rumpled bed, comforted him and laid her own tired head down beside his hand. When he had dozed off, she arose and left the room.

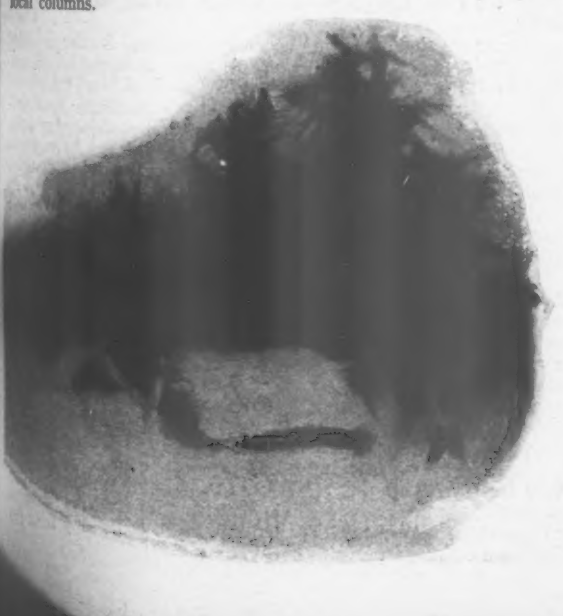
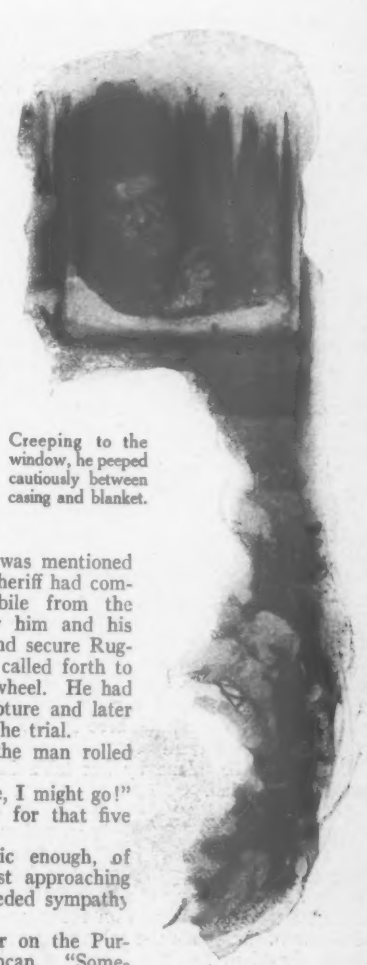
In the kitchen she resumed her former place beside the table with the cheap red cloth; and there, with her face in her hands, she stared into endless distance.

"Five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars!" Over and over she whispered the words, with no one to hear.

The green-birch fire snapped merrily in the range. The draft sang in the flue. Outside, a soft, feathery snow was falling, for winter came early in the uplands of Vermont this past year. To Cora McBride, however, the winter meant only hardship. Within another week she must go into town and secure work. Not that she minded the labor nor the trips through the vicious weather! The anguish was leaving Duncan through those monotonous days before he should be up and around. Those dreary winter days! What might they not do to him—alone.

Five thousand dollars! Like many others in the valley that

Creeping to the window, he peeped cautiously between casing and blanket.



night she pictured with fluttering heart what it would mean to possess such a sum of money; but not once in her pitiful flight of fancy did she disregard the task which must be performed to gain that wealth.

It meant traveling upward in the great snowbound reaches of Vermont mountain-country and tracking down a murderer who had killed a second time to gain his freedom and would stop at nothing again.

And yet—five thousand dollars!

How much will a person do, how far will a normal human being travel, to earn five thousand dollars—if the need is sufficiently provocative?

As Cora McBride sat there in the homely little farmhouse kitchen and thought of the debts still existent, contracted to save the already stricken lives of two little lads forgotten now by all but herself and Duncan and God, of the chances of losing their home if Duncan could work no more and pay up the balance of their mortgage, of the days when Duncan must lie in the south bedroom alone and count the figures on the wall-paper—as she sat there and contemplated these things, into Cora McBride's heart crept determination.

At first it was only a faint challenge to her courage. As the minutes passed, however, her imagination ran riot, with five thousand dollars to help them in their predicament. The challenge grew. Multitudes of women down all the years had attempted wilder ventures for those who were dear to them. Legion in number had been those who set their hands and hearts to greater tasks, made more improbable sacrifices, taken greater chances. Multitudes of them, too, had won—on little else than the courage of ignorance and the strength of desperation.

She had no fear of the great outdoors, for she had lived close to the mountains from childhood and much of her old physical resiliency and youthful daredevilry remained. And the need was terrible; no one anywhere in the valley, not even her own people, knew how terrible.

Cora McBride, alone by her table in the kitchen, that night made her decision.

SHE took the kitchen lamp and went upstairs. Lifting the top of a leather trunk, she found her husband's revolver. With it was a belt and holster, the former filled with cartridges. In the storeroom over the back kitchen she unhooked Duncan's mackinaw and found her own toboggan-cap. From a corner behind some fishing-rods she salvaged a pair of summer-dried snowshoes; they had facilitated many a previous hike in the winter woods with her man of a thousand adventures. She searched until she found the old army-haversack Duncan used as a game-bag. Its shoulder-straps were broken, but a length of rope sufficed to bind it about her shoulders, after she had filled it with provisions.

With this equipment she returned below-stairs. She drew on heavy woolen stockings and buckled on arctics. She entered the cold pantry and packed the knapsack with what supplies she could find at the hour. She did not forget a drinking-cup, a hunting-knife or matches. In her blouse she slipped a household flashlight.

Dressed finally for the adventure, from the kitchen she called softly to her husband. He did not answer. She was overwhelmed by a desire to go into the south bedroom and kiss him, so much might happen before she saw him again. But she restrained herself. She must not waken him.

She blew out the kerosene lamp, gave a last glance about her familiar kitchen and went out through the shed door, closing it softly behind her.

It was one of those close, quiet nights when the bark of a distant dog or whinny of a horse sounds very near at hand. The snow was falling feathery.

An hour later found her far to the eastward, following an old side road that led up to the Harrison lumber-job. She had meantime paid Dave Sheldon, a neighbor's boy, encountered by his gate, to stay with Duncan during her absence, which she explained with a white lie. But her conscience did not bother. Her conscience might be called upon to smother much more before the adventure was ended.

Off in the depths of the snowing night she strode along, a weird figure against the eerie whiteness that illumined the winter world. She felt a strange wild thrill in the infinite out-of-doors. The woodsman's blood of her father was having its little hour.

And she knew the woods. Intuitively she felt that if Ruggam was on Haystack Mountain making his way toward Lost Nation, he would strike for the shacks of the Green Mountain Club or

the deserted logging-camps along the trail, secreting himself there during his pauses for rest, for he had no food, and his visions were often left in these structures by hunters and mountain hikers. Her plan was simple. She would investigate a group of buildings. She had the advantage of starting on the northwest side of Haystack. She would be working toward the gam, while the rest of the posses were trailing him.

One mile after mile she covered. She decided it must be a long night when she reached the ghostly buildings of the Harrison tract, lying white and silent under the thickening snow. It was useless to search these cabins; they were too near civilization. Besides, if Ruggam had left the freight at Norwall on the east side of Haystack at noon, he had thirty miles to travel before reaching the territory from which she was starting. So she abandoned the quiet of the clearing, laid the snowshoes down before her and bound the thongs securely about her ankles.

SHE had plenty of time to think of Ruggam as she went along. He had no snowshoes to aid him, unless he had managed to secure a pair by burglary, which was improbable. It was not difficult to calculate about where she should begin looking for him. She believed he would keep just off the main trail to avoid detection, yet take its general direction in order to secure shelter and possible food from the mountain buildings. When she reached the country in which she might hope to encounter him, she would zigzag across that main trail in order to pick up his foot-tracks if he had passed her undetected. In that case she would turn and follow. She knew that the snow was falling too heavily to continue in such volume indefinitely; it would stop as suddenly as it had started.

The hours of the night piled up. The silent, muffling snow continued. And Cora McBride began to sense an alarming weakness. It finally dawned upon her that her old-time vigor was missing. The strength of youth was hers no longer. Two experiences of motherhood and no more exercise than was allowed by the tasks of her household, had softened her muscles. Her limitations were now disclosed.

The realization of those limitations was accompanied by pain. She was still many miles even from Blind Brook Cabin, and her limbs were afe from the unaccustomed effort. This would not do. After pauses for breath that were coming closer and closer together, she set her lips each time grimly. "Tomboy Allen" was not counted on succumbing to physical fatigue before she had climbed as far as Blind Brook. If she were weakening already, what of those many miles on the other side?

Tuesday the twenty-eighth of October passed with no word of Ruggam's capture. The Holmes boy was fatally shot by a rattleheaded searcher near Five-Mile Pond, and distraught parents began to take thought of their own lads missing from school. Adam MacQuarry broke his leg near the Hill Hollow schoolhouse and was sent back by friends on a borrowed bobsled. Several ne'er-do-wells, long on impulse and short on stickability, drifted back to more comfortable quarters during the day, contending that if Hap were captured, the officers would claim the reward anyhow—so what was the use bucking the system?

The snowfall stopped in the early morning. Sunrise disclosed the world trimmed from horizon to horizon in fairy stuff. Householders jocosely shoveled their walks; small children resurrected attic sleds; here and there a farmer appeared on Main Street during the forenoon in a pung-sleigh or cutter with jingling bells. The sun soared higher, and the day grew warmer. Eaves began dripping during the noon hour, to stop when the sun sank about four o'clock behind Bancroft's hill.

After the sunset came a perfect evening. The starlight was magic. Many people called in at the newspaper-office, after the movies, to learn if the man-hunt had brought results.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the lights on the valley floor blinked out; the town had gone to bed—that is, the lights blinked out in all homes excepting those on the eastern outskirts, where nervous people worried over the possibilities of a hungry, hunted convict's burglarizing their premises, or drawn-faced mothers lived mentally through a score of calamities befalling red-blooded sons who had now been absent twenty-four hours.

SOMETIME between nine o'clock and midnight—she had no way of telling accurately—Cora McBride stumbled into the Lyons clearing. No one would have recognized in the staggering, bedraggled apparition that emerged from the silhouette of the timber the figure that had started so confidently from the Harrison tract the previous evening.

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"You aint him; you're a woman." She understood. She was not only housed with a murderer; she was housed with a maniac.

For over an hour she had hobbled blindly. It was wholly by accident that she had stumbled into the clearing. And the capture of Ruggam had diminished in importance. Warm food, water that would not tear her raw throat, a place to lie and recoup her strength after the chilling winter night—these were the only things that counted now. Though she knew it not, in her eyes burned the faint light of fever. When a snag caught her snowshoe and tripped her, there was hysteria in her cry of resentment.

As she moved across from the timber-line her hair was revealed fallen down; she had lost a glove, and one hand and wrist were cruelly red where she had plunged them several times into the snow to save herself from falling upon her face. She made but a few yards before the icy thong of her right snowshoe snapped. She did not bother to repair it. Carrying it beneath her arm, she hobbled brokenly toward the shelter of the buildings.

Her failure at the other cabins, the lack, thus far, of all signs of the fugitive, the vastness of the hunting-ground magnified by the loneliness of winter, had convinced her finally that her quest was futile. It was all a venture of madness. The idea that a woman, alone and single-handed, with no weapon but a revolver, could track down and subdue a desperate murderer in winter mountains where hardly a wild thing stirred, and make him return with her to the certain penalty—this proved how much mental mischief had again been caused by the lure of money. The glittering seduction of gold had deranged her. She realized it now, her mind normal in an exhausted body. So she gained the walls of the buildings and stumbled around them, thoughtless of any possible signs of the fugitive.

The stars were out in myriads. The Milky Way was a spectacle to recall vividly the sentiment of the Nineteenth Psalm. The log-buildings of the clearing, every tree-trunk and bough in

the woods beyond, the distant skyline of stump and hollow, all stood out sharply against the peculiar radiance of the snow. The night was as still as the spaces between the planets.

Like some wild creature of those winter woods the woman clumped and stumbled around the main shack, seeking the door.

Finding it, she stopped; the snowshoe slipped from beneath her arm; one numb hand groped for the log door-casing in support; the other fumbled for the revolver.

Tracks led into that cabin!

A paralysis of fright gripped Cora McBride. Something told her intuitively that she stood face to face at last with what she had traveled all this mountain wilderness to find. Yet with sinking heart it also came to her that if Hap Ruggam had made these tracks and were still within, she must face him in her exhausted condition and at once make that tortuous return trip to civilization. There would be no one to help her.

She realized in that moment that she was facing the primal. And she was not primal. She was a normal woman, twice a mother and weakened to near-prostration by the trek of the past twenty-four hours. Was it not better to turn away while there was time?

She stood debating thus, the eternal silence blanketing forest-world and clearing. But she was allowed to make no decision.

A living body sprang suddenly upon her. Before she could cry out, she was borne down precipitously from behind.

She tried to turn the revolver against the Thing upon her, but the gun was twisted from her raw, red fingers. The snow into which she had been precipitated blinded her. She smeared an arm across her eyes, but before clear sight was regained, talon fingers had gripped her shoulders. (Continued on page 184)

RASTUS EARNS HIS SLEEP

By
WALTER
PRICHARD
EATON

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



THE story of Rastus really begins with the arrival of Wolf under the mountain. If you ask me what kind of a dog Wolf was, I cannot tell you. His master said he was a short-haired collie (which sounds like a contradiction in terms), but there was more than one bar sinister on his family coat of arms, and one of them meant a hound's nose and another tremendous endurance. We'll let the sagacity come from the collie strain, if you like, though all my own collies have been more ornamental than sagacious. At any rate, the advent of Wolf was distinctly an event, and a disturbing event, in the life of Rastus and all his fellow-'coons on the mountain.

Before Wolf's arrival the only dogs in the immediate neighborhood were two magnificent and costly Saint Bernards. These two amiable creatures roamed the mountainside at will, to be sure, but I've never heard of a Saint Bernard being employed as a 'coon-dog; certainly Benedick and Beatrice would never have been selected for that arduous and highly specialized profession. All a 'coon had to do to escape either or both of them was to amble up the nearest tree—anything would do, from a two-hundred-year-old oak to a ten-year sapling, just so it did not bend with the weight—and stay there till the dog went away, or else move into another tree, drop to the ground and amble off in safety. The result was that Rastus and his fellows were almost entirely without fear of dogs, and rambled by night where they chose, seeking meat even in the garbage-cans and washing it in the brook which ran down through the hemlocks beside the big house, or now and then raiding the chicken-yard or the cornfield, for though they were by no means vegetarians, they were not averse to green food at times, especially corn.

Rastus originally was one of a large family of five. He came of a hardy race, too; for his father, who weighed twenty pounds, had gnawed his own tail completely off, the winter before Rastus was born, because it had become embedded in an ice-cake during the winter hibernation. After thus heroically freeing himself (it must be admitted, perhaps, that the heroism was not quite so great as it seems, for a 'coon can take more punishment with apparently less pain than almost any other animal), he came out from his den into a sloshy March world, and foraged for food, being lean and cold and brittle of fur. He was caught in the act and put in a washtub, with a barrel inverted into the tub and a piece of

two-by-four braced between the barrel and the ceiling of the cellar, to keep him locked in.

When morning came, the two-by-four had fallen, the barrel was heaved off the tub and the father of Rastus had vanished through a cellar window. That very night he was again captured at a neighboring house and put in a chicken-coop and fed bananas. In the morning he was gone, having gnawed his way out, preferring freedom to tropical fruit. These two Houdini-like performances gave him a certain distinction, and certainly argued great strength in a body weighing only twenty pounds when fattened for the autumn, and much less than that after a winter's hibernation-sleep. However, the man who first caught him should have known he was strong, for the man, dragging him out of a hole he was trying to dig into a frozen drain, got him with both hands back of the head and tried to hold him down in vain. So long as the 'coon had his four feet on the ground, he could literally carry the man along on his back.

After his second escape, Father 'Coon got back to the mountain cliffs and wilderness, and was later privileged to see his five offspring, among whom was Rastus. The family grew in a wild, up-ended land of forest and precipice and rocky caverns, leading down to lumber-slash and then to farms and the big house, beyond which, on the plain, were more forest and swamps and two or three ponds. It was a splendid land for 'coons. The trees were big and plenty; the caverns in the precipitous rocks were even better and safer than the trees for dens; there were plenty of small game and birds; in the brooks were trout, in the swamp-ponds crawfish, in the fields corn—and as I have said, the neighborhood dogs were a joke. It was small wonder Rastus grew up to a full twenty pounds of sharp face, the beadlike eyes ringed with black, and black- and dirty-gray-furred body, without much fear of man or beast and without any great resort to the instinctive strategy of his race. There had been nobody, in fact, even to name him Rastus.

Then Wolf came. Wolf had a master who came with him, but the master did not figure much until autumn, while Wolf started in immediately, the May violets being still in bloom in the woods. Wolf was a born 'coon-dog. Down South they have 'coon-dogs, I'm told, but I never thought much of any I ever saw. At least, they'd be of little use on our mountain. They are bound-dogs,

and they bay on the scent. If a dog bayed on the scent of one of our 'coons, the 'coon would be off so far in advance that he would get safely to his den in the rocks, where nobody could get at him, and the dog would never tree him at all. Wolf had a bound's nostrils but no bay. He followed a hot trail like a silent racehorse, and he never barked till he was certain he had his 'coon up that particular tree beneath which he sat on his haunches.

It was a pretty sight to watch Wolf work when the scent took him to a tree-trunk. His nose went up the bark as high as he could raise it, but no sound came from his mouth, except possibly a faint, whining complaint, as if he were muttering out the puzzle. Then he would drop back and circle the tree, perhaps fifty or a hundred feet away. If he didn't pick up the scent again in that circumference, he would enlarge it to a diameter of a hundred or even two hundred yards, and again complete the circle. Only after a second failure on this larger arc would he return, satisfied, to the tree, sit on his haunches, raise his eyes to the branches and wake the echoes.

This was a totally different proposition from the hunting of Benedict and Beatrice, and after Wolf had roamed the mountain for a week or two, putting up 'coons at first not a hundred feet from his dooryard, and catching three or four as they foolishly attempted to spring out over him to the ground and escape, Rastus and his fellows began keenly to realize the difference. The word was passed around, as such things are in the wilderness, and all the 'coons, especially the older ones, began to exercise that instinctive strategy which is their heritage. By July, Wolf's bark at night, which at first had often resounded close to the house, was now heard faint and far away up the rugged mountainside, and most often among the limestone cliffs where tiny cave-mouths led into inaccessible and impregnable recesses no dog could enter. There was frequently a note of plaintive anger in his bark now, so that you could almost tell whether he had the 'coon up a tree or had trailed it to a den-mouth.

Rastus had two or three experiences with Wolf during the summer, but he managed to come off free in each case, learning something from each one, if it was only caution. In each case, too, it was his curiosity which got him into trouble. But you can't cure a 'coon of curiosity, except with an ax. Did you ever have a pet 'coon? If you have, you know something about the curiosity of the breed, and something, too, about their humorous tricks. A wild 'coon, of course, has the same curiosity and the same humorous tricks—only there is none to see them. A 'coon, being nocturnal in his habits, works largely by scent and touch. His small eyes may be keen enough, but he seems to prefer to take the testimony of his nose first, and then even more of his forepaws, which in spite of their sharp claws appear to have a great delicacy of perception. They can look and feel almost like eyes and hands at times.

The 'coon's most amusing trick, or mannerism, is his fashion of investigating the contents of a basket, say, by taking everything out of it with his hands, while keeping his head turned the other way, or looking upward toward the sky—anywhere except where his hands are exploring. This gives to his action a quaintly surreptitious air, as if he were determined not to let even himself know what he is up to. If he is investigating something that may contain food, his hands appear to reject what to him is unedible by tossing it aside, and when a nut or bit of meat is clutched, a look of crafty joy suddenly radiates over the sharp little face. Taking the choice bit, if possible, to water, he holds it between his two front paws and sloshes it back and forth, back and forth, till it is washed white and pulpy, before he eats it. You may wash it almost to a pulp for him, but he will grab it from your hand and rewash it himself before he will even consider eating it.

The wild 'coon, of course, has all these traits. I have lain by the shore of Lake Drummond, in the heart of the Dismal Swamp, when there was a heavy blanket of night-fog four feet thick hanging over the water, and heard the 'coons washing their meat, or fishing, close by me, but quite invisible under the fog-veil. In the morning I would find in the mud the print of their feet by

the shore, the hind-paw marks uncannily like the print of some baby's shriveled foot. If you could have watched Rastus at night, you would have seen him, when ranging the woods, get up on every fallen log and run along it, poking his paw down into cran- nies of the bark, feeling for grubs. When something glittering caught his eye,—a bit of quartz, a piece of tinfoil dropped by some hunter from a cigarette-package,—you would have seen him approach it, look up into the trees, pick it up in his forepaws and thus investigate it.

You would have seen Rastus climb up trees, too, and poke his hand into holes where chickadees or woodpeckers might be nesting, or climbing out along limbs for the nests of thrushes or warblers. You might at times, also, have seen him over by the shore of one of the ponds, sitting perfectly still on a stone or a log overhanging the margin, his eyes fixed on vacancy, one paw dangling in the water. But if you had been able to watch long enough, presently you would have seen that paw yank up with a lightning-quick stroke, and a crawfish fly to land.

It was one evening in late summer that Rastus saw firelight glowing on top of Black Rock, a rough precipice jutting out like a bowsprit from a shoulder of the mountain, with a flat top on which picnic-parties were sometimes held when you could find enough men and especially women who were not afraid of the rattlesnakes which lived on the faces of the naked cliff itself. Rastus, led by his curiosity, moved over toward this firelight, while it glowed redder and flickered lower with the coming of night, and as he drew near, his nose caught the smell of meat—of bacon, no less!

The picnic-party had departed; Rastus had heard them go laughing down the trail which skirted the rocks. He moved in to the

fire cautiously, however, for fire was something new to his experience, found a big hacon-rind and scurried away with it into the deeper thicket. He was on his way toward a trickle from a mountain spring, to wash this food, when he heard Wolf and his master coming back up the trail. The full moon was now rising over the eastern world-rim and flooding the open spaces with its pale radiance. Wolf's master had returned for a forgotten basket of knives and forks, but glad, too, of the excuse to see the moonrise from this commanding promontory. But Wolf was quite blind to esthetic effects. His nose began to wiggle, his nostrils to quiver, as he reached the fire-ring, and with a joyous little moan he was off on Rastus' hot trail.

When Rastus heard him coming, he was in a scrub-oak thicket—not a tree big enough to give him any security from Wolf! He didn't have time, he knew, to get to the tiny brook, which otherwise he could have used to hide his track. Running water tells no tales! Accord-

ingly he almost doubled on his tracks and actually passed by Wolf not fifty feet to the leeward. Wolf's master had seated himself on top of the rocky bowsprit, to enjoy the moonrise and to see what would happen on Wolf's hunt. As Rastus approached, however, he heard nothing, which was not strange, for Rastus was making no sound. The way a 'coon can slip over the ground, even over dead, crackly leaves, with no sound whatever except a

Wolf followed a hot trail like a silent racehorse, and he never barked till his 'coon was treed.



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kind of whispered rustle as if from his own fur, is almost uncanny.

The man did not see Rastus till the 'coon stood on the edge of the rock, in the full moonlight, not twenty feet away. He kept perfectly still, and Rastus evidently did not see him at all. Rastus was looking down, as if measuring the distance or inspecting the ground below. He slunk along ten feet farther, where the jump suited him better, and plumped off. The man heard the thud as he landed on a ledge forty feet below. Then he heard no more down there, but a second afterward the pant and soft whine of Wolf, coming hot-footed back on the trail.

When the dog found that it ended abruptly at the edge of the precipice, and could not pick it up again on either side, he actually emitted a sharp *yip-yip* of exasperation, and then, without paying the slightest attention to his master, proceeded painfully to find a way down through the scrub at one side of the precipice. A few moments later his master heard, very faintly, his whine as he picked up the scent again. Then the man waited for the bark that indicated a treed 'coon.

But the bark never came. Instead, to the man's amazement, a few minutes later he heard a faint sound to one side and a bit below him, and the thud of a pebble bouncing on the rocks. Then the sharp nose of Rastus emerged over the rim, and the gray, sleek body of Rastus behind it; and drawing himself up on level ground, the 'coon glided noiselessly and without haste across the open space of moonlight and disappeared on his first trail into the woods; and if you ask me, I think he picked up that bacon-rind on his way back and took it to the brook, walking a long way in the water and emerging without further fear of pursuit.

A moment after he had passed the man, Wolf arrived at the base of the cliff. Looking over, his master could see, in the bright moonlight, just how Rastus had gone up a tall tree which had thrown a limb against the rocks, and by using this limb easily reached a sloping gully that made a road to the top. Wolf, however, was completely baffled. There was only the one trail to the tree. He ascertained that. Then he came back to the tree and studied it in silence a moment. Finally he sat down and barked. He'd treed his 'coon, he told the world. And Rastus was a mile away, eating bacon-rind!

Wolf's master whistled the dog off, and went down the mountain reflecting on the marvelous instincts of the wilderness folk,

with dogs and men. He was the father of a large and growing family of five, which had to be looked after by himself and his mother pretty much all summer, for they were not born till late in May, and at first they were as helpless as kittens; and as they grew up and could get around a bit, they had to be taught how to climb trees and to be watched when the parents went abroad, for they insisted on following when they got a chance, and cried like babies if they couldn't keep up. When the corn was in the milk, Rastus would take the whole family down to a cornfield, and they would reach up and strip the ears, eating their fill, which was considerable, and spoiling even more than they ate. Then before daybreak they all had to be led back again to the snug, safe den up in the rocks. It was fortunate, perhaps, for all the family that Wolf's master did not get his hunting idea until after the children were grown enough to shift for themselves, and they could scatter if necessary at the signs of danger.

Rastus and his mate were out one night, under the harvest moon, headed across the hundred-acre hole in the forest where the lumber had been cut and only a scattered tree left here and there as a seed-bearer, when Wolf and his master, also out for an evening stroll up the lumber-road (the man had no gun), came across their trail. Free of the children, the two 'coons were bent for the pond over in the swamp to fish, but willing to pick up anything in the way of food, animal or vegetable, on the way across the farm. It was certainly hard to be interrupted while by the panting of Wolf on their trail. They made for the nearest sizable tree as their only immediate salvation,—a white oak,—and went up it till they were amid the spring of the branches, where they crouched down practically hidden from the view of anyone below. Wolf completed his two circles of the tree and then squatted beneath and bayed his decision that the 'coons were there—the 'coons, he knew, though his master supposed there was only one.

"Want me to go up and shake him down, Wolf?" his master asked.

The dog barked still harder.

The man embraced the trunk and began to shin. He did much harder work of it than the 'coons had done, but he got a limb at last, pulled his leg over, stood up and peered into the branches. Ten feet above his head, he saw to his surprise, not one, but two dim forms curled in crotches on opposite sides of the trunk, and two pairs of eyes watching him intently. He began to climb again.

As he neared the 'coons, Rastus began to move slowly out along one limb, his mate slowly out along another. When the man reached the limb Rastus was on, and got his weight fixed against it ready to shake, Rastus was far out amid the top branches. Before the man could shake, however, completely to his surprise Rastus jumped. He landed with a crash of broken sticks square in the middle of a pile of rotted down-slash, and of course Wolf sprang toward the sound. But even as he landed and Wolf sprang, his mate plopped off the end of her limb at the opposite side of the tree, and while Wolf was yet just short of the slash-pile where Rastus was hidden in the hole his fall had broken through, Wolf heard the thud of the second 'coon. He whirled around and dashed toward this second sound, bewildered by surprise. Then Rastus, from his slash-heap, suddenly uttered a strange cry, something like the hoot of a big owl. Wolf turned again and sprang toward it. As soon as his feet on the slash-pile heard the same cry came from the other side of the tree! Again he turned—and made a dash.

The man in the tree, who had scrambled hastily down to the lowest branch, to observe the fun, now saw the second 'coon making off, a dim, ghostlike, blackish-gray ball, into the underbrush. Wolf got to the spot where she had vanished when Rastus cried again—cried as he too was slipping away. Wolf, thoroughly bewildered now, caught like a runner between third base and home plate, turned yet again, and actually danced a circle in his own length under the tree as the cry was repeated behind him. His



Taking the choice bit to water, he holds it between his two front paws and sloshes it back and forth.

which teach them such lessons in the strategy of retreat. When he got home, he looked up his guns and lantern.

"Wolf and I are going to get that Rastus this autumn," he told his wife.

"That who?" said she, surprised out of her grammar.

He laughed. "Such a big clever 'coon has to be named Rastus," he answered, and told her the story.

Meanwhile Rastus had been having other troubles not connected



Rastus went up the swamp maple overhanging the pond. Wolf was out in the water, ready for the fall. . . . The man crawled out on a limb. A good shake sent Rastus down.

master slid down the trunk and put him on Rastus' trail—but there was a small brook not two hundred yards away, and the trail ended at the bank. Wolf returned to the hearth-rug that night with a drooping tail.

After that, Wolf's master, who was the best kind of hunter because he had a great deal more curiosity to find out how animals behave and how they defend themselves than he had lust to kill them, determined to keep on giving the 'coons a fair chance and see what they could make of it, while Wolf did the killing, if any was done. Because he knew that Rastus and others fished along the shore of the swamp-pond, he put a canoe on the water and with a powerful flash-lamp in his pocket, and Wolf in the bow, he would go out at night and paddle as quietly as an Indian (for he knew how to feather under the surface) along the shore till he sensed, if it was too dark to see, the dog's nostrils quiver—or he felt the tipping of the canoe as Wolf in excitement leaned to one side. Then he would drive the bow sharp inshore and suddenly turn on his flash as the dog sprang for the beach. Sometimes the flash-lamp would catch the 'coon actually sitting by the water and staring with eyes that shone red into the beam of light—to vanish as its body vanished when Wolf sprang. In this way Wolf ran down two or three young 'coons and one older one before they could tree; but two other old 'coons reached their trees and then jumped out into the water, easily outswimming the dog and escaping.

That taught Wolf something. He was learning about 'coons every night now! Accordingly, when it was the red eyes of Rastus at last which stared into the flash, and Rastus who went up the swamp maple overhanging the pond, Wolf was out up to his spine in the water, ready for the fall. Rastus, with his night-piercing eyes, saw this and didn't jump. The man had to climb the tree for him. He crawled out on a limb over the water, but a good shake and a sudden snap sent him down. He was fat now, weighing a full twenty pounds, and he couldn't hold on against that snap. Into the water he fell with a splash, and Wolf with one bark of joy was at him.

But that was the last bark he emitted. His master, hearing no sound but a splashing and churning of water, turned the flash downward and saw only white foam churning thirty feet out from shore, and what looked like Wolf's back. He slid down the trunk, suddenly fearful for his dog, and waded out. The water was up to his neck, and his feet were sunk deep in mud and threatening to sink farther when he at last reached his dog's tail and pulled. The dog came toward him, and getting an arm around under his neck, he lifted Wolf's head out of the water and struck sharply under the jaw. The dog's mouth opened; the 'coon, which was in it, but at the same time also curled completely around the muzzle, with teeth and claws working, dropped and shot away through the water.

It was a bleeding and half-drowned dog that was got to land. Twenty pounds of 'coon around your muzzle, every pound fighting, when you yourself cannot touch bottom with a single one of your four feet, to get a brace and lift your head up, can drag your head under water and hold it under! Even that wouldn't be so bad, if the 'coon couldn't stay under any longer than you can. But he can stay under indefinitely—or so Wolf must have thought. It was a wet and dejected pair, master and dog, who paddled back across the pond. Rastus, however, battered enough to be half dead if he hadn't been a 'coon, had been saved from a broken spine or crushed ribs by Wolf's inability to make a clean strike in the water, and by now had landed and was on his way

up the mountain toward his den, to sleep himself back to normal in his nest of dead leaves.

Wolf's master's mistress said, when her dripping husband arrived home and emptied the mud out of his boots, that she should think he'd had about enough of 'coon-hunting, and he replied that he guessed he had. But a few nights later, when it was frosty cold and clear, with a golden October moon shining on the last shreds of golden foliage in the maples, and Wolf had been up a bit (though one ear would never be the same again!), his master's boots had quite dried, and the mud was scraped off, and they were freshly oiled, the man was seen by his wife to be filling his tobacco-pouch and testing the oil in his lantern and the battery in his flash-lamp.

"Again?" she said.

"Just for a bit of a ramble over the mountain," he answered. "It's such a beautiful night."

"Beautiful fiddlesticks!" said she, showing that women are capable of understanding the lure of a 'coon-hunt.

It was well on toward midnight when Wolf picked up a trail which as luck would have it was that of Rastus, and started his foot through the woods, then down the mountain, across the meadow, toward a tiny pond not more than thirty feet across—really a spring-hole—in a swampy corner of a hayfield. Rastus hoped to make this little

pond-hole, which had a sedge brook for an outlet, before Wolf caught up to him, but he couldn't do it. At every notch of speed he had to make the white ash a hundred feet short of the pond, and scramble up into the safety of its branches. There was a tree adjacent to afford him an arched highway. He would have to stay on that tree if Wolf was alone, or jump for it if the man-creature, who climbed trees and shook limbs, came along behind.

Wolf was sitting on his haunches on the dead leaves below, waiting for the echoes of the still autumn night, when Rastus saw the bobbing light of a lantern approaching over the field. Presently, as he curled his body along the upper side of a limb and peered over the ground, his eyes looked into the dazzle of a flash-lamp beam, and he heard the man's exclamation when his eyes in turn caught the twin red glances from the tree.

"You've got open ground for fifty feet," the man said to Wolf. "If you can't get him when I shake him down, you're a poor pickle hound."

Then came the sound of a lantern being set upon the ground, and the crunch of leather and khaki on bark as the man began to shin. As the man drew near, Rastus crept farther and farther out on his limb. Had he planned what he was going to do? Did he know the country below so well that he could plan? Were his night-trained eyes superior to the man's and the dog's? Did he saw things they could not? Who can say? I only am sure that he had been often in this neighborhood, and I suppose that, like other wild animals, an instinct told him always to know every foot of his country. At any rate, this was what happened:

The man shook and snapped the limb; Rastus fell off—and fell directly into the only patch of shrubs and briars anywhere close to the tree. Wolf sprang like a shot at the sound of the fall, landed with the characteristic catlike bound, forepaws downward to pin the

To the man's amazement, a few minutes later he heard a faint sound to one side and a bit below him, and the thud of a pebble bouncing on the rocks. Then the sharp nose of Rastus emerged over them.

game right in the little patch of briars—and found nothing whatever there! With a yelp he dashed over them and rushed with nose to the ground in an expanding fanlike radius. Then he came back to the briar-patch, smelled, scratched, and dashed forth again. The man descended the tree. He poked (Continued on page 83)





Run! Run! Run!
A hundred years
in the chain-gang!

SACRIFICE

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

Illustrated by J. J. GOULD

BANG! Thump! Bang!

A young man garbed in pea-green silk shirt, white flannel trousers, purple socks and ox-blood low shoes, and further adorned with a flowing orange-colored tie speared through with a huge cameo pin, leaped up from the horsehair sofa where he had been reclining for the past hour. In his hand he held an ivory-backed mirror in which he had been critically examining his features for a like length of time.

"W'at's all dat bangin' racket out there, Maw?" he called, his manner of speech and the frown on his brow indicating extreme annoyance.

"Dat's yo' paw, Ma'maduke, out skinnin' catfish in the smoke-house," answered a voice from an adjoining room. "W'y don't you come and help him, Ma'maduke, so's I can get 'em cookin' quick fo' dinnah?"

The young man made a gesture that signified his disgust at such a suggestion, and returned to his former position on the horsehair sofa. He brought the ivory-backed mirror before his eyes again and gazed contentedly at the face he saw reflected therein.

"Skinnin' catfish!" he muttered. "Vulga'! Low!"

Bang! Thump! Bang!

"Ma'maduke, yo' paw says he nevah seen such tough-headed catfish to skin like dis lot is. He can't ha'dly drive a nail in the heads of 'em to hol' 'em down w'ile he skins 'em. W'y don't you come on and help him? It's dinnah-time now already."

Bang! Thump! Bang!

The young man dropped the hand-mirror, rose from the horsehair sofa and strode into the adjoining room. There was an angry glint in the dark eyes he turned toward the remarkably stout woman busy over a bread-board in the corner of the little room.

"Maw, you gotta do sumpin'!" he declared emphatically. "You gotta do sumpin to stop off Paw's vulga'ness. You gotta do sumpin!"

The stout woman lifted floury hands from the dough she was kneading and stared.

"W'at's dat?" she demanded. "W'at you mean by dat, Ma'maduke? Who says yo' paw is vulga'?"

"I says so, Maw—I says so! It's catfish, catfish, catfish, fo' days outen the week! Catfish is vulga'! You gotta do sumpin'!"

"You done gone crazy, Ma'maduke?"

"No, I aint done gone crazy! I knows w'at I'se talkin' about! I knows catfish is vulga' and I knows Paw is vulga'—vulga' and low! Goin' down to the crick fo' days a week, dressed like a hobo, and totin' a bag of catfish 'long the streets on his back! W'at did Miss Cordelia Shooney say to me dis mo'nin' w'en she looked outen the window at Majah Brooke's and seen him goin' up from the crick with dat bag of catfish? She says to me, 'Who is dat tacky ol' bum?' she says. I was never mo' emb'assed in my life, Maw. I don't know w'at I'd did if the Majah hadn't rang the bell fo' me just dat minute."

The stout woman put two floury hands on two stout hips. "Deely Shooney said dat?" she cried, her lip curling, her eyes flashing. "Poof! Deely Shooney my ol' washin'-tub! And who's Deely Shooney, I wants to ask? Who was it let Deely Shooney have clo's fo' her back dem days w'en her paw was a membah of the chain-gang of dis city? Who? I—me—yo' maw! Who took Deely Shooney in and fed her in dem days? I—me—yo' maw! W'at did she like mos' to eat in dem days? Catfish! Who cotched dem catfish in dem days? Yo' paw, young man, 'dat tacky ol' bum!' Deely Shooney makes me wanna go lay down and rest fo' two weeks!"

She glared at the young man before her. The young man tried to return the glare with a harder glare, but after a moment's effort he wheeled and left the room. He went back to the horsehair sofa and sat down.

"Vulga! Low!" he again muttered.

Soon the sound of things frying came to his ears. It was not an unpleasant sound to him; nor was the odor that came with it unpleasant. The frying continued for a quarter of an hour or more. Then his name was called. He went out and sat down at the table in the kitchen. A black man of huge proportions was already seated at one end of the table. He was collarless, his blue shirt was open at the throat, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. His hands were large and strong hands, and they bore the marks of hard labor.

"Hello, Dooky, boy!" he greeted as the young man pulled up his chair. "By gol, Dooky, you-all looks like a li'l ol' posy-bred in dem red, blue and green clo's. Bettah watch out—somebody'll be pickin' you-all fo' a buttonhole bokay. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Ma'maduke says catfish is vulga'," said the stout woman as she picked up the steaming coffee-pot and started to pour.

"Dat so?" rumbled the big man. "Not too vulga' fo' eatin', I bet! Oh, no, not too vulga' fo' eatin'! Yah, yah, yah! Take some." He pushed toward the young man a platter piled high with fried fish.

The young man took the largest fish on the platter.

"Ma'maduke says Deely Shooney says you look like some ol' bum w'en yo' go catfishin'," said the stout woman, passing a cup of coffee.

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared the big man. "Aint dat Deely Shooney a peert kid? 'Memba how she used to gobble up catfishes w'en we was feedin' her w'ile Toby Shooney was workin' on the chain-gang? By gol, she's a peert un!"

The young man did not speak during the meal. Nor did the stout woman or the big man find opportunity to say much, once they had begun eating. When the fish-plate was bare, the last of the hot biscuits gone and the young man was pushing back his chair, the big man began to chuckle.

"How many of dem vulga' catfishes you-all tuck away, Dooky?" he demanded. "Two, fo', five, six, eight—eight vulga' catfishes! Yah, yah, yah!"

The young man made no reply. He hurried out of the kitchen, went into the horsehair sofa room and put on a near-Panama hat. He glanced at a mirror that hung on the wall, smoothed his orange-colored tie, examined a front gold tooth and left the house. Out in the street he turned toward that part of the city in which the palatial home of Major Brooke was located.

He walked two or three blocks when he heard the honk of an automobile behind him. He did not turn to look back—let them honk.

"Hello, Dook! Hello, Dook!" It was a girlish voice that called to him.

"Hello, Dook, you li'l ol' bokay!" A man's voice had joined in the greetings that were being shouted at him.

The automobile shot past him. He saw a young woman in a white dress and a white hat, waving a much-be-ringed hand at him, and he saw a young man in greasy overalls, with a stub of a cigar in his mouth, making a horrible face at him. The two were Cordelia Shooney and Jim Blood—fourth man in Packman's garage, down on Bay Street.

Marmaduke Bliss groaned as he watched the battered car out of sight. It was the fourth time in three days he had seen Cordelia Shooney and Jim Blood together, flying about in that car from Packman's garage.

"Big hoodlum!" he muttered angrily. "I wisht I had money to buy dat li'l ol' fiivvah! T'ree hund'ed dollahs! Clams as clams at t'ree hund'ed! Wouldn't I make dat low-life Jim Blood look like two cents if I had dat li'l ol' fiivvah! But how'm I to get hol' of t'ree hund'ed dollahs?"

For several weeks Marmaduke Bliss had been shaken to the depths of his deepest feelings by the incursions of Jim Blood into what he had come to consider his own private domain. He, Marmaduke Bliss, had found Cordelia Shooney; it was he who had discovered that Cordelia Shooney possessed beauty, charm, cleverness; it was he who had rescued her from the obscurity of a fish-market and introduced her into the bright light of Major Herbert Brooke's great establishment, where she had quickly taken front rank as queen of the maids. He looked upon her with an eye of proprietorship. And then had come Jim Blood, in greasy overalls, smoking cheap, rank cigars, in a rattling, dirty, business automobile from Packman's garage, and borne her away! Why it wasn't even an automobile—it was a near-truck!

"W'at's eatin' you-all, Ma'maduke?" Cordelia had demanded sharply when Marmaduke objected to her frequent flights about the city with Jim Blood. "W'at's eatin' you-all? Doesn't nobody go automobilin' now'days? W'y musn't I go? I goes automobilin' with Jim Blood 'cause he's got a automobile. If you had a automobile, maybe I'd go automobilin' with you. I aint sayin' I would, and I aint sayin' I wouldn't—I'm only sayin' I might go automobilin' with you, Ma'maduke, if you had a automobile."

Marmaduke sent up a silent prayer, a thousand silent prayers for a car. Oh, if he could only come into possession of a car some kind of a car, any kind of a car. And then, as though in answer to his multitudinous prayers, there had come to him Charles Chester, Major Brooke's harum-scarum, devil-may-care nephew, offering to sell him a practically new car for four hundred dollars cash—no, he would take three hundred for the machine. Young Chester needed some ready money; he needed it very soon. His uncle knew nothing of his intention to sell his little car.

Marmaduke had listened with sparkling eyes and a fluttering heart to the offer made him. "Dat's a mighty fine chance, Mr. Chestah, mighty fine, but t'ree hund'ed dollahs—lan's sake! How's I goin' to get hol' of t'ree hund'ed dollahs? Tell me dat, Mr. Chestah!"

"How about you, old man?" suggested young Chester. "He got money, hasn't he? Why can't you touch him?"

"Touch Paw for t'ree hund'ed bucks? Say, Mr. Chestah, you don't know my paw! He's got the cush, dog take it, but it's just like he's swallowed it! He'll knock outen for five teefs and hand 'em to me befo' he'll han' me t'ree hund'ed dollahs! You don't know my paw! Him buy an auto? Pooah!"

"You can't tell, Marmaduke, you can't ever tell. You'd better talk to him about it. It's a chance that doesn't come every day. Tell



"It's catfish, catfish, fo' days outen the week! Catfish is vulga'!"

"This question of digestion
Is the biggest one in sight
And with Campbell's on your menu
You will have the answer right."



Do you eat soup every day?

Authorities agree that good soup meets a positive need of the human system which no other food can supply so well.

They declare it should be eaten every day.

It not only provides in itself extremely valuable elements of nutrition but it makes all your food digest better and yield you more nourishment and energy.

With Campbell's wholesome soups on your pantry shelf you have the best of home made quality at less than home made cost. And ready in three minutes any time.

Prove this with Campbell's delicious Vegetable Soup today.

21 kinds

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

him you don't want to get the car for yourself—tell him he ought to have it to run about over the city. It'd help him do his work. He pushes that old cart all over town with his paint-buckets and his whitewash pails—tell him to get this little car of mine, and he'll be doing twice, yes, three times as much work as he's doing now. He'll pay for it in six months with extra work. I'll show you how to run it, and then you can show him. You'll just leave it stand in our garage until after we've gone North next month; then you'll take it out and do whatever you please with it. I'll bet you could sell it for five hundred any day."

"Soun's nice, Mr. Chestah; it do soun' nice. But nothin' doin' — I know dat."

Now Marmaduke groaned again, thinking of the wonderful opportunity that lay before him. What a sensation he and Cordelia Shooney would create riding through the streets of the city in that glittering little car! Jim Blood and his greasy overalls and his cheap cigars and his rattling truck—what would Jim Blood look like then? Jim Blood would be out of it! But how, where, could he get that three hundred dollars?

"Hello, Dook! Hello, Dook!"

"Hi there, Dook! Some loud rags you-all got on today!"

Cordelia Shooney and Jim Blood went flashing past him again in the rattling near-truck. He gazed straight ahead, paying no heed to their vociferous greetings.

"He's a low-down, vulga' bum, dat Jim Blood!" he growled. "If I evah get dat li'l ol' flivvah, his name wont be *Blood* no mo'—it'll be *Mud*."

His way led him through a tiny park in which there was a tiny fountain spouting up a tiny stream of water. The bowl into which the tiny stream fell was the inverted stump of a cypress tree. There were palmettoes and live oaks and magnolias and much gray Spanish moss in the little park, and there was a bench standing near the tiny fountain. On the bench that afternoon sat a short, fat man, a white man, and there was a worried look on his round, smooth-shaven face. His eyes were studying the plat of white sand at his feet—they had been fixed on that sandy spot for nearly an hour, but now he raised them at the sound of the approaching footsteps of Marmaduke Bliss.

For a moment he looked at the young negro carelessly; then his gaze became more intense. He straightened up, tipped his hat back over his bald head and stared.

"Well, I'll be jugged for a chicken-

thief, if he isn't a dead ringer!" he muttered. "He's his looking-glass! A trifle smaller, but not much, either. Strip off those rainbow clothes and put on a suit of ragged pick-ups, and he'd be Two-spot Rust to a crossed *t* and a dotted *i*, blamed if he wouldn't!"



"Cunnel, it's mo'n I can stan'!" whimpered the disguised one. There were tears in his eyes.

His gaze followed the young colored man until he was turning out of the tiny park. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and began to shout.

"Hey, there! Hey, you! Hi, boy!"

Marmaduke turned and saw the short, fat man whom he had just passed, waving his cane and motioning to him to come back. Wondering, he slowly retraced his steps.

"Say, what's your name, boy?" demanded the fat man, who came puffing up to meet him.

"Ma'maduke Bliss, sah."

"Live in this city?"

"Yes sah."

"Know a young nigger about your age called Two-spot Rust?"

"No sah."

"Sure he isn't a brother or cousin of yours?"

"I aint got no brothah, and I aint got no cousin in dis city, sah."

"Hum!" The fat man hooked the crook of his cane over a fat ear and gazed meditatively at the young man in front of him. "Want to make some easy money?" he at last asked.

Marmaduke grinned. "I does dat, sah—I wanna make t'ree hund'ed dallahs jus' as soon as I evah can, sah."

"Three hundred dollars, eh? Well, I'll be jiggered! Say, you come down to my

office late this evening. Here's my card. I think I've got something that will get that three hundred dollars right into your pocket."

"Will you-all read w'at it says on the ca'd, sah?"

"Harvey V. Harvey, Insurance and Real Estate, 325 Broadway Street. Over let's see, hardware store."

"Oh! You's Comm"

Hahvey! I reckon

I knows who you-all

I's heard my paw

some about you. You

the ge'man dat help

the niggers outen

ble, isn't you? Bah

sah, I'll come down

yo' office 'bout eight

o'clock, sah."

"All right — don't

forget, now."

"No sah."

The two parted.

Marmaduke Bliss

hurry on to his place

of employment at Bl

for Brooke's residence

Colonel Harvey V.

Harvey to saunter

to the bench by the

tiny fountain in the

tiny park.

Colonel Harvey V.

Harvey's income from

insurance and real es

tate was negligible—

wasn't much of a suc

cess as an insurance

agent or a real-estate

man. As a profession

al bondsman, however

he didn't do so bad.

Going bond to the ex

tent of fifty or seven

ty-five dollars for some

offender against the

law, to keep him out of jail, and exacting from him, after he had been tried and had paid the penalty, an amount equal to the bond, plus whatever more he could obtain by argument or threat—that had been profitable business, very profitable.

Then the Two-spot Rust affair had bobbled up. Somebody had stabbed somebody in a crap-game back of Striker's mill, and a deputy sheriff had arrested a noisy young negro known along the river as Two-spot Rust. The charge brought against the arrestee was cutting to wound, and the amount of the bond fixed by the court was six hundred dollars. Colonel Harvey had gone to the jail and interviewed the unfortunate Two-spot, and he had come away convinced that the young man was innocent. More than that, he was convinced that Two-spot Rust was an honest, industrious, hard-working young fellow, fond of a little diversion now and then, of course, but a safe bet, a very safe bet.

Accordingly he had deposited with the court the necessary six hundred dollars for the bond after he had made an agreement with Two-spot that he was to be paid three hundred dollars for the services performed, the entire payment to be made within one year's time. Two-spot Rust had then been released from jail

Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?



An unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring? Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—But these things can be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as the old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried

into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

The booklet containing full directions for each one of the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using it tonight.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1705 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1705 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



and had immediately returned to work at Striker's mill, where he was making three dollars a day as an off-bearer. The young negro had continued to work faithfully every day in the week, Sundays included, until ten days before the date set for his trial. Then he had quietly disappeared, and all of Colonel Harvey's efforts to discover his whereabouts had failed. The unfortunate affair had cast the Colonel into the deepest gloom.

"Let me see—you told me you'd like to make three hundred dollars of easy money, didn't you?" began the Colonel that evening when Marmaduke Bliss sat before him in his office over Jetson's hardware store.

"I sutt'nly does, Cunnel, I sutt'nly does."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"I wanna buy a li'l ol' flivvah, sah."

"Who from?"

Marmaduke became suspicious. "Oh—I—w'y, off'm a man in the catfish business, sah. He's goin' in fo' cukes, and he's goin' to sell his automobile and buy two mewls, sah."

"Going in for what?"

"Cukes, sah—cucumbahs."

"Oh, I see. Well, Marmaduke,

I'm going to give you a chance to make three hundred dollars so easy it'll make you laugh when I tell you about it. And right here is the money." The Colonel drew a wad of bills from his pocket and counted them out on his table—fifteen crisp twenty-dollar bills. Marmaduke gasped.

"Lemme feel 'em, Cunnel, lemme feel 'em!" he begged.

"Sure!" The Colonel handed the bills over and chuckled quietly as he watched the young man gloating over them.

"I nevah seen dat much money befo', all in one pile!" cried Marmaduke, shuffling the bills about in his hands. "It looks like a million, dog take it, if it don't!" He sighed heavily as he handed the money back.

"Now, then, here's all you've got to do to earn this money. Listen."

Followed ten or fifteen minutes of steady and uninterrupted talk by the Colonel. The name of Two-spot Rust was mentioned frequently in that talk, and the words *bond*, *charge*, *court*, *judge* and *sheriff* occurred time and again. Then the Colonel leaned back in his chair.

"Well, what do you say?"

The young negro scratched a woolly head and was silent several moments. "You says, Cunnel, dat I looks like dis Two-spot you-all talk so much about?" he asked.

"You look as much like him as one little spud looks like another little spud. You're a dead ringer for him, Marmaduke."

"Wat'd you-all say he got 'rested fo'?"

"Oh, some kind of a fracas they had down by the lumber-docks back of Striker's mill—roughhousing, I think it was. It didn't amount to anything at all, but Ed Sperry got gay and pinched Two-spot."

Another interval of silence.

"Spose, Cunnel, the Jedge'd fin' me guilty and sock a fine on me—w'at den?"

"Oh, I'll pay the fine, I'll pay the fine! I forgot to speak of that. Of course, there'll be a little fine, but I'll pay that!"

"Outen dat t'ree hund'ed?"

"No, not a bit of it. I pay that out of my own pocket. You get the whole three hundred, just as it lies there—fifteen twenties."

"Spose the Jedge sends me to jail—puts me on the chain-gang—w'at den, Cunnel?"

"Piffle! They couldn't do that on this kind of a charge!"



"Jus' you-all wait, Miss Cordelia Shooney! Sumpin big's goin' to drap roun' heah right soon!"

"Yes sah, but 'spose it come, Cunnel—w'at den?"

"I tell you they wont! They can't! But listen here—if they should, it couldn't be at the most for more than thirty days! And I'll tell you what I'll do, Marmaduke: I'll pay you another hundred dollars for every thirty days you have to go to jail. What do you say to that kind of talk? That ought to show you that I'm not afraid of you getting jailed! You don't think I'd offer to pay a man three dollars a day to go to jail, do you, if there was any chance of his going there? Not much! I'm not that big a fool!"

Marmaduke mused and scratched a perplexed head. "I don't know, Cunnel," he said doubtfully. "I don't know 'bout dis business. I cert'nly need dat t'ree hund'ed dollahs—I need 'em bad, but it seems mighty resky, dog take it, if it don't!"

Colonel Harvey pushed the pile of bills forward until they touched the young man's hand. Marmaduke trembled; then he grinned.

"You-all says dis trial comes off on Friday?"

"Yes, day after tomorrow. You come here to my office on Friday morning, and I'll dress you up in some old clothes like the ones Two-spot always wore. Right after we get through over at the Courthouse,—and that wont take very long,—you can come back here and change."

"W'en you goin' to han' me dem bills?"

"The very minute we get through at the Courthouse—the minute we get our feet outside the building."

"But if dey takes me off to jail, Cunnel—w'at den?"

"Then I'll come down to the jail and slip you the three hundred, and just as soon as you've served your time, I'll slip you another hundred, if it's thirty days, and a hundred every thirty days as long as you stay in there. But don't you go counting on getting any more out of me than the three hundred, young man, for you're not! If I thought there was

any chance of my getting in the calaboose and my having to cough up a hundred a month, I'd drop this thing like I'd drop a hot potato. You bet I would!"

"I reckon I'll accept' yo' offah, Cunnel. I gotta own dat li'l ol' flivvah. I'll ask Majah Brooke to let me be off'm my job fo' Friday a half day, and I'll come down heah in the mo'nin'. But dog take it, Cunnel, if Majah Brooke gets to know—"

"Fshaw! How'll he learn? He's a rich man and stays in his own part of the city. You come on down here Friday morning—get here about eight. That's all for tonight."

The excited young negro went out

and closed the door behind him. Colonel Harvey leaned back in his chair and grinned. "Luck, nothing but luck!" he chuckled. "I'll save part of it, anyway!" he told himself contentedly. "If he should happen to be convicted, I'll—"

He checked his muttering. There was a noise outside the door; the door-knob was turning; the door slowly opened, and Marmaduke Bliss stuck his head in.

"Now what?" snapped Colonel Harvey.

"Cunnel, dat deppyty ma'shal w'at 'rested dat Two-spot boy—won' he be in the mix-up at the Cou'thouse, and won' he know I'se not dat Two-spot kid? How 'bout dat, Cunnel?"

"That's all right—I've thought of that and looked out for it," replied the Colonel, waving a fat hand. "It was Ed Sperry who did the arresting. But Ed went down-State several days ago

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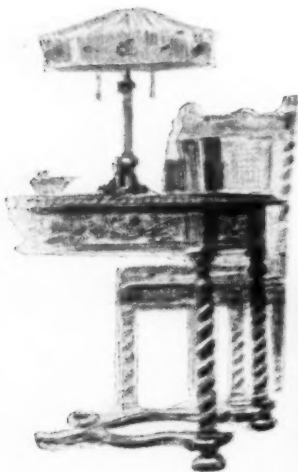
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on a fishing-trip and wont be back for a week. Gabe Ford is 'taking his place while he's away. Gabe hasn't been here very long. You don't know any fellow named Gabe Ford, do you?"

"No sah, I reckon not. Can't say so now."

"Then it will be all right—no danger at all."

Marmaduke withdrew again. In a minute he was back.

"Cunnel, w'at's dat Two-spot's othah name? 'Spose the jedge asks me w'at's my othah name—w'at den, Cunnel?"

"He wont. If he does, tell him you forgot it when you was a baby—tell him you don't know of any name you ever had but Two-spot."

Again the young man went out, this time to start for home.

"Jus' you wait, Jim Blood, you big hoodlum!" he whispered to himself as he walked along the street. "I'll mighty soon be compellin' you to hunt yo' propah speah!"

He came to a street-crossing that was brilliantly lighted by a flaming arc-light. There was an auto standing beneath the swinging lamp, and he heard the *clink-clink-clink* of a hammer on a tire rim.

"Hello, Dook!" some one shouted, and a gurgling of laughter followed the shout. He recognized the voice—it was Cordelia Shooney's.

"Hello, Dook! You ol' sta'spang'ed bamnah, how come you-all out so late by yo'self?" It was Jim Blood, grinning up from the tire with which he was working.

Marmaduke side-stepped, turned up a dark street and fled away. The laughter of the two beneath the arc-light continued to sound in his ears as he hurried on. He was glowing with resentment, hot with jealousy, burning with rage.

"Big hoodlum!" he growled. "Jus' you wait, Jim Blood—I'll take some of dat noise outen you!"

The next day he asked for and obtained permission to be absent from his work at Major Brooke's for a half-day on Friday. And that same day Cordelia Shooney took occasion to twit him unmercifully about his lack of sportiveness.

"You-all aint no spo't a-tall, Ma'maduke," she told him sneeringly. "W'y didn't you come on las' night and go out with Jim Blood and me fo' a li'l' joy-ride? Jim said he'd 'a' took you if you'd been a good spo't and come on w'en we said good-evenin' to you."

He tossed his head. "I reckon I don't wan' no Jim Blood a-tellin' me w'at I is or w'at I aint!" he snapped. "I knows w'at Jim Blood is—he's a lowdown, vulga' animal; dat's w'at Jim Blood is!"

"Jim Blood's got a ca' to take folkses out ridin' in, and dat's mo'n some folkses has got dat I happens to numbah among my 'quaintance."

"Jus' you-all wait, Miss Cordelia Shooney! Jus' you-all wait! Sumpin big's goin' to drap roun' heah right soon!"

"Yeah! I'd be ol' and dead if I waited fo' you to pull sumpin big, Ma'maduke Bliss. Biggest t'ing you evah did w'at I knows of was to buy two bottles of pop at oncet once!"

"Jus' you-all wait!" repeated Marmaduke satisfiedly. "I'll convict you right soon dat Jim Blood ain't the whole push w'en it comes to automobiles."

Cordelia Shooney sniffed and turned away to her work. "I likes you, Ma'maduke," she said over her shoulder, "but you is sho'ly one slow bus!"

"Jus' you-all wait!"

EIGHT O'CLOCK of Friday morning saw Marmaduke Bliss standing in the office of Harvey V. Harvey. He was holding at arm's length what appeared to be a bundle of unusually filthy rags. He had been holding them, staring at them with bewildered eyes, for so long that the Colonel had become nervous.

"Well, get a move on you, Marmaduke," he ordered.

"Cunnel—Cunnel, w'at in Sam Hill is dis?"

"That's the suit of clothes you are to put on and wear while you are playing the part of Two-spot Rust. Go over there behind that door and change."

The young man again looked at the bundle of rags he held, and shuddered. "Cunnel, dat's too much!" he moaned.

"I can't do it! Dat's too much to ask a wite man, let 'lone a cullud man with a reppytation! Dog take it, Cunnel, I'll be dogged if I puts 'em on!"

"What's the matter with you?" roared the Colonel. "Put 'em on! Put 'em on! I've worn worse clothes than that myself!"

"I'll be dogged if I puts 'em on! Cunnel, dey makes me faint-like!" He dropped the rags to the floor, leaned against the wall and closed his eyes.

The Colonel took a roll of bank-bills from his pocket and rattled them noisily. They were new and green and very crisp. "Here it is, waiting for you, young man," he said. "A half-hour in those clothes, and this wad of jack is all yours. Why, there isn't a man in St. Johnsville who wouldn't wear those duds for a half-hour if he knew he could make three hundred dollars by doing a little thing like that! I'd wear 'em myself for a week for three hundred dollars! Come on, come on—slip into them!"

Marmaduke looked at the roll of bills held so close to his face, and he licked his lips. He looked down at the bundle of filthy rags in his hand, and he shivered. He let his eyes wander over the bosom and sleeves of his pea-green shirt, over his white flannel trousers and his ox-blood shoes, and he moaned.

"I reckon I gotta do it, Cunnel, but dog take it, Cunnel, it's awful!" He disappeared behind a door opening into another room, whence presently came something that sounded much like a sob.

The metamorphosis behind the door was completed, and the transformed Marmaduke stepped into the room. The Colonel gave a shout, a cry of triumph.

"Suffering sassafras! Well, by gee-whizz!" he roared in delight. "Why, say, you look more like Two-spot Rust than he did himself! You're a prize, Marmaduke; you're a Blue Ribbon prize!"

The trousers that now clothed the thin legs of Two-spot Rust's double were worse than disreputable. They were soggy with dirt and grease; they were ripped and torn; they were ragged and patched, with the patches falling away; they were four sizes too large for the wearer, and they drooped behind and dragged below. The shoes on his feet, salvaged from a

neglected ash-barrel, had passed the last stage of demoralization. Heelless, toeless, tongueless, laceless, they but partly hid a pair of purple socks from the eyes of the world and afforded them but little protection from the ground. The shirt was a buttonless remnant of faded hickory, the coat a habiliment of woe, with a sleeve and most of the tail missing; the hat was a billycock gone bad, bad, bad.

"Cunnel, it's mo'n I can stan'!" whimpered the disguised one. There were tears in his eyes.

"Steady, boy! Steady!" cried the Colonel, as though he were training a nervous pointer pup. "It'll all be over in a few minutes. Sit down here, and I'll coach you on how you must conduct yourself in the courtroom, and how you are to answer the questions that may be put to you."

An hour of intensive training followed, with the weebegone Marmaduke, at its close, feeling his wits deserting him. He was rattled and confused, and already he felt fear, cold, clammy fear, gripping at his heart.

"Cunnel, I bet I'll make a mess of dis heah show! Dog take it, I bet I'll ball t'ings up! Le's not go on, Cunnel! I's sick!"

"Pshaw! What's the matter with you? You'll be all right, and I'll be right there with you all the time! Now we'll start. You follow along behind me about ten feet back. Come on."

They came to the Courthouse, and Marmaduke Bliss, with his heart pounding painfully beneath the dirty remnant of a shirt he wore, climbed the dark stairs to the courtroom close behind Colonel Harvey V. Harvey. It was his first sight of such a place, and it awed him, terrified him.

He found himself in a gloomy, high-ceilinged room of immense size. In one end of it he saw a white-haired man sitting behind a tall desk that stood on an elevated platform. That would be the judge, he told himself—a man to be afraid of. It was a judge, he remembered hearing his father say, who had sent Tobe Shooney to the chain-gang. He saw groups of men gathered about tables that stood in front of the judge's seat, and there was much talking and a great deal of noise in that part of the big room. Over in one corner he caught the gleam of brass buttons, and craning his neck, he beheld two stalwart policemen. He trembled anew. He wished he was out of the place. He had been a fool to listen to Colonel Harvey's offer! What was three hundred dollars, what was a shiny little automobile, to liberty and his own beautiful stylish clothes? Oh, if he had only stayed out of this!

He was standing back of the Colonel a few feet, hidden in a recess in the wall. He began to edge away little by little. If he could get out of there, he would—he'd make a dash for it. Suddenly the Colonel's hand shot out and seized his arm.

"Now, then—now, then!" whispered the Colonel. "Remember what I told you! Come on! Brace up!"

THEY started to move toward the judge's desk. He heard the name of Two-spot Rust spoken. He shivered as with a chill; his throat became dry, so

dry he couldn't swallow; he felt dizzy, and there was a rushing, roaring noise in his ears.

Indistinctly and without understanding he heard the words being spoken by some man near the judge: "cutting to wound," "Striker's dock," "Two-spot Rust," "no attorney," "no witnesses," "dismiss the case." What it was all about he had no idea. He wasn't sure whether somebody had asked him questions and he had replied to them, or whether he was still conning over the words Colonel Harvey had taught him. He heard the Colonel, who was standing very close to him, chuckling. He saw the white-haired judge looking at him, looking at him with a broad grin on his big smooth-shaven face. What was it all about? The ways of white men were past finding out.

"It's all over. Let's go," said the Colonel, touching his arm. And then things began to happen.

He saw a stout, red-faced man walking toward the judge's desk. Another man sitting at a table called out: "Hello, Ed, how's fishing down-State?" He heard Colonel Harvey gasp. He saw the red-faced man stop, and speak to some one at a table, and he saw him turn and stare.

"That man isn't Two-spot Rust!"

Pandemonium seemed to break loose about him. Men began to talk in loud voices; there was an uproar of laughter; the judge's white face had gone purple, and he was savagely beating his desk with a book. Colonel Harvey was vigorously mopping his fat face and his bald head with a red silk handkerchief.

He heard the red-faced man disputing with a black-mustached man.

"I tell you, it isn't Two-spot Rust!" shouted the red-faced one.

"I tell you, it is Two-spot Rust!" yelled the black-mustached one.

"Didn't I arrest Two-spot Rust?" roared Red-face. "Didn't I have him in charge two days? Didn't I let him out on bail?"

"You're crazy!", screamed Black-mustache.

Red-face strode across to Marmaduke Bliss, grabbed the young man's quivering chin, and jerked his mouth open. "Gold tooth!" he cried. "Gold tooth! Two-spot Rust didn't have any gold tooth! He didn't have any teeth at all—just snaes!"

More noise, more laughter, more loud talking, more pounding with the book by the purple-faced judge. He heard inarticulate sounds coming from the throat of Colonel Harvey. He himself could scarcely breathe; he was afraid some of his clothes would drop off, so violently was he trembling; the roaring noise in his head was almost unbearable.

The judge was speaking. The Colonel had left him and was standing in front of his high desk. He caught the sputtering words of the judge: "Harvey V. Harvey, I'll fine you three hundred dollars for contempt of court, and I ought to send you to jail! I believe I'll do it, too!" The anger in the judge's voice was very terrible. Marmaduke edged away, edged away a little farther—he was slowly withdrawing himself from the center of the crowd of men in which he stood, and no one seemed to be noticing him. He saw a little door in the wall just back

of the judge's desk. All of his attention became focused on that door.

The judge was speaking again, in that same terrifying voice—something about the "man who assisted you in your attempt to perpetrate this outrageous deception! Where is he? Bring him before me! I'll send him to the chain-gang for a hundred years!"

MARMADUKE darted for the little door behind the judge's desk. Hands reached out to stop him, but he slipped through them, gained the door and poured through it. He found himself in a room the walls of which were hidden by tall cases filled with books. There was no one there. He hesitated just for a second, and then as the sound of pursuing footsteps came to his ears, he slipped behind a tall bookcase that stood out from the wall a few feet. He would hide there—there was no other place.

Behind the case he spied an opening in the floor, a descending flight of narrow stairs. He was in the judge's private office, and he had blundered upon that official's private stairway. Down it he plunged, taking two, three, four steps at a leap, slipping and sliding and falling. He reached the bottom, saw a door before him and pushed it open. A man sat reading a newspaper at a desk. He glanced up.

"G'outa here, you!" he snarled.

Marmaduke got out, got out with celerity, and fled on. Far ahead of him, down a long, dark corridor, he saw an open door and daylight. He made toward it with all the speed he could muster, gained it and shot out into the open, into the yard in which the Courthouse stood.

Without pausing to take note of direction, he fled on, reached the street, crossed it, turned into an alley and ran its length, crossed another street, turned into another alley and ran its length, came to another street, and ran on and on.

Run! Run! Run! A hundred years in the chain-gang! He heard the judge's awful words sounding in his ears. Oh, to get away and hide! Why had he ever listened to the alluring words of Colonel Harvey?

Run! Run! Run! A hundred years in the chain-gang! Tobe Shooney had been in the chain-gang a hundred days, and they had nearly killed him! The horror of it! And he had brought this upon him by hoping for something he should never have given a thought to—a little car to take Cordelia Shooney out riding in!

Run! Run! Run! Through alleys where startled dogs fled away from him, too scared to bark. Through streets where children dropped their play and stared after him, where drivers of wagons pulled in their horses and looked back at him, roaring with laughter, where women screamed, where old men stopped and asked: "What was that went by just then?"

Run! Run! Run! A hundred years in the chain-gang! Through vacant lots, through yards, down little paths, along the river-bank and back into streets and alleys to avoid bluecoated policemen who appeared everywhere. Run! Run! Run!

He had never run so fast nor so far nor for so long a time in all his young

life. He had never known he could run so fast, so far, for so long a time. Two hours before, he would have said such an accomplishment as this was impossible with him. He was sweating profusely; he was breathing hard; his heart was pounding noisily. He had lost the battered billycock hat which Colonel Harvey had set upon his woolly head; both of the ancient broken brogans had been left on the judge's private stairway, and he ran in purple socks; the sorry trousers, four sizes too large for his spare frame, had cast their waist fastenings, and he was compelled to hold them up with both hands as he ran; in some mysterious way the tailless coat had found a tail that streamed out behind him, wig-wagging untranslatable signals of distress.

A hundred years in the chain-gang! Would this last street into which he had dodged out of sight of two guardians of the law never have a turning? Was there not an alley somewhere, a vacant lot? Ah, here was a cross-street! He wheeled about the corner. In front of him, drawn up to the curb, was a mud-spattered near-truck. A young negro was on his knees at its side, tightening a nut on a tire-rim, and a trim young negro girl stood by, watching the work under way. He tried to swerve away from the pair, to cross the street, but stumbling over a water plug, he fell sprawling near them.

THE young woman looked, threw up her hands and screamed. "Dook! You Dook!" she cried.

The young man dropped his wrench and straightened up. "Fo' the luva Jee-hossyfah, Dook, w'at's goin' on heah?" he demanded.

"Take me home, Jim! Please take me home in youah ca'!" pleaded the fallen runner, dragging himself to his knees. "Dey's aftah me—the p'lice! Take me home, Jim!"

"I'll do that jus', Dook! Pile in the back pa't of the truck and lay down flat on dem bags. Nobody'll see you! Pile in—dat's it!" Jim Blood was all sympathy.

The fugitive climbed into the box of the truck and flattened out on the bottom. Jim Blood threw an armful of fertilizer-bags over him. The bags had recently held fertilizer which Jim Blood had been delivering, and there had been not a little of it left in the sacks when they were emptied. It sifted out upon the hider, stuck to his sweaty skin, fell into his mouth and was carried by his sobbing breathing into his throat and lungs. It was vile, nasty-tasting stuff, and it made him sick. But he lay very quiet making not a move. Jim Blood assisted Cordelia Shooney to a seat in the car and climbed in and sat down beside her.

The run to Marmaduke's home was a swift one. With rare thoughtfulness Jim took his car up an alley running back of the Bliss homestead.

"File out, Dook!" he whispered as he brought the truck to a stop. "You can sneak in the back way, and nobody wont see you a-tall! Duck down, Dook, kinda low-like! So long, Dook—I'll see you soon."

Cordelia Shooney, with a mixture of wonder, pity, disgust and sorrow in her great dark eyes, gazed after the shattered

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Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails ?



Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.



With cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail, pushing back the cuticle

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You can easily have lovely hands

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will prevent hangnails and rough places.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when

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you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

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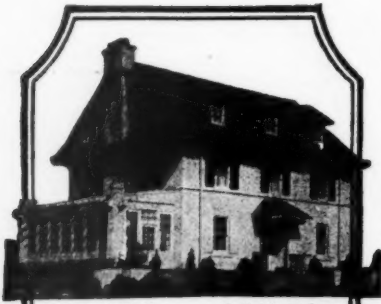
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figure of Marmaduke Bliss as he crept up the garden path.

"Let's go f'om heah, Jim!" she said, shuddering. "Sich goin'-ons like dis makes me sick all ovah!"

NEXT morning Marmaduke arose early and shaved and dressed. He put on black trousers and a black coat, black socks and black shoes, a shirt with black stripes, a black bow tie, and from a closet he took a black hat.

From one of his front teeth he removed a loose-fitting gold cap which he tossed out of a window. Then he went into the kitchen and ate the substantial breakfast his mother had prepared for him, after which he departed for Major Brooke's.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when Cordelia Shoonery heard the story of his adventures of the previous day.

"You gone and done all dat fo' me, Dook?" she whispered.

"Suah!"

"Willin' to go in the chain-gang fo' me, ahtah you knowed how dey banged my paw 'bout?"

"Suah! W'y, Cordelia, I'd do jus' mos' any ol' t'ing fo' youah sake, dog take it, I would!"

"Ma'maduke Bliss, I jus' wish to express my say dat dat was suah some sacky-fuss! Dat's the nobles' ack I evah knowed of in my life!"

"Deely!"

"Dooky!"

Two hours later they were hidden from the sight of prying eyes in the Major's rose-garden near the high brick wall that ran down to the river's edge. Cordelia carried a broom; Marmaduke held a shoe-polisher in one hand, a shoe belonging to Major Brooke in the other.

He laid down the polisher and with his free hand drew the unresisting girl to him and kissed her.

They heard footsteps on the other side of the brick wall.

"Wondah who dat can be," said the girl. She jumped upon a bench and looked over the top of the wall. A huge black negro was coming up from the river, carrying a dripping jute bag on his back. She drew up her broom, lifted it over the wall and jabbed it down upon the man's head as he passed below her.

"Hey! Who dat bashin' my bean like dat?" roared the big man, pushing his hat from over his eyes and looking up. He saw the laughing face of the young girl, and he began to grin.

"W'at you-all got in dat sack, Mistah Bliss?" asked the girl.

"Catfishes, Deely—twenty-nine big fat catfishes!"

"Oh, my! I knows a place I'd like to eat suppah tonight!"

"Come on ovah and eat suppah at ouah place, Deely. Hello, Dooky! Dooky, he don't like catfishes, Deely! He says catfishes is vulga! Yah, yah, yah!"

"Not no mo' I don't, Paw! Not no mo'! Will you go, Deely, will you? I'll come on right down, Paw, and help you skin 'em. I's mos' done heah."

"All right, come on, two of you," said the big man amiably, shouldering his bag and moving away.

The two on the bench looked at each other. Then the young man spoke.

"We'll tell 'em at the suppah-table, eh, Deely?"

"Uh-huh!"

"My, I suttlny does like catfish, don't you?"

"Does I? Mm-m-m-m!"

RASTUS EARNS HIS SLEEP

(Continued from page 82)

thoroughly into the briar-patch, and then took Wolf to a rail fence not far away and held him up to run his nose along that, on a chance that somehow the 'coon had reached it and run along it to conceal its scent. The rail was "cold." Back Wolf tore to the briar-patch, his instinct telling him Rastus must be there. Suddenly he whined and tore along a new scent—from the briar-patch to—to the little pond! The pond had an outlet brook. Rastus had escaped! Not a hundred yards down that brook the thick woods began, and the 'coon could have gone up directly from the water into any one of scores of trees, and traveled thenceforth far above the ground.

The man went back,—leaving poor Wolf to circle the pond over and over like a whining merry-go-round,—picked up his lantern and proceeded to a thorough investigation of the briar-patch. Quite concealed within it was a small flat rock, and under this rock a natural cave into which a woodchuck had burrowed. Going through the tangle, you could step on the rock but you could not step into the hole, for it was covered by the overhanging of the stone.

Wolf knew that his particular quarry had gone toward the pond. So master and dog, at two in the morning, returned

slowly and empty-handed across the fields, frosted and cold to the feet, under the chill October moon.

That was their last encounter with Rastus. When winter came on, Rastus decided to den up in his rock-cave at first, but a warm, melty day precipitated the same sort of trickle through a crack that had made an ice-cake over his father's tail, necessitating an heroic operation; so Rastus, being wiser, forsook the den, taking his mate with him, and two of the children also, who had stuck around with the old folks. They climbed out on the damp snow, foraged a bit for food and came to the great chestnut which was hollow at its first fork, high above the ground.

Up it they went, one by one, and into the hole above the spring of the huge limb, a hole invisible from the ground. Inside the hollow were five other 'coons who stirred wakefully at the arrival of the newcomers, for the day was warm, but offered no resistance. Working into such nooks and corners of the interior as were not occupied by 'coons, Rastus and his family likewise settled down, curling into balls, and closed their eyes against the return of spring. And Rastus, at least, I think you will agree, had earned the right to leave no call.



A King and His Court



T has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. He reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky.

Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

Besides being so effective for King Baby, mothers find Resinol Soap delightful for preserving and improving their own complexions. Use it as directed and see if you cannot feel how much easier the pores breathe, after being refreshed by its soothing, cleansing ingredients.

For the daily bath Father declares there is nothing more stimulating. He also says Resinol Shaving Stick is the best ever because it leaves his face free from the dry, burning, after-shaving effects.

RESINOL SOAP

At all drug and toilet goods counters.
Trial Free. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



THE DEVIL'S DOLL

(Continued from page 27)

ceasing monologue, and was only vaguely aware that he had been speaking. She had surrendered herself utterly to the glory of the untrammelled freedom of her eyes, which had traveled to where a hundred miles westward a giant mountain reared itself softly against the sky-line in aloof and solemn mystery.

"And then," ululated Alf, "if the first picture's a success, we'll get married—maybe."

Daise's eyes were still a hundred miles away. Her thoughts, if she had any, were even farther—out beyond the purple rim of the world, reaching helplessly toward what we call heaven. So she missed the import of what Alf was saying, and which was so contrary to what she had prophesied to Laura, and merely answered with a mechanical: "Yes."

"That's a darling!" whispered Alf, giving her a squeeze. "Go ahead, Pierre."

So they plunged over the crest, passed "the line" with its striped barber-pole showing where Maine ends and Canada begins, and coasted down through the wild and tangled undergrowth by gravity, their engine still, and with only the crunch of the tires to break the forest silence. To Daise it was like being wafted upon an enchanted carpet through the sky. Swiftly they descended, leaving mile after mile behind them. The woods became more open; the road widened into a highway; it began to be hot; she threw off her cloak. The mountains had disappeared, so had the giant trees. The landscape shimmered in a haze of heat in which an occasional cow sought refuge by a clump of alders. They were in a broad, almost level valley, cleared of trees and divided into squares by fences of stone. At intervals a thin spire pierced the sky and the dazzling glow below showed where the sun fell upon the gilded roof of a church. The land seemed desolate and dead.

"Gee!" remarked Daise with feeling. "This is like Times Square in August! It was all right up there on top, but this is something fierce! Say, Alf, have you got anything to eat? I'm famished."

De Myer shook his head.

"Sorry," he answered mournfully. "I haven't even got a lemon; but there's a town along here somewhere, I guess—Hit it up, Pierre. Take us to the Ritz-Carlton!"

Presently they passed some squalid, scattered houses where pigs and hens were disporting themselves in the shade beneath the elevated piazzas, and entered the narrow cobbled streets of the little French-Canadian village of Sainte Marguerite.

"Good Lord, what a place!" ejaculated Alf.

At that precise moment the Rozier came to a gentle stop of its own accord. Pierre climbed down and opened the hood.

"Il n'y a pas de gaz!" he remarked shortly. "Ze matter is in the carbora-teur. It is necessary that I take it off!"

Father Sansregret carefully descended the wooden steps of Madame Thébaud's *maison de pension* and raised his black

cotton umbrella against the eye-stabbing noonday glare. Madame Thébaud was fading very fast, being now in her ninety-third year, and her "house of boarding" had had no guest within years, for she had been bedridden for over a decade. Nevertheless the sign still remained. Things did not change in Ste. Marguerite sur Chaudière. Even the tortoise-shell cat on the stoop opposite—that of M. Rousseau, the *avocat*—had always been there, busy as now with insatiable washing; and the same chickens had scratched and flopped in the dust beneath the lawyer's piazza.

The only thing that happened now in Ste. Marguerite was death: nobody was ever born there any more; and they rarely died, except of old age. But Father Sansregret was nevertheless always extremely busy. To him life in the little village was full of beauty and replete with interest. It had always been so, ever since he had been sent there on his graduation from college forty years before, and his seventy-six years had been crowded with piety and good works. There was not a soul in all the upper Chaudière Valley who did not know and love Father Sansregret—hardly an animal, in fact, for it was he who had put in the water-barrel at the crossroads on the long stretch to St. Pierre.

"They will come sometime," he assured old Vital La Fortune, the *charbonnier*. "By and by, when the lower valley gets too full, we shall have a wave of immigration from Quebec. You will see. Then I shall have a full-robed choir again as I did in 1889, and perhaps be able to gild the roof of the church that it may reflect the glory of God."

THE aged Vital did not reply. He was a crafty octogenarian who said little. Twice he had visited Montreal, and compared with the saintly priest he was a worldly-wise person. He knew well that the choir would not come back nor the roof be gilded. But he would not discourage Father Sansregret.

The priest, his head surrounded by a nimbus of dust, lifting his cassock from the road with one hand and holding up his umbrella with the other, walked slowly down the street, passing in turn the houses of M. Massicotte the *agent d'assurance*, of Pellier the saddler, of Bellefeuille the *cordonnier*, until he came to that of Pouliot the *tailleur*, where a great pair of slightly tarnished golden scissors swung above the sidewalk. The shades were down, and hanging grotesquely from the doorknob in lieu of crape was a pitiful little insignia of mourning—a bow with dangling streamers made of tissue paper. The golden shears of Clyte had severed the silver thread of Pouliot's youngest child. Father Sansregret went in.

There were those in Ste. Marguerite who secretly thought that the good priest was sadly behind the times. Les Dames Pennault, for instance, who sold "cigars, soft drinks, raw furs and horse-remedies," had a brother who lived down the river at St. Phillippe, whom they visited



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New-Skin is a preventive and a protection. It is anti-septic, and it forms a covering that keeps out the germs.

Have it on hand and use it promptly when required.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

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Made by L.T. PIV&R, Paris France

Fragrant in its Greeting—
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EXTRACT
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TOILET WATER
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15 cents brings a delectable
BEAUTY BOX—each containing
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How to wash your woollens

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water, and then add cold water till lukewarm. Work woollens up and down in the suds. Squeeze the rich lather again and again through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. This leaves wool softer and fluffier. Run blankets through a loose wringer and hang in the shade to dry, in a moderate atmosphere. Spread sweaters on a towel.

No more dingy corners on your blankets

HOW you used to avoid the thought! When you came upon dingy corners where those precious blankets would trail on the floor, and dim edges where they tucked themselves in—you shut your eyes! If they had to lose their luxurious softness, their warm fluffiness in the laundry, it was going to be the last minute possible.

But to-day there's no need for pretending. With Lux you can wash your big, handsome blankets as often as you like!

Just the purest bubbling suds. There's not a particle of hard cake soap to stick to the fuzzy wool

ends and never be washed out! Not a mite of rubbing to twist and mat the delicate wool fibres!

You souse your beautiful blankets up and down in the rich suds. You press the cleansing lather through and through, and every speck of dirt is whisked away with the rich bubbling suds.

They'll come out downy and snug. The Lux way is so gentle and so careful. You always know just how nice and soft and fluffy your winter covers are going to be. You can get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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Lux was specially made for all fine things

Crêpes de Chine
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Sealpax is laundered to a snowy whiteness, and comes to you fresh and spotless in the Sanitary Sealpax Envelope. Get it today—and laugh at the thermometer! Write for "The Sealpax Family Booklet."

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"Lady Sealpax"
Dainty Athletic Underwear for
Every Woman Every Day

"Little Brother
and Little Sister Sealpax"
Dad's Comfort for Dad's Kids



IT'S COOL

IT'S CLEAN

occasionally, and they brought back wild stories of "cinemas" and "les milles des autos." As yet there was no motor in Ste. Marguerite, although Roul Greve, on account of the many which went knocking through the town, had put in a tank with a red pump and hung out a sign over his stable door: "Gazoline et accessoires d'auto." There were no accessories, however. The most progressive inhabitant dealt exclusively in "pompes funebres" but who had now become a "marchand general" with a sign announcing that "Mon-plaisir Sells Progress Clothes," and who had leased to an advertising agent the privilege of erecting another in his front yard reading "Chiquez le tabac Cut Plug." As a whole, however, the townsfolk were fairly conservative.

YET save in the desiccating heat of mid-summer, Ste. Marguerite was by no means without touches that caught and even charmed the eye. In the first place all the houses had roofs built with curving eaves, so that they had the look of wearing conical hats with turned-up brims. This gave the town a certain air of gayety, as did the plant-stands on every piazza filled with red geraniums, begonias and fuchsias. These piazzas are a feature of French-Canadian villages, being affixed high up against the fronts of the houses like shelves, so that they may be securely above the level of the snow in winter; and at other times they offer a fine chance to lay out the washing, which in midweek splashes the street with color.

Moreover, Ste. Marguerite is a social place, where the old women sit with their spinning-wheels in the doorways, and the young ones carry their sewing-machines out under the trees, while the old men play chess right in the middle of the sidewalk. The houses are of varying colors, in accordance with the individual taste of the owners; but none are as daring as the widow Lariouette, who recently affected a bright pink, though she claims the paint was sent up from St. Pierre against her wishes and that she had the Hobson's choice of being obliged either to use it or have it wasted. And then something of Ste. Marguerite may be inferred from the fact that the inhabitants called their *pont de plage* (or toll-bridge) "Anne Marie."

Father Sansregret came out of the Maison Pouliot and started toward the sacristy with a heavy heart. He was feeling his years, and he had a long afternoon before him. Besides, he could not withstand the heat as well as of yore, and he dreaded the long walk across "Anne Marie" necessary to visit poor Louis Hetu, whose legs had been crushed in the spring log-jam and had both been amputated just below the knees. Madame Hetu did her best to get along, but it was a house haunted by irreparable poverty in spite of Louis' brave effort to be cheerful.

The priest must also have a serious talk with Roger Grodine, who ran the *pharmacie* and who had taken to the habit of consuming his own drugs; and he owed a call to Madame St. Armand, who, although almost literally starving, was so proud that he was in despair of doing anything for her. There were many cripples thereabout, men who had been injured in

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From actual photograph taken in the Edison Shop, Fifth Ave., New York, when Messrs. Bingham, Farnsworth and Follett came in and asked to hear the Realism Test.

Noted Psychologists try the Realism Test

Get remarkable and enjoyable sensation from Mr. Edison's unique musical experiment

IT was in that temple of music—the Edison Shop on Fifth Avenue, New York. The great rear hall, semi-visible through half-open doors, was steeped in a profound hush. A voice drifted to my ears from within—a voice lovely and full, vibrant with a depth of feeling. I recognized the first, appealing notes of a beloved ballad.

The exquisite beauty of the music instinctively drew my eyes through the doors—that I might gaze upon the singer. Instead, I beheld three men seated before a stately Chippendale cabinet. Their heads were bowed. The magic spell of the beautiful song was full upon them.

.....The music died away. The three men sat on in silence. They were lost in reverie.

Finally one found his voice: "I could have sworn there was a living singer behind me. It was marvelous. Carried me back to a certain summer I spent in my youth."

The second stirred himself: "I felt the presence of a living singer. She was singing—free and unrestrained.

The accompaniment seemed by a separate instrument."

The third spoke up: "The music filled my mind with thoughts of peace and beauty."

The Realism Test

IT was Mr. Edison's unique Realism Test—given specially for three men of international renown in art and science. The man who first spoke was Dr. W. V. Bingham, Director of the Department of Applied Psychology, Carnegie Institute of Technology. His two colleagues were Prof. C. H. Farnsworth, Director of the Department of Music, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Wilson Follett, Esq., distinguished author and music critic. Perhaps no other three men could be found in America, who have delved so deeply into that fascinating subject of research: *How does music exert its strange power on our minds and emotions?*

Perhaps no similar group of men could combine, to an equal degree, the viewpoint of scientist, musician, and music-lover.

The test was to determine scientifically the emotional reactions produced by the realism of Mr. Edison's new phonograph.

The reactions of these highly critical minds demonstrated that Mr. Edison has succeeded in devising a new and fascinating way for you to judge the New Edison. It brings into play your whole temperament and your fullest capacity to feel the finer emotions.

Would you like to try the same test?

THE Edison dealer in your city is equipped to give you the Realism Test. Look for his announcement, or if you do not know who he is, write us for his name.

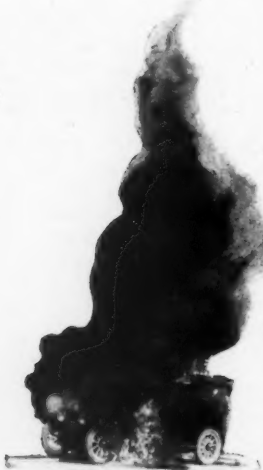
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ATLANTA CHICAGO KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

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the big woods or on the river, and the families had a hard time to keep body and soul together. The nearest home was thirty miles away. Poverty was the curse of the land, and Father Sansregret had practically nothing with which to relieve it. The little that he had was quickly exhausted for medicines, travel, or a bit of nourishing food given here and there with meticulous discretion.

Yet Father Sansregret was content with the knowledge that he was living a life of service and fulfilling his vocation without thought of earthly reward. Heaven seemed seemingly very near to him; and he seemed nearer than ever; and by the trick of the northern atmosphere the earth of the sky bent low above Ste. Mary's. He seemed to caress it with a loving touch. Next to looking at little children—particularly those who carried blue umbrellas under which one had to pass to see who they were—Father Sansregret liked to look at the sky. And just as he liked to look at the little children and the sky which he filled with countless angels, so people liked to gaze into his kind old face with its patient, faded eyes, for they saw there all that the children and the angels had taught him of tolerance, devotion, sympathy and self-sacrifice, and it gave them courage and cheerfulness to endure the gray rigor of their lives.

And then suddenly Father Sansregret came face to face with an angel.

SHE was far more beautiful than any angel of whom he had ever dreamed, and he could scarcely believe his eyes. Neither did he notice her costume, but the loveliness of her hair and skin and the celestial purity of her delicately molded features.

"Beg pardon," said the angel in silver tones, "but could you tell me if there is a hotel here?"

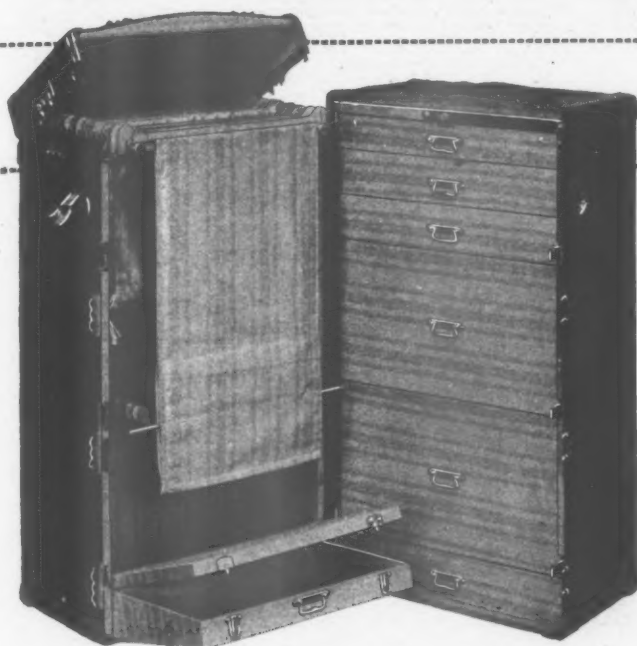
Then Father Sansregret, perceiving that the angel had a stomach, came to himself and raised his broad-brimmed hat high above his head.

"Alas, mademoiselle," he replied in his best seminary English, "one has no hotel, and the *maison de pension* of Madame Thébaut is no longer in operation."

The heart of Father Sansregret was rent with anguish. He knew that the village offered practically nothing in the way of sustenance. Stale bread might perhaps be obtained of Picot the *boulangier*; fly-blown candy doubtless of les Dames Penault, but nothing fit for this child of grace, and her companions. Father Sansregret became possessed of a mad idea. It was his own dinner-time; and Celeste the aged maid of all work, who came before breakfast and went away in the afternoon, was in the kitchen. Could he? Was it not proper under all the circumstances? Guilty of the sin of selfishness, Father Sansregret decided *ex cathedra* in his own favor.

Would Madame and her friends do him the honor to share his very simple *déjeuner*?

Daise clasped her hands ecstatically. Had Father Sansregret been other than what he was, she would have probably embraced him. In her sporadic school-days she had taken a few French lessons, and her trifling acquaintance with the language



Is travel comfort worth a thought about your luggage

PACKING ought not to be the nuisance it so often is. Nor should you be forced to have everything pressed the minute you open your trunk.

Yet thousands of men and women go through this same thing trip after trip—and never seem to realize what a Belber Wardrobe Trunk could do for them.

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People who know *values*—and that the dearest dollar in the world is the one "saved" by buying inferior goods.

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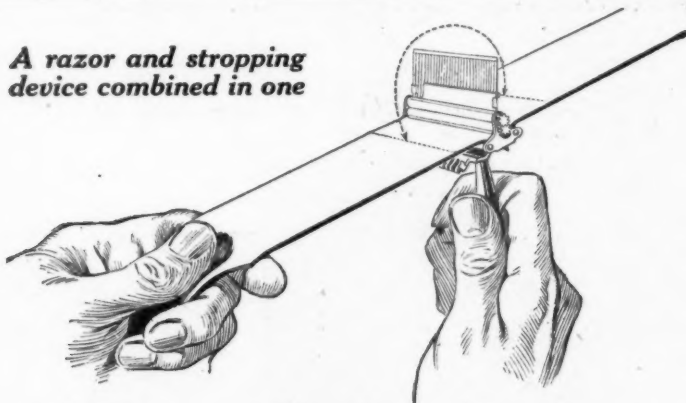
For description of the Wardrobe Trunk shown above, write for Booklet E
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TRAVELING GOODS

A razor and stropping device combined in one



A "new" sharp edge every day

No "pull," no "scrape" with this unique razor

DOES your safety razor blade grow duller and duller with each shave until you cannot stand it any longer? Do you have endless bother and expense with new blades? If so, you are paying the penalty of shaving with an *unstropped* edge.

Look at an *unstropped* razor blade under a microscope and you will see small "saw-teeth," *bent out of alignment*. These *irregular* teeth "catch" in the beard, "scrape" the skin and "pull" the tiny hair follicles.

You don't need to put up with this discomfort—nor with the bother and expense of using a

new blade every so often. You can avoid all the drawbacks of the ordinary safety razor if you use the AutoStrop Razor.

Because of its unique, patented design, the AutoStrop Razor can be stropped *without even removing the blade*. Just slip the strop through the razor head. Give the razor a dozen quick passes over the strop. In ten seconds you have a "new" sharp shaving edge! 500 smooth cool shaves are *guaranteed* from each package of blades.

Get an AutoStrop Razor today and know the joy of a "new" sharp edge every morning! Ask your dealer about the free trial.

AutoStrop Razor —sharpens itself



guage had been somewhat enlarged by her contact with Lucile.

"Merci!" she cried. "Thank you so much!"

"It is nothing," he declared, bending upon her a glance of benediction. "It will give an old man much of pleasure!"

It was less than half an hour later that word leaped down the village street—brought first by little Facheite, the daughter of Sorel the *épicer*—that Father Sansregret was entertaining at *déjeuner* an American madame and monsieur in the summerhouse on the lawn of the sacristy. Such a thing had never been known before.

Sometimes on very hot evenings the good father had had Celeste bring him meager supper to the summerhouse, where there was a small round wooden table upon which he could afterward do his writing. Upon this Celeste, under his instructions, laid the tablecloth and prepared places for the distinguished guests, and here he now conducted the embarrassed Alfred and the charmed and delighted Daise. He did not join them at table. Indeed, apart from church proprieties, to do so would have been to emphasize too patently the fact that there was not enough food for three. So Father Sansregret went without his *déjeuner*, as he had so often done before for the sake of other undeserving persons.

"Will you not seat yourself here, Madame—with the light behind you?" he invited her. "And your husband there! Good!"

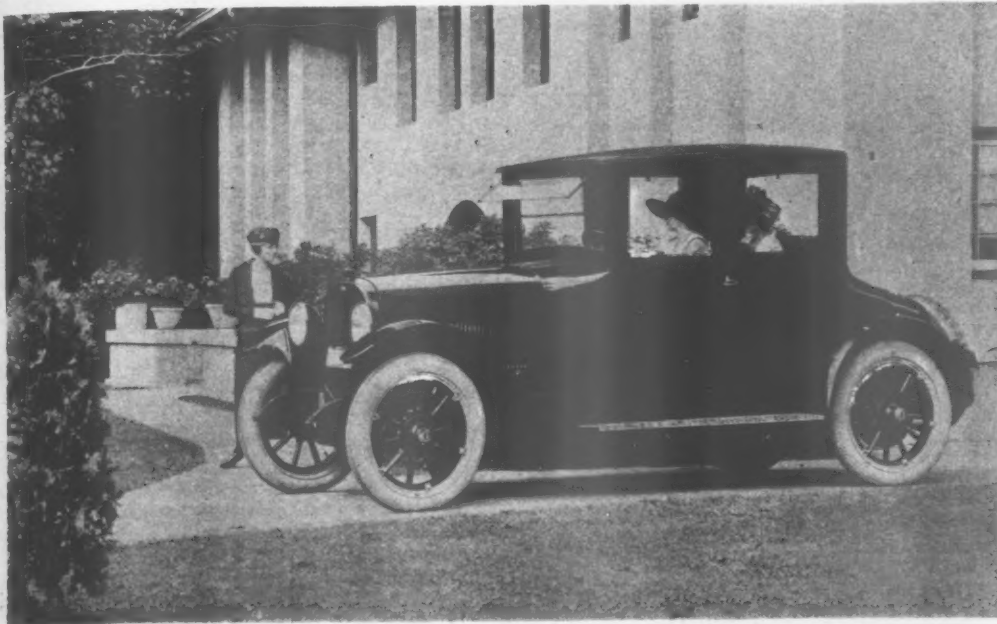
He took off his hat and gently fanned himself, standing beside them and smiling hospitably. Daise was struck more than ever with the nobility of his face, the saintliness of his expression, the sweetness and kindness in his faded eyes. What a wonderful old man! And by his very presence the dingy summerhouse acquired for her the sanctity of a place of worship where no sordid idea, no selfish motive, no evil thought could enter. With his glance upon her, she felt as she had in the cathedral of the woods, lifted out of herself, cleansed of her worldliness, protected and at peace. And he for his part, gazing upon her entrancing loveliness, felt elevated and strengthened. Between them flowed a mysterious spiritual communion, his beauty reacting to hers. "Daughter!" was his unformulated thought. "Father!" was hers.

Father Sansregret had too much courtesy to overlook Alf's claims as the angel's husband, and from time to time sought to include him in the conversation, greatly to Alf's embarrassment, for the priest spoke quite naturally and as of course concerning things which on Broadway were usually not mentioned except in jest. Alf, however, having checked his appetite just in time to duck his fat round head while Father Sansregret had asked the blessing, was so much engrossed in doing justice to the excellent meal of chicken, omelette, potatoes, cheese and coffee which Celeste set before them, that he paid little attention to the priest's talk.

Looking from one to the other, Father Sansregret began to speak of things that were always in his mind and heart—simple things, very real to him.

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Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



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*A Hercules Glazier
Entering Top of
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The Powder Maker

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The characteristics which fit him for his work are as largely mental as physical, and the work itself develops his acuteness of mind—his powers of observation, judgment, and decision.

The powder worker trained in the school of the Hercules plants learns to take in all his surroundings at a glance. If he enters one of the small buildings on a dynamite or black powder line nothing escapes him. He sees instantly many things which the casual observer might gaze at for minutes without noticing.

A large part of the explosives used in the United States, and much that is used in foreign countries, is made by the men in twelve Hercules plants—four for dynamite and eight for black blasting powder.

Behind all our manufacturing industries and our railroads, behind all the useful and beautiful objects fashioned out of metals—from hob nails to scarf pins, and from steam shovels to limousines—stands the powder worker. Without the explosives he supplies—hundreds of millions of pounds annually—the miner's efforts to move the vast inert bodies of ore and coal would be as futile as the scratching of hands.

HERCULES POWDER CO.



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and, he assumed, real to them—of the love of God, and of the holiness of the sacrament of marriage, and of the blessedness of service. He had said the same things hundreds if not thousands of times before to the children of the Chaudron, and because he believed them and because their simple beauty was like the beauty of his face, his children had believed them too. So Daise, regarding the old man whom she had never seen before and would probably never see again, with a reverence approaching awe, and with a strange impulsive affection, believed also for they brought with them a faint echo of the things she had heard as a child and as a child believed.

He spoke of God's love and how only our own reluctance to accept it stands between his children and eternal happiness; he spoke of the joy of sacrifice and repentance; and there descended upon the shabby little summerhouse an atmosphere as different from that in which Daise had lived during the past few years of her success as the fresh, cool breath of the wilderness had been from that of the stuffy atmosphere of the sleeping-car. Herself worshiped by worshipers of the beautiful, Daise knelt at the shrine of the spiritual beauty of Father Sansregret, and the words that came from his lips fell like a benediction upon her heart, banal, trite though they may have been, yet made beautiful by his faith.

"God is all-powerful!" he sighed. "He wants our hearts, and we do not wish to give them. This is a mystery!"

Daise tried to understand, and wondering, gazed across the table at Alf and thought of her own heart.

Father Sansregret followed her eyes with his own and smiled.

"Ah, monsieur!" he continued gently, while Alf choked over a piece of cheese. "what a blessed and symbolic mystery also is the love between husband and wife! These things are too wonderful for our comprehension! Yet looking at the happiness in Madame's face, I perceive there all the heavenly and tender things your love for her has put there!"

He raised his eyes, and Alf seized the opportunity to give her a shamefaced grin. It was as if he had defied the simple purity of the priest, and it revolted her. What a rotten, dirty little bounder he was! How could she have—

She turned away from him in disgust and rested her eyes upon the face of the priest. If only she could learn from him the secret of happiness! Under her questions Father Sansregret opened his own heart to hers and told her the whole story of his life in the village and its needs. Strangers rarely came to Ste. Marguerite, and when they did, their mission was almost never ecclesiastic, their business usually being to dispose of out-of-date stock to the Penaults and Mounplaisir.

With little opportunity to converse with anybody from the outside world, never had he had so entrancing a listener. So his old tongue wagged as it had not for many a day while he told of the difficulties and hardships of life in the valley, of the inevitable poverty and distress of those who suffered misfortune, of the lack of medical assistance, and extolled the loyal devotion of his flock.

"Mais," he smiled with an almost child-



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ish assurance, "some day things will be different. No doubt a hundred years from now we will have hospitals, schools, a railroad and no more poverty in the district."

"A hundred years!" murmured Daise, puzzled.

"God moves in His own time," he answered. "I but lay the foundation. My successors will build upon it!"

THEY had arisen from the table and were standing on the parched grass of the sacristy lawn. Two little children, each with a black cotton umbrella, approached bashfully, their faces bursting into smiles at the sight of Father Sansregret.

"*Bonjour, Angelique! Bonjour, Raoul!*" he called lightly to them, and the boy doffed his cap and the girl dropped a diminutive curtsy. "Tell your mother I am coming to see her soon!"

They were, he explained, two of his smaller parishioners whose father had been killed the winter before by the fall of a tree. Apparently Father Sansregret took as much interest in the family as if it were his own. Behind them Daise could hear Alf muttering something about their getting along toward Quebec. She shot an indignant glance at him, much as if he had been guilty of a crass irreverence.

Father Sansregret turned quickly to her.

"Madame and her husband will doubtless desire to continue their journey. It is far to Quebec. I must not detain you, although I should wish to show you my church!"

"Much obliged," remarked Alf, shouldering himself into the conversation, "but we've got to beat it. As you say, it's some ride to the St. Lawrence!"

Daise faced him wrathfully.

"Can it!" she whispered fiercely. "Go on if you want to; but I'm going to give this place the once-over! I guess Quebec can wait a couple of hours!"

Alf flushed but retreated.

"All right!" he muttered. "Have it your own way."

Father Sansregret held out his hand.

"I must myself go a long journey this afternoon across the river. Therefore do not stand on ceremony."

"How are you going?" asked Daise.

"By foot," he replied innocently. "I have my umbrella!"

"The car's all right now," said Daise. "Let me take you."

Father Sansregret's pulse leaped with excitement. He had never been in an automobile. Often he had wished that he might do so—just once, for a very little way, outside the village. But it was too much to ask Madame to delay herself. Yet—it would save so much of time!

"Pierre!" called Daise sharply. "Start her up. I'm going to take a turn through the town."

Then as the motor moved quietly to the foot of the path, she led Father Sansregret to the door of the car and helped him gently in.

"Take it slowly, Pierre," Daise directed. "Coming, Alf?"

"Nope," he answered in a disgruntled tone. "I'll stay here and smoke a cigar. Don't be more'n a week!"

Father Sansregret, sitting in his heavenly chariot beside the angel, was borne as upon the wings of the wind across "Anne Marie" and down the three miles of dusty clay road at the end of which stood the shack occupied by the Hetus. It was, he told himself apologetically, like being translated in the chariot of Elijah. They were there before he knew it, and Madame Hetu had not yet even had time to clean up after dinner. The five anemic children who had rushed out to see who was coming scattered in confusion. Louis was lying with closed eyes on an improvised pallet near the door, his swarthy face the color of clay. Above his head a string of fly-paper slowly twisted and untwisted itself from the ceiling. He looked up at their approach, and a faint smile flickered over his cheek when he recognized Father Sansregret.

"I have brought a visitor," said the priest.

Louis stared at her in amazement and admiration, making an ineffectual movement of his great body as if trying to rise. He had fine, clear-cut features, showing intelligence and character. Her eyes filled at the sight of this once strong, vigorous creature now a helpless cripple for life. If only she could do something! But she had left her bag lying on the priest's table.

"*Mais oui!* That is a sad case," sighed Father Sansregret as they rolled back to Ste. Marguerite. "Louis was doing very well in spite of his large family and the high cost of living."

"How much did he earn?" asked Daise with some curiosity.

"Three dollars a day," answered Father Sansregret, "when he was at work—that is about half the year. The rest of the time he managed his little farm."

"Three dollars a day!" she echoed in astonishment.

"Yes," he answered. "That is not too much for a full day's work. Of course we can remember when a dollar and a quarter was considered good pay, but times have changed."

They paused for a few moments at Madame St. Armand's, and then ran up the road a short distance toward St. Pierre to see the mother of Angelique and Raoul. Daise was becoming thoughtful. Here was a town where a few dollars would relieve any amount of actual suffering, where perfectly honest and worthy people through no fault of their own were unable to have the necessities to say nothing of any of the luxuries of life, merely because of hard luck. Herself familiar with poverty from childhood, her heart nevertheless was smitten at the recollection of Madame Hetu, the five children and the crippled Louis. Why, one day's salary would put them on their feet!

There was clearly something wrong about it! Perhaps money which came as easily as all that carried some sort of obligation with it, an opportunity, anyway! A glittering idea possessed her. Think what she could do with a year's salary—rebuild a whole district, relieve a whole county—rescue a thousand families from poverty! There was a gesture for you! "Movie queen rebuilds French village!" "Famous actress turns benefactress!" And yet it wasn't exactly that,

although she confessed to the lure of the headlines. It was something bigger and better, something she owed to the beauty of the soul of Father Sansregret, just as without her knowing it he owed something to her loveliness of face. She thrilled with excitement.

"Could Madame spare a moment in the church?" he ventured. She nodded assent.

The door was ajar, but the bare and ugly edifice was quite empty. It was the typical church of lower Canada, erected out of the tithes and donations of an impoverished countryside; the walls of stone and plaster, the interior plainly finished but garish with crude carving and gaudy leaf. However, as Father Sansregret looked about it, his face glowed with loving pride. It was his church, his monument, reared by his unaided efforts and typifying the religious devotion and self-sacrifice of his communion. The afternoon sun poured hotly through the windows of shoddy opaque glass. Upon the altar stood a single hideously decorated vase. Yet within the walls of this forlorn house of worship was embraced the whole of Father Sansregret's humble life.

"It is—beautiful!" she declared. "How proud you must be to have built a wonderful a church!"

He smiled delightedly.

"It is," he murmured, "the flower of faith growing heavenward in a barren land."

"It is very—beautiful!" she repeated, unable to think of anything else to say.

As they lingered beside the baptistry, there came the sound of faltering footsteps, and a peasant woman entered and knelt at one of the side altars.

"You see what it means to my people," he whispered. "Her only son was killed last summer in France."

"YOU'VE crabbled my day, all right!" growled Alfred as they rolled up to the sacristy path. "We wont reach Quebec before midnight."

"We wont reach Quebec at all!" she retorted. "You can drop me at St. Pierre. There's a train back to New York at eight o'clock."

"Quit your joshing!" he protested. "I aint fair after leavin' me to broil here on this gravel-bank for two hours and a half."

But Daise paid no attention to him. There was room in her thoughts only for Father Sansregret.

"You were telling me," she said to him as they paused beside the table where she had gone to pick up her purse, "how sometime, a hundred years from now, there would be a hospital and a school and all kinds of things here. Wouldn't Madame St. Armand make a lovely matron for the hospital?"

"If she were still alive!" he smiled.

"But isn't there anything you could wish for yourself?" she asked softly.

"Something for the church, perhaps?" His face lighted with a beatific expression.

"Sometime—if only I could gild the roof! It means so much! Then when they are working on the hillsides or in the fields, they can look far down the valley and see it shining, and it fills their hearts with (Continued on page 113)

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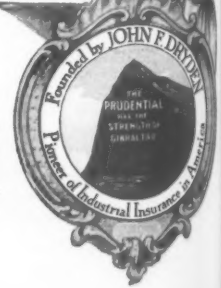
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gladness and hope. Yes, sometime I would hope to gild the roof!"

The roll of bills that Alf had given her—the one month's advance salary—was still in the bottom of her bag. She had meant to take it over to the bank and deposit it, but her attention had been diverted by some trifle and she had neglected to do so. Now her fingers closed over it and she drew it forth.

"I should like to leave something with you for your people," she said hesitatingly. "Please don't look at it until after I have gone. You might get a pair of wooden legs for Hetu—and start a fund to gild the roof. But it is yours, if you will take it, to do with exactly as you like."

Father Sansregret put his hand to his heart.

"How can I thank Madame!" he exclaimed. "But God will reward her. Indeed he has already done so in making her so pure and lovely!"

"Please don't!" she stammered. "I'm not worthy. Your church is the church of St. Marguerite, isn't it? My name is Margaret—it's the same thing in English, you see."

"And you are like St. Marguerite!" he cried with almost boyish eagerness. "St. Marguerite!"

"Well!" called Alf. "We've hung

around here long enough! Get a move on, can't you?"

DAISE did not answer but crossed deliberately to where he stood, the cigar in his mouth canted skyward.

"I'm not going beyond St. Pierre," she remarked.

He stared at her incredulously.

"Not going beyond St. Pierre! Why, that's only eight miles!"

"I know it!" she retorted. "There's a train back to New York at eight o'clock!"

"Listen here!" he snarled. "You can't double-cross me like that! How about your contract?"

He hesitated. Wonderful as Daise was, the prettiest chicken on the Rialto, she was after all something more: he needed her in his business. With Alf the materialist his purse came before his passion. Daise instinctively interpreted his hesitation.

"There's nothing in my contract about going with you to Quebec, is there?" she inquired carelessly.

"But you said you'd come!" he protested rather feebly. "I thought you were a lady!"

Daise laughed scornfully.

"You'd make me one, all right. I'm not going! Do you get that, you little

swine? I'm ready to carry out the terms of my agreement with you, deliver all the goods you're entitled to! But I've got no contract to go to Quebec or to hell with you, either, you know! Understand? I'll make your pictures; I'll be the 'Devil's Doll,' but not yours! Understand? If you want to welch on your end of it, I can get a job in a minute with Kalder or Sarling. Take your choice."

Alf weakened, recognizing that he was beaten. After all, there were plenty of other girls—almost as alluring—who would jump at the chance of a motor-trip. He was young yet. Maybe later on, perhaps, Daise would see different.

"This is a hell of a note!" he snapped.

"I've had a good many things put over me before now, but never anything like this! What on earth's come over you?"

Father Sansregret had drawn near with an expression of pain upon his benign old face. Could it be that Madame's gift had been the cause of a quarrel between her and her husband?

Daise turned to him with a reassuring smile and held out both her hands in farewell. As she did so, she threw a sarcastic glance over her shoulder at the discomfited manager.

"Something has come over me!" she tossed back at him. "But believe me, Alf, you'll never know what it is!"

JUST DOG

(Continued from
page 32)

lonely way, had he prayed that the great dog, half wolf though he were, had been at home on that fateful day. . . .

The crisp fall night was spent, and the gleam of day had reached the hilltop where a gray-black form stretched itself and yawned under cover of an overhanging rock. The night's chase had been long and ended in disappointment, too close to a lonely farmhouse. Twice he had been shot at, and once a pack of hounds had followed his trail for half a day. He wanted no more of humans. The woods were full of trails, and he felt more strongly than ever before, the yearning for the life of the wilderness that had always taunted him.

He set off down the slope for whatever trail might offer. Halfway down, he stopped short and bristled and backed a step and sniffed again long and carefully. Quickly he trotted down the trail a few paces, then back again across his own and off obliquely up the mountain. Slowly he trailed, and often he stopped. It was confusing, and he could not understand. He knew the scent, and it thrilled him as it had a thousand times before when he had nosed the soft neck and curls. The other—there were two together—he did not know.

PRESENTLY the trail ended abruptly. Dog searched in all directions, but only one went on—a human, but not the one he knew. He followed slowly and silently along the scent, impelled by a longing he had not felt for weeks. His hunger was forgotten.

Again the second trail began,—the little one he knew so well,—and his pace quickened. Once more it ended abruptly, while the other one continued. He

slackened his pace but went on without hesitation, then stood erect and sniffed the light morning breeze that blew toward him. He knew the faint smell it bore and slowly took up the older trail again. Below the crest of the hill it carried him, and then he caught the full scent of smoke and cooking food as he peered out cautiously around a point of rock.

As he looked, a small familiar figure moved and waited, but half awake: "Doggie, Doggie, Dog!"

The great dog trembled with excitement and longing for the voice and touch. Then another figure, a man's, rose quickly from the fire, and striking the child, spoke in a tone that made the gray-black killer bare his fangs. He crouched an instant, his ruff on end, as there came a cry of pain.

The man heard the rush, the snapping of leaves and brush, and turned in time to see a gray-black thunderbolt launch itself—but not in time to act effectively. He was borne to the ground, his shoulder cracked and torn. Cursing with pain, he grasped a sheath-knife and met the second onslaught with a savage thrust.

A snarl of pain and hate forced through the silence, as the great beast gathered for another rush. This time the steel missed its mark, and the cutting fangs closed on the man's throat and tore and ripped as the animal's great neck and shoulders heaved.

Slowly Dog released his hold. His kill was quiet, as he sniffed it. Trembling, he turned toward the wood and sniffed the cool morning air as it brought its burden of wild incense to him. He felt no thrill from the chase just ended. He wanted to run, with his brush between his legs, he knew not whither nor why.

But stronger than his sudden fear, stronger than the teasing calls of the wood-clad hills, came a yearning for the scent on the little trail he had followed and lost and found again.

"Dog-gie—Dog-gie!" came faintly between sobs. He dropped flat, and wriggled and twisted toward the frightened child, and whimpering, nosed close in under her curls with his long, pointed muzzle. . . .

OF the trip down the mountain, of the falls, and of the brambles that clung and tore at her clothes and tired little body, Betsy could give but an imperfect account. That she ever made the descent was doubtless due as much to the insistence of the gray-black escort who staggered bleeding and weakened by her side, as to her own efforts. The trail back, however, to the scene of the great dog's last fight was easily followed by the sheriff's hounds from where the master had found Betsy and the dog by the roadside.

There, too, in the pocket of the killer's prey they found the rough penciled draft of the letter the kidnaper had written demanding ransom for the child whom Fate had sent across his path. There, properly, this story of the killer and his unforgotten playmate ends.

Even the sheep-owners, when all was known in the neighborhood, came to the Brinton home to pay tribute to the killer.

"Yes," the Doctor would tell them, "he was all dog when I found them, her head pillowed on his still-warm shoulder. But from what the sheriff tells us of his find in the woods, it was the wolf, thank God, that found her first."

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LASTLONG
FEATHER-WEIGHT · FLAT-KNIT
Union Suits
For Men and Boys

HELD IN TRUST

(Continued from page 67)

what they want done. All the big dirty work of the world! Rotten-hearted—evil to the core. And you did this!" He broke off in a grotesque aside to the dead lawyer on the floor. "And in the end they get loose from you—they get too strong. They get you finally, the way this one got you!"

Mary Manchester could see now quite certainly that the Trust, that immaterial thing, had grown more real and more terrible in the immaterial region where this wild imagination lived now than any actual breathing thing—a great enemy, stalking him, which he feared and hated as nothing else.

"It gets us. It's moved us around," he asserted, "—you and me and all the rest, just where it wants to. First it's that," he said, in brief allusion to the figure on the floor again. "Next it will be him!" he explained, and glanced with pleasure and expectation toward the door into the private entrance, facing which they now stood waiting. "Then it will be your turn—and then mine!"

"But there's this one thing too—you may not see," he went on, lowering his voice now to a more confidential pitch—as if the Gorgam Trust stood there behind them somewhere in the room. "When it's done—it's done, with us; when we go out, it goes out too!"

He spoke now in a voice touched by a kind of ecstasy—the voice of one who stands on a pinnacle of high emotions, of intense thought, with all the petty motives of life put behind him. And Mary Manchester, watching him, debated what she should do—could do. Could she, if she would, convey to those outside the cumbrous explanation of the one thing which must be done—how to prevent the entrance of this man she and the other watcher now expected? Could she do this before the man prevented her; and should she, if she could, draw them into this danger of almost certain death? But then a sudden light came into her eyes. She heard the louder growling of the angry dog behind the door into the hall.

In spite of her hurrying thoughts, the girl herself sat perfectly silent—still apparently unresisting, waiting for the execution of her plan, the thing she had definitely decided would be best for her to do now. Certainly, she reasoned, having brought this man here to help her, she and no one else was responsible—and should take the risk! The least that she now could do was to prevent his murder. She waited, listening—to the growing puzzled murmur outside the hallway door, the occasional protests of the dog, the sound of the heavy, even breathing of the man beside her. Then all at once the one particular sound that she waited for came. She heard the sound of some one moving behind the side door—the door of the personal entrance of old Daniel Gorgam to his study. At last, she knew, it was time for her to act.

There are certain advantages which women have, even in a time of violence. She was lighter, quicker-sensed, more re-

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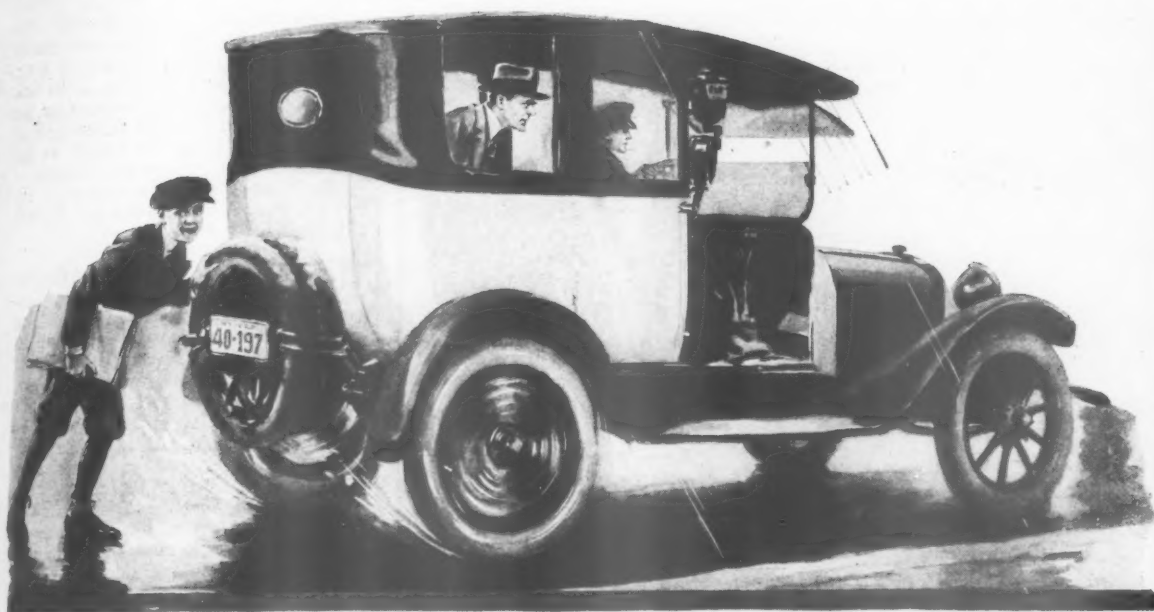
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—and the man in the taxi believes he is paying for the futile spinning of the wheels. The meter on his car back home would register them in miles.

He believes the taximeter is registering a charge against him for the useless spinning of the rear wheels and the resulting damage to the tires.

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Weed Tire Chains

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The taxicab companies protect the Public and themselves from skidding accidents—from excessive costs. *Taxicab wheels spin only when drivers disobey the companies' order to "Put on Tire Chains when streets are wet or slippery."* And to safeguard their patrons against the drivers' possible negligence, the taximeter is attached to front wheels.

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Loose-fitting

Roomy all over, cut and shaped for comfort, doesn't "cling" in warm weather.

V-Shaped Belt

A patented elastic V-shaped belt in the back of each suit that gives easily when you bend over, affording comfort at the crotch when needed.

Styles

Made in three-quarter-length leg with short sleeves; athletic knee length with no sleeves; short sleeve, knee length and ankle length with long sleeves; boys' athletic.

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Union Suits
For Men and Boys

HELD IN TRUST

(Continued from page 67)

what they want done. All the big dirty work of the world! Rotten-hearted—evil to the core. And you did this!" He broke off in a grotesque aside to the dead lawyer on the floor. "And in the end they get loose from you—they get too strong. They get you finally, the way this one got you!"

Mary Manchester could see now quite certainly that the Trust, that immaterial thing, had grown more real and more terrible in the immaterial region where this wild imagination lived now than any actual breathing thing—a great enemy, stalking him, which he feared and hated as nothing else.

"It gets us. It's moved us around," he asserted, "—you and me and all the rest, just where it wants to. First it's that," he said, in brief allusion to the figure on the floor again. "Next it will be him!" he explained, and glanced with pleasure and expectation toward the door into the private entrance, facing which they now stood waiting. "Then it will be your turn—and then mine!"

"But there's this one thing too—you may not see," he went on, lowering his voice now to a more confidential pitch—as if the Gorgam Trust stood there behind them somewhere in the room. "When it's done—it's done, with us; when we go out, it goes out too!"

He spoke now in a voice touched by a kind of ecstasy—the voice of one who stands on a pinnacle of high emotions, of intense thought, with all the petty motives of life put behind him. And Mary Manchester, watching him, debated what she should do—could do. Could she, if she would, convey to those outside the cumbrous explanation of the one thing which must be done—how to prevent the entrance of this man she and the other watcher now expected? Could she do this before the man prevented her; and should she, if she could, draw them into this danger of almost certain death? But then a sudden light came into her eyes. She heard the louder growling of the angry dog behind the door into the hall.

In spite of her hurrying thoughts, the girl herself sat perfectly silent—still apparently unresisting, waiting for the execution of her plan, the thing she had definitely decided would be best for her to do now. Certainly, she reasoned, having brought this man here to help her, she and no one else was responsible—and should take the risk! The least that she now could do was to prevent his murder. She waited, listening—to the growing puzzled murmur outside the hallway door, the occasional protests of the dog, the sound of the heavy, even breathing of the man beside her. Then all at once the one particular sound that she waited for came. She heard the sound of some one moving behind the side door—the door of the personal entrance of old Daniel Gorgam to his study. At last, she knew, it was time for her to act.

There are certain advantages which women have, even in a time of violence. She was lighter, quicker-sensed, more re-

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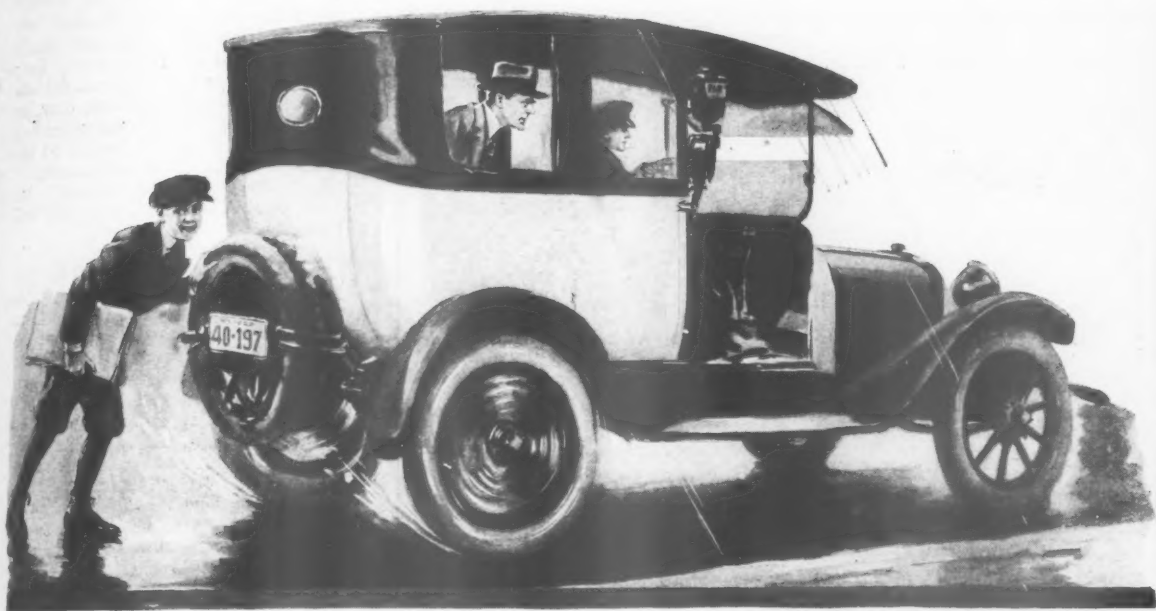
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sponsive to her nervous impulses, one might say, than this great brute beside her. She heard first; she moved first; and when the key was turning in the lock of old Daniel Gorgam's private door, on the other side a girl with disheveled hair and frightened voice was beating on the panels, and crying out in wild warning:

"Keep out—keep out—keep out! He will kill you! He will kill you! He will kill you!"

WAS it pure accident which at the last moment held back Stanford Gorgam from the appointment for which he had waited impatiently all day—a prisoner first of a broken crank-shaft in the infirm old taxicab he had summoned, and again of the law in the second cab, which he had finally obtained and in which he waited, detained inexorably a mile away from his destination by the inflexible majesty of a traffic-officer affronted by speeding? He thought so certainly at the time. He thought so again, with sharp regret and apprehension, as he stood turning the key in the inside door of the passageway to his dead uncle's study.

The sound of a woman screaming warning, pounding upon the opposite side of a door is—in spite of its obvious purpose—not really calculated to stay for long its opening—especially with the sudden ceasing of the outcries immediately following the other most suggestive sound of a body thrown violently upon the floor. The door opened quickly, and through the entrance came Stanford Gorgam.

"Stand still!" said a voice which, though strained to an unnatural pitch, he still recognized.

He stood still—rigidly staring into the muzzle of the revolver in the hands of his old ill-wisher Hasbrouck Rutherford. Behind the latter, at one side upon the floor, lay the body of the young woman he had come to meet—apparently unconscious.

"What is this?" asked Stanford Gorgam sharply.

He had noticed with hope a certain unsteadiness in the weapon aimed at such close range at his own body. He caught, he thought, the condition of the man's mind and nerves. He was not a bad wrestler, and there are certain advantages, as he knew, before a physical struggle of any kind, in the catching and diverting of attention—the holding of eyes of your opponent. If the other man did not shoot at first, that was something!

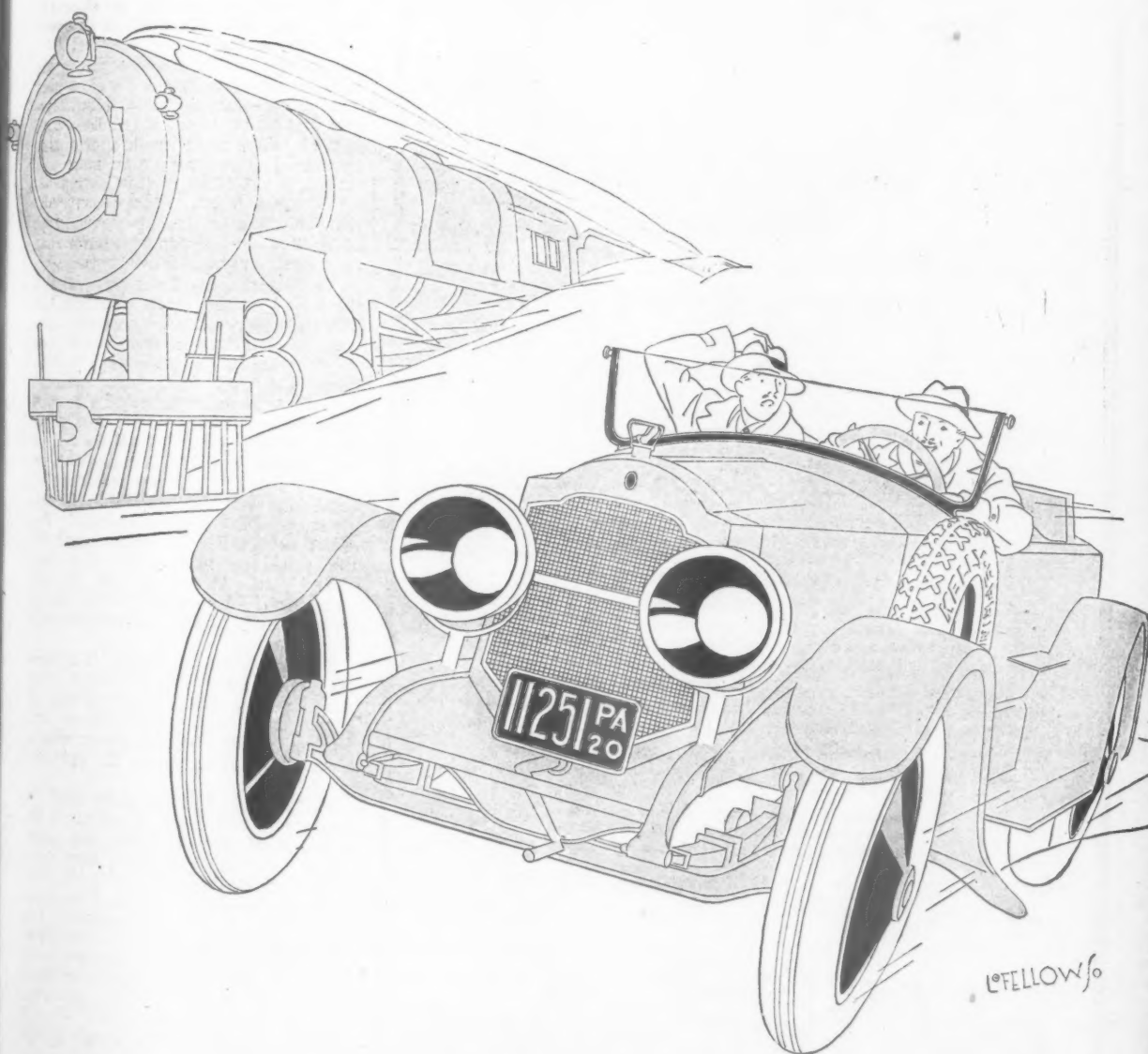
"What is this?" demanded Stanford Gorgam—and waited.

"The end!" said Hasbrouck Rutherford rather slowly. "The end of the Gorgam Trust. It will stop here—and everything that is in it—or that has touched it. It's committing suicide," he added jocularly, "tonight!"

"Keep out!" he broke off to cry. "If you know what's good for you!" For now the servants—or whoever was in the hall—evidently had decided it was time to do something, to break in.

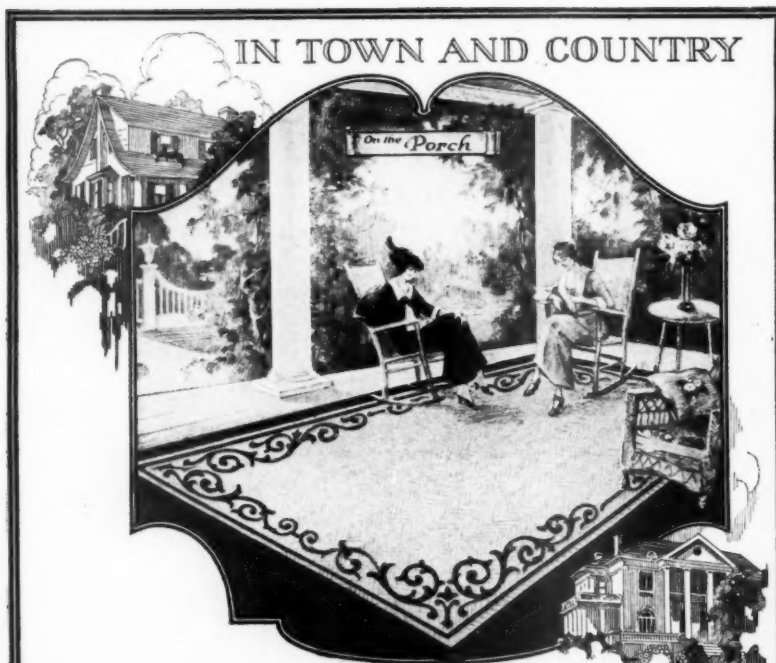
"Yes," said Stanford Gorgam, seconding him, "keep out." For he felt—by instinct as well as by reason—that he would have a longer and a better chance to manipulate this thing if left alone.

"What is it you want?" he asked the man whose eye he held. And he saw with



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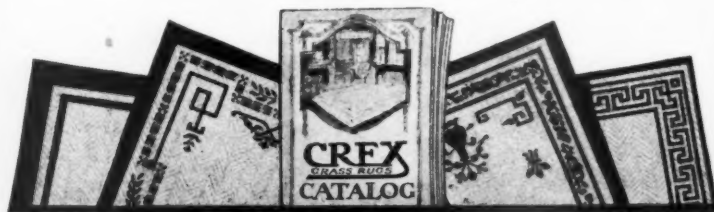
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growing satisfaction the hand holding the revolver now somewhat lowered—held for support more closely to the body of the other. "A little more!" he thought, as the other was discoursing.

"You!" replied Hasbrouck Rutherford simply, with a gleam of high satisfaction in his eye. "You first! You thought you'd get it, didn't you? You thought by this move now you'd take over all the Gorgam money as residuary legatee? You want. Not now—or ever!"

It was soon clear to Stanford Gorgam that it was not his old acquaintance's purpose to act before he talked—and at considerable length. He could see, he thought, that the pleasure to which this man looked forward in settling old scores by murdering him would lose a great part of its piquancy if he could not discuss it beforehand with the man he proposed finally to execute.

Rutherford did so now—ventilating his soul, discussing at length his grievances of all kinds—first against Stanford Gorgam, and his uncle, and Jasper Haig; and then at still greater length against that immaterial thing, now grown more real than flesh and blood itself in his mind—the Gorgam Trust. It was a curious thing to watch and hear; he seemed both to hate the Trust and to be in terror of it, as a great, implacable, living enemy.

"Neither you nor I nor this thing on the floor," he said, again indicating Jasper Haig, "nor all the other men and women it has managed were a match for it. The thing," he explained, "is cunning. Cunning!" he repeated with an unpleasant smile. "As cunning as it is powerful! It's that—really that paper devil that's to blame, that's brought us here together now, and is going to kill us.

"Did I think," he inquired, "when I came here that I'd kill Haig? Or this girl here? No. Not for a minute! You—but not them! It wasn't I that did this thing, or planned it. Nor Haig either! It's this thing—this ink-and-paper devil—that planned it all, and is doing it now. I can see that—anybody can but a fool.

"It's as simple as can be. I thought for years," he explained, "that I could fool it. This thing here," he said of Jasper Haig again, "thought so too. Nothing doing! We did always what it planned for us to do—in the end—like now!

"Like now! I'm not doing this," he protested with a touch of self-pity in his voice, "not myself! Nor this thing here," he said, indicating Haig once more, "nor anybody in the world. This is the doing—the act of this thing that's got us all. It's big—it's cunning. It's got us all, ending us! It's always done exactly what it wanted. I've overheard it too, plotting and planning several times lately," he stated, "plotting, planning! Coming around, speaking to itself—in my bedroom nights—when it thought I was asleep!

"But," he said, now rather boastingly—speaking in the manner of a man who talks a great and terrible secret finally out loud, in spite of who or what may hear it, "there's something else in this now. It's had us, always. But now I've got it too! When we're gone," he cried out boldly, "when this is all over—it will



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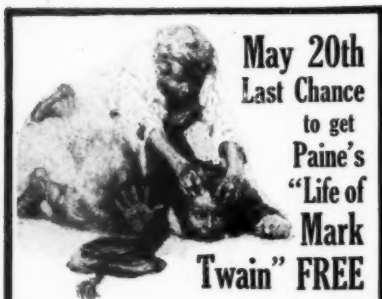
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be gone itself! In fifteen seconds, now, the Gorgam Trust will be dead—dead as we are!"

Stanford Gorgam, standing rigidly like a soldier at attention, could see quite clearly that the end had come—whatever it was to be. The end of the lecture on his own shortcomings, the speaker's wrongs and the diabolical machinations of the Gorgam Trust was now at hand—in action. And still the uncertainty in the muzzle of the revolver which he had hoped and watched for had not yet appeared. There was nothing now but action!

But at that time an unexpected happening intervened. Suddenly, without any intimation of life, the body of the girl behind his opponent raised itself from the floor and staggered, uncertainly, but with a surprising rapidity, toward the hall from behind which still came the whispers of people and the growling of the dog.

An acute change in the situation had been created by this act.

"Stop!" called Hasbrouck Rutherford.

It was a confusing development to a mind not exactly in condition for quick decision—after twenty-four hours of persistent drinking. If he turned to fire at her, he exposed himself to the enemy in front.

"Stop!" he cried, but still the obstinate little fool of a girl went on toward the locked door regardless—to let in that crowd outside and the dog. She staggered but did not falter. It was necessary to do something. Hasbrouck Rutherford fired one shot—missing. For before he turned, the other man was on him. He had only time to turn again and shoot him somewhere in the body when the door was opened and that crowd and that damned dog was in! The situation was now entirely reversed.

It had been the intention of Hasbrouck Rutherford at least to turn to finish up his work on the man now lying just before him on the floor. But this, he now saw, would be impossible.

LIKE a brown projectile the dog was on him. It was an ugly thing—vicious, wiry; it must have weighed seventy-five pounds. He fired and missed it. Fortunately, though, the brute itself missed its aim in a way. It caught instead of flesh the breadth of the coat upon his shoulder, too lightly to hold—and struck, confused for a second, against the wall.

He started to fire again at the beast, but before he really could recover himself to do so, the thing was up again. It tore at his extended hand, unfortunately, and he lost his weapon—it fell clattering on the floor.

There was nothing to do now but to escape from this thing, for that crowd on the other side of the room could never interfere in time to save him from it, probably—even if they tried to. The unmangled hand of Hasbrouck Rutherford was on the knob of the outside door into old Daniel Gorgam's private passageway. He opened it with what quickness he could, managed to start through it. But unfortunately the dog came with him. The spring lock clicked behind; he found himself at the head of those long

white stairs; that bare, empty spiral staircase, with nothing but one hand for defense—and that half-mad dog upon him. Caught like a rat with a weasel at the entrance of a stone rat-hole!

No wonder Hasbrouck Rutherford cried out so hoarsely that they heard him through the thick door, with that great beast at his throat!

They found him when they came in, far down at the bottom of the shiny stairs, a great, loose bulk against the outside door—the dog standing over him.

"They're that way," said the English servant who had lifted him, commenting afterwards, "those dogs! I've seen them in the old country. They never touch a thing that's dead!"

"He must have fallen backward when the beast jumped at him—from just near the top," said the other to whom he spoke, discussing the probabilities of what no man actually saw.

"What could you expect?" asked the other. "A heavy man like that—striking backward on his neck."

But whatever may have been the exact and unanticipated cause of Hasbrouck Rutherford's own death, his prophecies concerning the extinction of the Gorgam Trust had not yet been fulfilled. In fact, a very singular situation had been created by his last act. The two chief active agents—the physical brain and body, so to speak, of that great legal person—had gone. But the Trust itself lived on. And it still held in its incorporeal grasp the young ward around whose person it had been constructed.

TO students of large financial affairs it will be of more than ordinary interest to know—what has never been announced so far as yet—the intimate and inside story of the steps leading up to the final demise of that now widely famous creature of the law, the Gorgam Trust—and incidentally of the termination of its power over the young woman with whom it had been brought into such a remarkable and dominating relation. The end actually came, it may now be announced—as so often in legal intricacies of this kind—by means of a compromise.

The first instinct of the Trust's ward, after that terrible night, was to flee, to get as far away from this place and its influences—from this great intangible power which held her—as possible. But a little reflection showed her how impossible this would be. The Trust was still alive, and she its ward. And even if she could escape,—which she probably could not do,—she would be still in the eyes of the law Adelaide Rutherford, still always liable to capture and return as a legal ward, mentally irresponsible. The more she considered the situation, the more she realized that she was still the prisoner of the Trust, and would remain so until she was released by the one person who could do this.

He still remained, that one person who was able to free her, like the young deliverer from the monster in a Greek legend—bound fast by his weakness, his wound. Desperately hurt, he was slowly recovering. One outside can probably only faintly realize the suspense and apprehension with which the ward of the

Gorgam Trust heard each morning the daily news which came from behind the high dark door of the sick-room into which young Gorgam had been taken.

For naturally she was terribly concerned over what she had done and caused to be done to others—taking the blame personally to an extent, it seems, not believed by other observers justified by the actual part she had taken in the matter at the invitation of Jasper Haig. And not unnaturally she was more than all concerned over this young man for whose dangerous condition she felt especially responsible and guilty.

As Stanford Gorgam grew gradually better, it was a time of intense and more or less mingled emotions to the girl; finally after a number of requests on his part, he was allowed to see her. The happenings of that last evening were forbidden to discussion. To Mary Manchester's great remorse and shame, the patient did, however, mention the matter of her having saved his life—as he saw it. Feeling it was not so, knowing what she had really done to endanger his life, this was an intense strain upon the girl's emotions, especially as she was forbidden any discussion, or contradiction of the patient.

She now felt an added sense of responsibility and guilt of which she could not rid herself, and because of which the idea came to her, it appears, that it was her duty to atone personally for her acts in every possible way. And when she was finally, at the end of a considerable number of interviews, allowed the possibility of freer talk with the patient, she broke into a distinct and bitter vein of self-accusation.

The young man watching her from his invalid's chair interrupted finally with a gleam of characteristic amusement in his eye. He was of a humorous and quizzical temperament, evidently.

"All this is pretty hard on me!" he interjected with a smile.

"What?" she asked, surprised a little.

"One part especially—the part where I come in. You take it rather lightly."

"I," she stammered, "take it lightly!" For that certainly was not true. "What do you mean?"

"About my life being saved, by some one we might mention in this room—at the risk of her own."

"Yes," she said, her face flushing, "after planning to rob you! After bringing you in where you were almost killed!"

"Don't talk to me like that!" he said laughingly. "It's bound to make my temperature rise!" For of course he was not yet very strong.

"You've got to let me go now," she said, aroused, seeing he would never take her seriously. "I'm going to leave here—stop this farce of pretending to be what I am not—go away. And if I've done this wrong," she said, for that was almost her obsession now, "I want to come out and take my punishment."

"And do what, then?" he asked her smiling. "Go where?"

"I don't know yet."

"Then how can you go?"

"I shall. I must," she insisted.

"Oh, what's the hurry?" he asked her. He refused entirely, it seemed, to take her seriously.

"There you go again," he said, "raising

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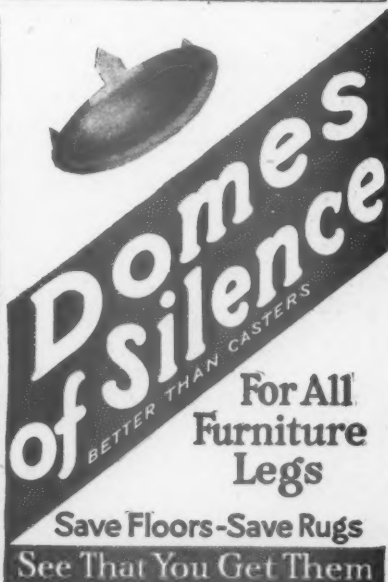
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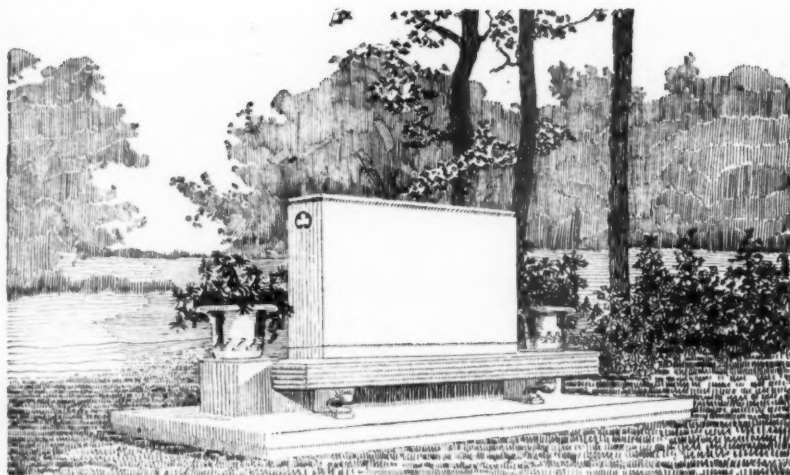
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my temperature—opposing me. You wait. I can't have you doing this—yet."

It was a surprise to her, in a way all very different from what she had expected. She saw very clearly now what must be done by her. She must confess publicly, show who she was, take whatever punishment there was for her act; end this Trust and turn the great fortune over to its rightful owner. All that was necessary was for him to consent—to help her show the situation, who she really was. And this she had supposed he would do most readily. She was therefore most surprised at his attitude. He might not care, it seemed to her, to keep the Gorgam Trust alive, but he certainly had no haste about ending it.

"What do you take me for?" he asked her with an approach to seriousness when she kept urging him. "Do you think I'll let you do what you are talking about? Drag this thing through courts—and incidentally yourself? Get smeared with publicity like a common criminal?"

"Why shouldn't I be? I am one."

"There seems to be," he said, "a difference of opinion upon that point between you and me. And besides," he said with a rather masterful and peremptory way he seemed to be taking with her at times lately, "I don't propose you shall! You are not strong enough—well enough, for one thing; and you know it."

But she insisted that she was, and that she would go in some way. And he must let her. Finally he mentioned the possibility of a compromise.

"I'll tell you what I will do, though," he conceded. "I believe that between us we can work out a compromise. Just wait. Be patient."

IT was some little time—after he was able finally to be driven out to take care of business matters to some extent—before he brought out, one night when they were together in the smallest and most homelike of the great downstairs rooms, the compromise which he had been working out.

Lately she had been more and more insistent on having matters settled, more and more determined to get away from her false position—and in a way, from him, the man whom she had conspired to injure and keep from his rights.

"I'll tell it all to you in order," he said, "—my scheme for a compromise. I've been working on it for some little time."

"Go on, please," she said.

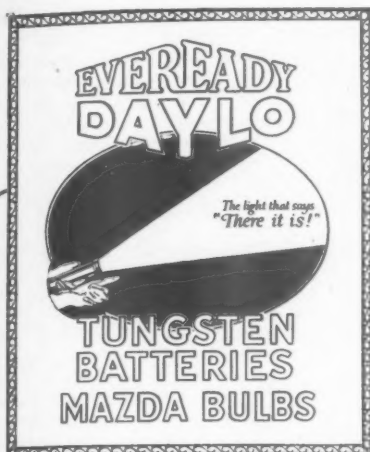
"In the first place," he told her, "I have done this: It was necessary, you see," he said, explaining, "that some one be appointed to the position of Jasper Hix as active manager of the Trust."

"Yes," she said, waiting.

"So I had myself appointed. You don't object?" he asked her when she did not answer but sat looking at him.

"Object, no!" she said. "Why should I? It's all yours, anyway—not mine. Yet I don't understand it," she added somewhat suspiciously. It seemed to her that it might be another scheme of evasion or delay on his part—to keep her from doing what she intended to.

"I thought," he said, "that perhaps you might thank me for it! But you will—you'll understand it later. That's the first point. Now the second point in



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THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes from two hundred to ten dollars. *Ten thousand dollars* in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3,000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers.

All answers must be mailed before midnight, August, 1st, 1920.



| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 First Prize | \$3,000.00 |
| 1 Second Prize | 1,000.00 |
| 3 Prizes—\$500.00 each | 1,500.00 |
| 4 Prizes—\$250.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| 5 Prizes—\$200.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| 10 Prizes—\$100.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| 10 Prizes—\$50.00 each | 500.00 |
| 20 Prizes—\$25.00 each | 500.00 |
| 50 Prizes—\$10.00 each | 500.00 |
| 104 Prizes | Total \$10,000.00 |

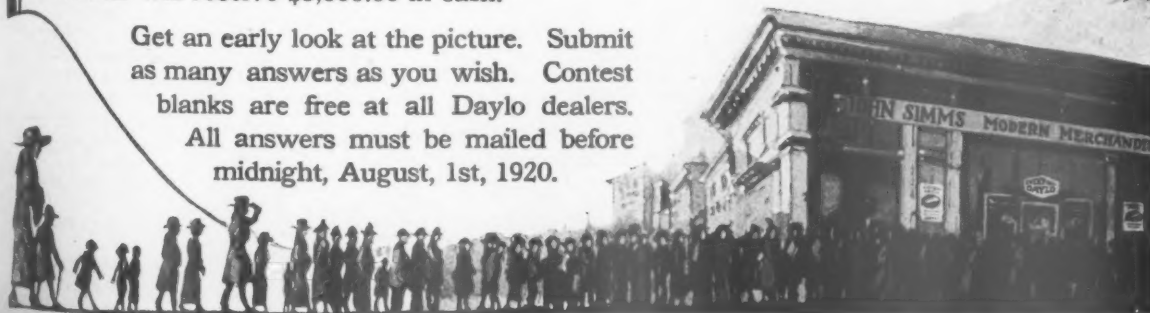
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920 and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

*Complete Contest Rules are
printed on Contest Blank.
Ask Daylo dealers for them.*





It hasn't been very long ago when the old wash bench and tub were in vogue. In those days they heated their water in copper kettles on top of the wood range.

How do you heat water on wash-day?

SOME women still use the old method of heating water on the gas range, dripping it from tubs. Most of their day is spent in heating and handling water.

Their more fortunate neighbor, with a Pittsburgh Automatic Gas Water Heater in the cellar, does her wash in half the time, with half the worry and work, and at half the expense.

Nothing cheers up wash-day like the Pittsburgh Automatic Gas Water Heater. You can begin early and get through early. A turn of the faucet and it delivers fresh, rust-free hot water—as much as you want and right where you want it.

And the beauty of it is, the Pittsburgh Automatic Gas Water Heater doesn't profiteer. It charges only ONE CENT for ten gallons of this hot water convenience. For your own or baby's bath, for washing a big day's dishes, for the sick room, day or night this hot water boon is yours at only ONE CENT for every ten gallons.

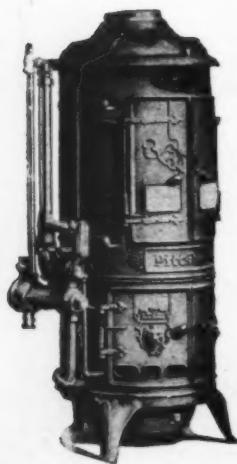
This is only possible because the gas meter is forever being watched. Not a penny goes in but you get its equivalent in hot water.

We have made arrangements so that no one need be deprived of hot water comforts any longer. Your gas company or plumber will install a Pittsburgh Automatic Gas Water Heater in short order, and you may pay for it in ten easy monthly payments. Write us and we'll tell you all about it.

Architects see Sweet's Architectural Edition, Pages 1294 to 1297

PITTSBURGH WATER HEATER CO.,
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Pittsburg
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

my scheme: I've arranged it now, what you wanted, so that you are no longer Adelaide Rutherford—that is, you will not have the unpleasant features of her! I've fixed it so you will be no longer under that cloud of being legally insane."

"That does not change the real situation about Adelaide Rutherford," she objected, "—the one thing that would be almost impossible to bear."

"What?"

"Her reputation of having been insane."

"Her reputation," he said, "—with whom?"

She of course did not know directly.

"I guess you don't," he said. "You innocent! Do you imagine that the Gorgam family ever let that be known? Is it customary to advertise family skeletons? Not half a dozen people in the world know it; and they, you may be sure, always have been and will be strangely silent."

"Even if they are," said Mary Manchester, still obstinate, "that will make no difference in my plans. I'm not Adelaide Rutherford. I'm Mary Manchester. And I won't be Adelaide Rutherford much longer," she said, flushing, growing a little angry.

"That's it," he said, smiling, "that's just it. The third point of our compromise!"

"Our compromise?" she echoed after him.

"Don't you know?" he asked, and caught her hand—but not yet her eyes.

"No," she said with somewhat questionable truthfulness.

"I want you to be—let us say—Mrs. Gorgam," he explained with his half-mocking but now comparatively serious smile. "Will you agree—to my compromise?"

He was greatly surprised by her next action.

"No," she said, springing to her feet. "No," she said vehemently. "No—no! I won't have it so. I'm Mary Manchester. I've never been Adelaide Rutherford, and I won't—I won't—I won't! I'm going back to be declared what I am legally."

"Another thing," she said, still finding objections, "is that money. It doesn't belong to me. It belongs to you. Why keep up this farce," she asked, "—this awful farce of a Trust for me, when you know just who I am?"

"I thought," he said with a somewhat less certain smile, "that was one of the fine points of my scheme. If I controlled that, the Trust, I would control all the money and incidentally you!"

But she was obstinate, he found—surprisingly so for so frail a creature. "I've done wrong," she insisted. "I know it. And I'll take my punishment. I'm going to be Mary Manchester again some way. And then I'm going as far away as I can—away from here and this and you."

And she tried now desperately to wrench herself free from him.

"So you don't like my compromise?" he said, releasing her at last with a rather wry smile. He was clearly both surprised and disappointed.

"No," she answered, "it is neither right nor honest—nor anything."

"Listen!" he said, catching her hand and holding her. He looked down into



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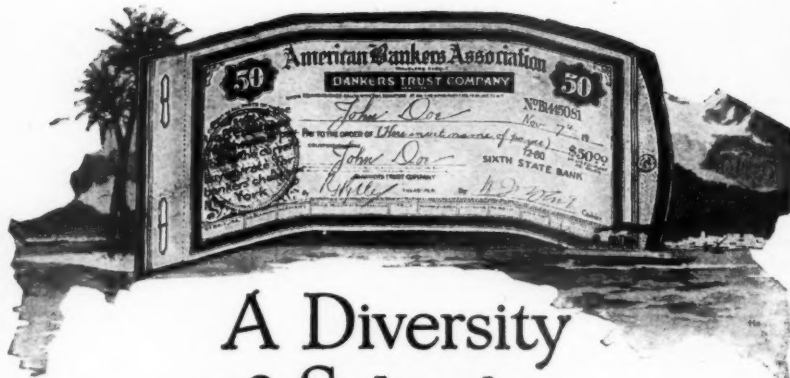
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her flushed face. "Listen," he said sternly, "you young criminal! I want to talk to you—and I shall. Let us go back," he proposed, "and take the old method Jasper Haig always used to use. Let's work out the theory of a possible case.

"Suppose," he said, when she found herself unable to get away, but still did not answer, "a case where a young woman—who is incidentally, I may say, very good to look at—saves a man's life at the very great risk of her own."

She tried to speak then, but he would not permit her.

"And suppose she had a crazy idea that she had done wrong, and must go through and take her punishment—and straighten everything out publicly, in spite of all reason and common-sense. Calling herself a criminal!"

She tried again in vain to get away from him.

"And then suppose the man, whose life she had saved, and who was also for other good and sufficient reasons absolutely determined to marry her, offered her a most reasonable compromise—by which, as his wife, he would have control both of her and of her money—and that she deliberately refuses—because she feels he would have too great control over her," he added, smiling just the mere fraction of a teasing smile.

"It's nothing of the kind," she answered him, speaking for the first time, "and you know it."

"And supposing," he went on, disregarding her remark, "that under the law he had absolute control over her legally already. What would he do," he asked, "especially when he saw that she was worrying herself sick over matters? What could he do," he asked when she did not answer, "except try again—offer one more compromise—which will be an ultimatum?"

"What?" asked Mary Manchester guardedly.

"This," he said quickly, taking advantage of her question: Mary, will you marry me?"

"No," she answered again more vehemently than was necessary.

"Wait!" he commanded her. "That's only half of my plan—the new compromise. If," he said, bringing out the other half, "I will let you afterward go to court, publish yourself a criminal, smash this Gorgam Trust to a million pieces—do anything you want to?"

"Shall I be Mary Manchester again?" demanded his opponent firmly.

"Not for very long. You'll have to marry me beforehand, while I've still got you. You've got to marry me beforehand. And then we'll finish up that legal dragon of Jasper Haig's—together!"

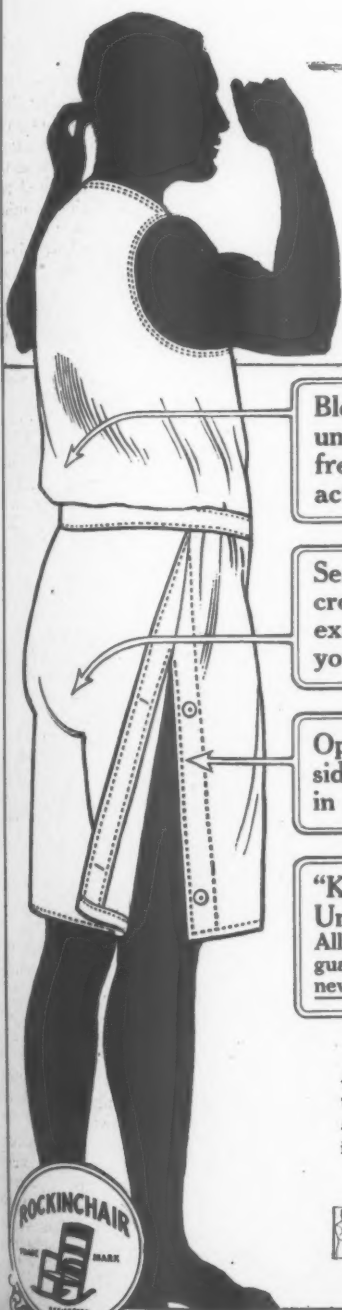
"What do you say?" asked the offerer of the compromise. There was no answer; both stopped speaking for the time being. But this last compromise, it appeared, was finally accepted.

It was finally, through this compromise, it seems, long before the coming of this matter into court, that the widely famous termination and dissolution of the Gorgam Trust was brought about—concerning which the reader no doubt has long ago learned the more familiar features through the public press.

THE END

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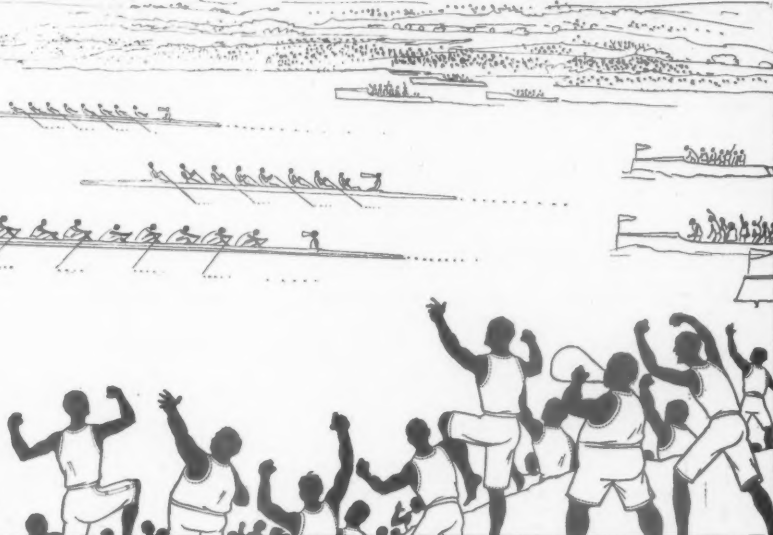


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Seat and crotch closed exactly like your trousers

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"It opens on the side—adjusted in a jiffy."

Be sure the garment you buy bears our Rockinchair label.

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AND REMEMBER:—when fall and winter roll 'round, protect your health with Duofold—the two-layer fabric, wool outside, cotton inside and air space between. A good investment in Health and Comfort—for man, woman, child and infant.



Duofold Health Underwear
for Men, Women and Children



THE MAN OF UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from
page 37)

would put him—I mean the man involved—to some simple, easily devised test. You know? Just to see whether he was yellow or not."

"Easily devised test!"

"Well, I had not thought much about it. Only I wondered for instance how such a man would take it if you—that is, if he were told that a third man existed at a time when he thought all was going well—a man who took precedence of all. I wondered what effect it would have? He might in his pique show a nasty side. He might threaten a woman, for instance. Or he might try to take her in his arms so that she would have to call for help. I was just thinking idly."

AMÉLIE looked at her husband and then went to the window where the night-breeze fanned her hair and her hot cheeks. The sound of Eldon Francis' feet on the floor above, faint and muffled, spoke none the less of impatience. Pembroke laughed.

"The poor fellow thinks I know nothing," he explained. "He doesn't seem to be so confoundedly interested in my first edition, does he?"

Amélie walked swiftly back into the light.

"I am going up," she said, biting her under lip.

"Shall I go with you?"

"I thought you might light a cigar down here and read your letters," she answered.

Her husband took out his watch and put it on the low table in front of the roomy sofa. He sat down with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in the palms of his strong hands. Once he reached forward, and turned the watch so that he could follow the circle of each minute on the second-hand dial. He was waiting.

The unpleasant whine of the warning siren on a motor fire-engine, opening into its speed on the Avenue a block away, came nearer, rose into a wail at the cross-street and receded. Pembroke gave a gesture of impatience, picked up the watch and thrust it back into his waistcoat pocket.

A door slammed somewhere upstairs on the bedroom floor, and a moment later Pembroke could hear the door of the library above closed more gently. Some one was coming down.

He rose quickly, moved to the chair beside the lamp and took out the letters still unopened; so he was able to look up at the man who stood in the doorway just as if this man had surprised him during some quiet reverie.

"Come in, Eldon," said he. "I should have come up sooner."

"No, no," Francis replied nervously. "I must be going, really. I only dropped in to say good night. I've a lot of work to do after I get to my apartment."

"Better have a cigar before you go," said Pembroke invitingly.

"A cigarette," replied the critic as if making a concession.

The other took the silver cigarette-box from the mantel and flipped back its cover. When Francis' hand went into it, Pembroke could see its tremors. He looked at Eldon's face. It was flushed and unsettled, like that of a man with a secret wrath or a secret fear boiling within.

PEMBROKE laughed good-naturedly.

He said as if a little bashful: "You know that I never have a chat with you without getting some satisfaction out of it. We're rather different types, I suppose, and perhaps it's a good thing to meet sometimes. I'm so tied up with enterprises, that I haven't developed much sense of the finer values. About all I can contribute is an appreciation of the more obvious standards."

"There is something in what you say," answered Francis, putting extraordinary emphasis on every word. "I go about the world a good deal as a spectator. Most of the emotions were burned out of me long ago. I think if I have any genius, it is in knowing men. Women perplex me, and I have given them up as—as a bad job. But if I have genius, it is for understanding my acquaintances. I sometimes think that I could be of value to them because I know them better than themselves."

Pembroke laughed. "That makes me think of a play Amélie and I saw the other night," he said. "Dog's Ears" it was called. But I forget—of course you know all about it. At any rate I know that your opinion is like mine. Good plays are seldom seen."

"Yes. But as I was saying, when you changed the subject—what about my duty? Suppose I knew of a home rather undermined by a menace. You know what I mean—a nice girl a little light of head—a selfish man. If I said a word to the husband? What then?"

"He ought to be grateful to you—very grateful."

"It is not the tradition," asserted Francis. "The way it is done in novels is for the man who has need of the information to reject it and drive a blow at the face of the bearer of evil tidings. And then it's all a mess."

"Not where good sense prevails," said Pembroke. "Come now! It is impossible. Suppose I had been married to less of a real woman than Amélie. You know that—well—so on. Danger—you understand—danger. You'd tell me of course. Good offices for everybody concerned. And what would I do?"

"We have a chance to test it," Eldon said, throwing his cigarette into the tray. "I must be going. But Jack, before I go—just a hint. You know Irwin Safford?"

"Know him? Darn it, he's one of my best friends. When he's in New York, he goes and comes in this house like a member of the family."

Francis walked toward his host and looking him squarely in the eye said in measured, decisive tones: "Watch him!"

"Watch him?" said Pembroke. "My

heavens, man! That can't be. I'll speak to Amélie. I'll ask her."

The other man put out both his trembling hands as if to indicate that he would bar Pembroke's way.

"I shall deny all knowledge of this Pembroke," he gasped. "I shall deny I said a word."

He repeated the phrase over and over, the skilled maker of phrases sought to be understood now by force of repetition.

"I say I shall deny all knowledge if you tell her. My authority is the very best. But I will do as you suggested. I shall deny I ever opened my mouth."

Pembroke gazed at the wretched man, and then he began to laugh, quietly at first, and then louder.

"Hello!" said he, stopping suddenly. "Look there!"

He pointed toward the red-lacquered screen. The wind from the open window or some other force behind had toppled it forward. It knocked the ancient Chinese porcelain from its teakwood stand so that the vase crashed down and tiny fragments skidded across the polished surface of the floor into the corners of the room. And then with a single giant slap, the screen flattened out on the rug.

Standing in the reception-room just behind this screen was Amélie.

"It's a trick!" Francis said in a frightened whisper, looking from one to the other.

Pembroke smiled. "No, I rather expected Mrs. Pembroke might come down," he said. "May I speak for both of us, Amélie?"

"Yes, you may speak for both of us, Jack."

The husband turned to the critic, and the latter put up his hands as if expecting a blow.

"No, no, no," protested Pembroke. "Don't cringe like that, old man. It makes me ill. I'm not going to hurt you. I thought I'd say for both of us—for Amélie and for myself—good night—and good-by. Please close the door as you go into the hall. I think that's all—you are a man of understanding."

He watched to see that the door was closed in fact; and then, without waiting to hear Francis go out, he turned swiftly toward his wife and spoke sharply at first and with authority.

"That's ended, Amélie," he said. "Never a word about it from either of us. I only want to understand what was back of it all. Perhaps it's because you've got your problems and I've never taken them on. We've probably found out the truth about ourselves. We used to think each other perfect and held together by perfection. Now it's imperfection that will hold us together; we need each other. It's that very thing so many married people ought to see and do not see. I see at last. I've never played your game, and I want to begin—now."

"I wish we could take up the problem tomorrow," said Amélie Pembroke. "All I want now is to feel your arms around me."

"I like my Parker Pen"

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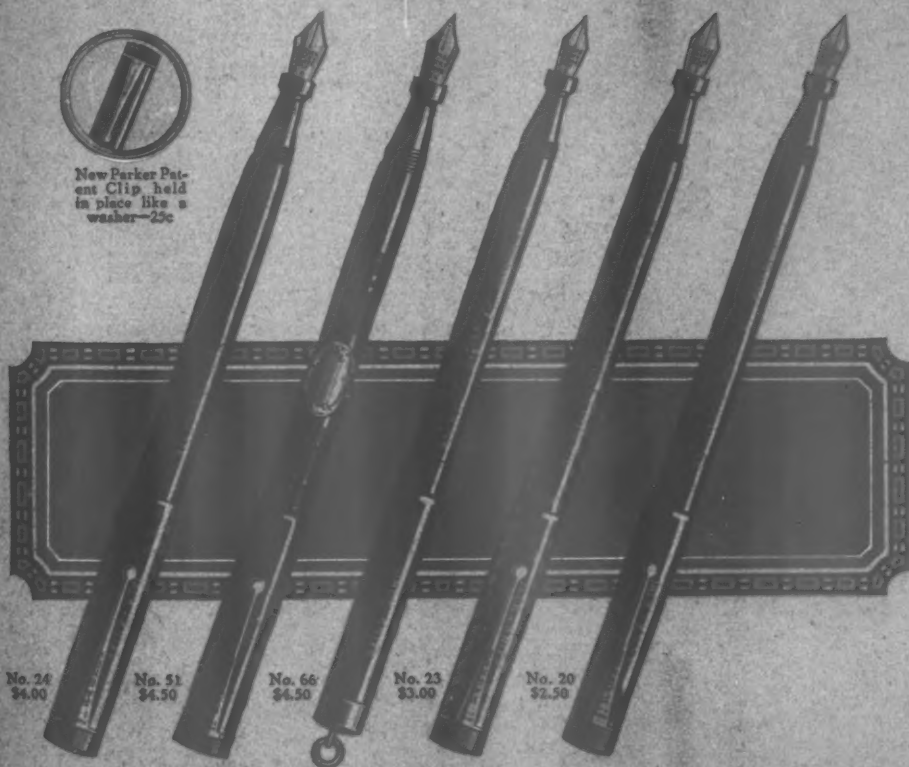
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THE DIVINING-ROD

(Continued from
page 47)

Hamilton, having concluded his European and metropolitan engagements. He promised his audience an evening of refined entertainment, a demonstration of his supernatural powers with the unseen world beyond the shadow of a doubt; and those wishing to remain after the regular performance would, by paying an extra fee, be regaled by a genuine table-tipping séance with messages for all!

"How cheap!" Jolanda said, flinging aside the handbill. "Of course Daddy won't let you go on the stage with a lot of street-boys and be hypnotized; I don't believe your brain would stand the test, anyway."

Peter, the color of a ready-to-be-served lobster, tried to give a sneering laugh. "My brain couldn't stand the test!" he repeated. "Remember, charity begins at home, Mrs. Kenyon-Hedstrom! Don't you worry about me; just worry about your own young men. I guess my father will let me be hypnotized if I want to be—Spider White's father said yes, so did Tufty Fellows, and the darky that travels with Mock Lo says that he has a little wand with a silver ball on the end of it, and he just points it at you and—*bzzzz*—you are off the track!"

"Now, Peter, the class of boys this man will have is not—"

"Spider White's folks will let him," Peter began patiently.

Jolanda interrupted the argument. "Does he want many subjects?"

"Sure, he'll take a lot more if he can get 'em. Why, he's going to pull down the biggest crowd—and he has a disappearing cabinet too—a fellow stands in it, and all at once—*bing*—he turns right into a skeleton! Just think how his folks must feel—maybe I'll be the one to stand in the cabinet. Maybe you'll feel a little sorry when you watch me turn into a skeleton."

Mrs. Spencer patted Peter's head. "Never mind, Peter; if you are so determined to be hypnotized, maybe Daddy won't mind—only, we must be there to see it all."

"Oh, sure! The darky that travels with him says the house just kills itself laughing. Sometimes Mock Lo finds a mind he can't control—and that's fun too. And sometimes he can't wake 'em up from the hypnotic sleep—and that's the most fun of all."

Jolanda folded up the handbill without further comment. Friday morning would see Arthur Hedstrom returned from the large city and ready to lay siege to Jolanda's heart once more. If she was not mistaken, Friday would also see Wier Kenyon leaping off the last train, laden with gifts of the limousine type and arguments toward matrimony along the same line. Now, then, would either of these gentlemen consent to be hypnotized publicly—to please her, to prove that their mentality surpassed that of Mock Lo's? Would they be able to put him to shame and walk off the platform with the singing knowledge that they were above, far mentally and that he could do nothing with them? What a divining-rod!

What a chance to wear the last new frock—an exotic thing of rose taffeta and poison green! What a lark it all would be! Jolanda turned to Peter with tender solicitation.

"Dearie, I'll try to make Daddy say yes," she whispered.

Peter blinked stupidly. "It doesn't kill anybody, Jolanda," he returned ungraciously, "so don't get your hopes too high!"

But even this rebuff did not jar Jolanda from her altruistic purpose.

AT the Friday-night performance of Mock Lo the Mighty there sat in a row five persons, each with a different reaction to the hypnotizing of the town talent.

Jolanda's father was divided between amusement as the mesmerized youths shaved each other with buckets of white paste, impersonated apes or swept off the stage with toothpicks, and a secret annoyance that his own son had succumbed so easily to the wiles of Mock Lo and should be gallivanting about the stage as a bucking bronco!

Jolanda's mother had only the normal anxiety lest her son fail to rouse from the hypnosis—and when he was told to imitate a floundering whale, material affection and pride almost caused her to rise up in indignation and call a halt upon the entire performance.

Properly seated beside her mother sat Jolanda, quite unmoved by her brother's gambols. She saw, in imagination, the great test and final decision as to which man really loved her most. On the following night, she resolved to have either Wier Kenyon or Arthur Hedstrom take his place on the stage and defeat Mock Lo and the magical wand because of his mental superiority.

Beside Jolanda, Arthur Hedstrom smirked in safety, and led in the roars of laughter. He even ventured to whisper:

"If they knew what a figure they were cutting—eh, Jolanda? They'll never live it down!"—little realizing that his life-work lay cut out for him in no uncertain terms.

The fifth person was Wier Kenyon, most uncomfortably placed beside his rival. He was not smiling or leading the applause. He had on the contrary, a far-away, dreamy expression; one might have said he felt Mock Lo's spell from his seat in the tenth row; and at the conclusion, when the young gentlemen were brought to their senses and tiptoed off the stage in shame, Wier rose and excused himself from witnessing the second half of the bill.

The rest of the Spencer party followed suit, Peter's mother receiving her son with open arms and forbidding his re-appearance on the following night. Jolanda chose to walk home with Arthur Hedstrom.

The fact that Arthur left Jolanda at the gate instead of following her in was the signal of a storm and disagreement. Mrs. Spencer decided as she peeked dis-

creetly through the parlor-window curtains. Then Jolanda flew into the house, not pausing to console poor Peter or impress upon him how great a fool he had been, or even to thank Wier Kenyon for the feather fan he had slipped into her hand just as they were starting for the entertainment.

For the divining-rod was proving negative in its results, and Jolanda found childish rage and indignation mixed with a womanette's scorn at this smug candy-shop-keeper's vehement refusal to be tested at tomorrow's entertainment.

"Suppose he did hypnotize me!" Arthur Hedstrom had said rather piteously. "I'd be the laughing-stock of the town!"

"I'd pity you—you ought to consider that; and I'd know then just how much you loved me."

"If you don't know whether you love me without asking me to get up on a stage and be made a dunce of, maybe mentally enslaved, I don't think you ever could love me," he arrived, recalling the tons of chocolates he had presented to this perverse creature—right out of stock!

"So—you refuse!"

"Of course I do—any sane man would. There's a poem, Jolanda, about a woman who dropped her glove into a lions' den and asked a man to rescue it to prove he loved her—"

"That's moldy stuff," Jolanda said flippantly. "I know about it. He picked it up and threw it at her and said hateful things. Well, this is no lions' den; this is entirely different. If you are afraid your brain is so weak that you cannot face Mock Lo, I don't ever want you to call on me again."

"I most certainly never shall," Mr. Hedstrom said with surprising alacrity. "I won't be made ridiculous even for you."

Whereat Jolanda fled into the house and upstairs to write Wier a commanding note and poke it under his door, for he was spending the week-end with the Spencers. The note was brief and very Jolanda-esque. It said:

Wier dear:

Please take Peter's place as a subject for Mock Lo tomorrow. It is positively the *only* way I can tell whether I love you half to death or not at all. I will be positive if you will only consent to be hypnotized.

Jo-Jo THE JUDICIOUS

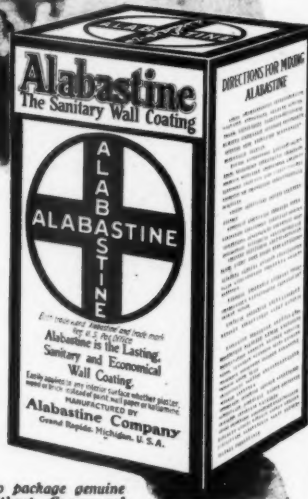
WHEN—to the scornful and disapproving eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and their son Peter, who was now content to sit back and let someone else play in the cap and bells—the elegant and exclusive Wier Kenyon walked upon the stage in response to Mock Lo the Mighty's request for subjects that following evening, Jolanda huddled into a tense little bundle beside Peter. She began to feel new frocks or daily presents did not matter a straw—not even a wisp did they matter; but to think that Wier, her Wier, as she called him unconsciously, would actually obey her silly command



Now We'll have
our Walls exactly
as we want them

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper



No package genuine
without Cross and
Circle printed in red

Alabastine has eliminated all guess-work in the selection of wall colors. Our color chart shows in advance just how your walls will look when finished. Our art department will assist you. Write us in detail.

Alabastine is ready to apply to any interior surface—plastered walls, wallboard, over paint, burlap or canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes. Alabastine comes as a dry powder. Mix with cold water and apply with a suitable wall brush.

The Nationally Accepted Wall Tint

For more than 38 years Alabastine has been the nationally accepted wall tint. Its many standard colors, durability, sanitary and vermin proof qualities, and above all, certainty of artistic results has made it the nation's first choice for homes, hotels, theatres, churches, public buildings, auditoriums and all interiors where beautiful walls are desired.

Sold Everywhere

Alabastine is found in the best homes, is sold by the best stores and is used by the best decorators everywhere. If you employ a decorator ask him to bring Alabastine in original packages with the cross and circle printed in red on each.

Prices

5-lb. package white Alabastine 75c
5-lb. package tinted Alabastine 80c
Special deep shades (No. 33, dark green; No. 58, deep brown) ... 95c



THE ALABASTINE COMPANY

371 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Your Local Dealer is Entitled to Your Trade



and be mesmerized by that hateful creature—Jolanda wanted to rise up and call a halt on the entire affair.

She knew Arthur Hedstrom, in company with his sisters, was laughing at Wier not two rows away from her and she hated him with the fury of a demon. She must stop Wier from being humiliated—just as he had saved her life by crushing the rattlesnake. She heard her mother whisper:

"Whatever made him do such a thing—is he really queer?"

And Peter's chuckling: "Gee—did I look like that?"

For Mr. Wier Kenyon's mentality had succumbed—*bzzzzzz*, just as Peter had said—to the pointed wand of Mock Lo; and in company with half a dozen town loafers he began to imitate a boxing kangaroo, to the infinite delight of the audience—particularly Arthur Hedstrom!

At this same moment Arthur Hedstrom was telling himself he had had a wonderful escape from a shallow-minded girl, and he actually pitied this gentleman from China who was now gallivanting about as a parrot, now set to playing the violin with a feather-duster and a piece of garden-hose.

All the time Jolanda, faint and cold, knew that *her* Wier was being made ridiculous and that she was to blame, and she hated herself; she let the tears lie unashamed on her cheeks, as she prayed to heaven it would soon be ended.

After what seemed a lifetime of the torture, during which Jolanda wondered if Wier would still marry her,—and if he did not, she knew she would never marry anyone else,—Mock Lo brought back to freedom the minds of the town loafers, but when he stood before Wier Kenyon, he was unable to change him into the self-sufficient man of the world who caused everyone to be rather careful of what they said in his presence!

To make Jolanda's misery complete. Mr. Wier Kenyon preferred to continue in a mesmerized state, playing a feather-duster violin with a bit of garden-hose. The house shrieked with mirth, Mock Lo making wild attempts at breaking the spell.

"Good heavens, I'll call a doctor—this man ought to be sent to jail for this stuff," Jolanda's father protested. "Of all the fool tricks on Wier Kenyon's part! It is time he went to China and assumed responsibility."

Mrs. Spencer gave him a little push: "Go behind and see what can be done," she urged.

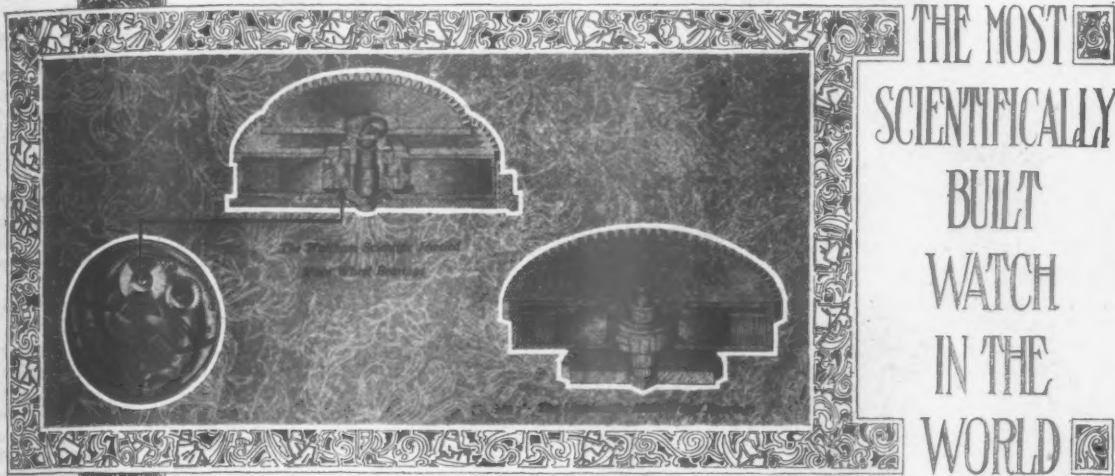
Peter, round-eyed and white-faced, espied Jolanda's tears. Maybe Mock Lo will control his mind always," he said cheerfully. "That nigger says some men that he has hypnotized are just dependent on him; he can will them to do anything he wants to,—when he is miles away,—and by gum, they up and do it!"

Jolanda gave way to sobs. "My Wier, my Wier," she choked incoherently as she clutched Peter for consolation.

Mr. Spencer disappeared behind the scenes. Mock Lo still tried to bring a look of intelligence into Wier Kenyon's face. But the feather-duster violin still played on.

Mrs. Spencer slipped next to Jolanda and put her arm about her. "Daddy will

PROOF



Waltham Scientific "Jeweled Main Wheel Bearings"
that Mean So Much to You in Time-keeping Accuracy

EVERY mechanically moving unit of any machine must have a bearing, and the freedom of that movement depends upon the scientific development of that bearing

This is true of an oxcart, the Liberty Motor, or a watch.

The Waltham Watch Bearings are the most scientifically developed bearings in the realm of mechanics.

The time-keeping performance of a good watch starts at its power plant, the mainspring. And it is an axiom of mechanics that the greatest friction is at the point where the power is the greatest.

That watch is the best watch where the resisting factor of friction is the least prevalent.

Look at the two illustrations in this advertisement. Here are portrayed sectional views of the Waltham scientific jeweled main wheel bearings and also of the unjeweled bearing method.

You will note that in the unjeweled bearing the shaft or barrel arbor is running in a hole drilled through the barrel container. This supplies only a bearing of brass for the rotation of the steel arbor, causing a greater resistance to the power of the mainspring, variable time-keeping, and eventually becomes charged with gritty particles that destroy the highly polished surface of the shaft or barrel arbor.

Whereas in the Waltham scientifically jeweled main wheel bearings we see developed a bearing composed of two highly polished sapphire jewels which are so set in the barrel that the superbly finished steel arbor rotates in them, distributing the power of the mainspring to the train with an irreducible minimum of friction.

This is not all. Every Waltham mainspring is contained in a specially hardened and ground steel barrel which protects the "works" if the mainspring should break. This exclusive Waltham feature also provides more room for a longer mainspring, consequently the motive power is better distributed and a more even time-keeping performance is assured.

It is these little things, yet vitally important, hidden in the "works" of the watch that provide unanswerable argument why your watch selection should be a Waltham.



The Riverside

The most dependable moderate price watch in the world

\$75 and up

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.

Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains. American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known.

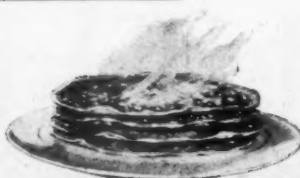
They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavorful food confections.

In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Pancakes with Nut Flavor

Now we have added Puffed Rice flour to a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutty taste. You have never tasted pancakes so delicious. When you order Puffed Grains order Puffed Rice Pancake Flour as well. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising—and hear what your people say.



3913

see that everything is all right," she whispered.

"It was my fault, my miserable, conceited, hateful fault, and I love him—I love him," she sobbed.

At last Wier Kenyon dropped the feather-duster and stumbled off the stage in dazed fashion, Mock Lo following. The curtain dropped, and the piano-player struck into a jazz dissonance.

Jolanda rose. "I must go to him—he may be ill," she said recklessly.

"Well, I'm going to stay," Peter protested; "you wanted him to be hypnotized, and now you're sore at yourself. I was hypnotized last night and dragged home to a mustard foot-bath, and so I missed the best part of the show—"

Here the curtain rose, and a stranger in civilian clothes announced that no more of the entertainment would take place, owing to a sudden illness on the part of Mock Lo.

"It is Wier who is ill—or worse," Jolanda insisted. "It has killed him!"

In mystified fashion the audience filtered slowly from the hall, Arthur Hedstrom and his sisters being among the first to reach the exit. But Jolanda had darted toward the stage-entrance, regardless of her mother or Peter. She met her father, rather flushed from excitement, coming toward them. He waved her back.

"Go and get into the machine; we'll be along presently," he said.

"Is he dead?" demanded his daughter, "I mean my Wier, of course."

"Dead? Certainly not! Do as I tell you—"

"Then tell him I love him, Daddy, hurry—don't lose a moment."

Her father relaxed enough to laugh. "Wier and I will join you very soon—please do as I say." And he turned her about rather decisively and pointed the way toward the machine.

Slowly she followed her mother and brother into the car. And then two men came toward the motor. The first was her father, still laboring under excitement, and the second was Wier Kenyon, quite his elegant old self.

"Oh, you foolish Wier—"

"What was wrong with Mock Lo?"

"I love you—I'm going to marry you," announced Jolanda loudly. "I don't want to waste any more time in not being engaged." In the dark of the night, she actually leaned out of the motor and scandalized her family by accepting Wier's embrace.

"I'll be home presently, Jolanda dear.—I know you'll forgive me, Helen, for marrying your child by and by.—Peter, my lad, this being hypnotized is great stuff, isn't it? I'll be along soon." That was all Wier vouchsafed.

"But you haven't explained," Jolanda cried frantically, "and the family think I'm crazy."

"You are—nice sort of crazy. I have to stay behind—Mock Lo is in rather bad, and I've a scratch on my wrist that needs attention.—Drive on, Father-in-Law To Be.—Goodnight, darling; I'm mighty glad you found a divining-rod."

When Jolanda faced her family in the sitting-room, her father let loose discretion and promises—and told the truth.

"Your notion of having Wier be a fool to please you was a far better idea than

What Happened to Ruth

By BEATRICE IMBODEN

It was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown lawns a mystic net interwoven of green and gold, of fragrance and sunlight.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-checked maiden slipping her arm in Ruth's. "Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. "I'm going to quit college! I'm young, alive—I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!"

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and sit in the back seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes. And that's all! No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and work. Maybe I can save some money."

"For what?" asked Dot.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm haranguing about?" jerked out Ruth. She turned her head away quickly. "I wouldn't care if I could have just one new Spring suit—I wouldn't ask for many clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I haven't time now," and Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all logged out?" demanded Ruth icily.

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was complacent-proof.

"Well, goodbye. I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather thread-bare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and her mother made him welcome. But in Millersville everyone knew and loved the Allison's—clothes didn't count. At college they did, it seemed.

"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. "They don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy."

And it certainly was not Alex's fault—he had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her plain white graduating frock, among buttery girls in tulle and silk, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. And she flung herself on the couch and sobbed.

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly. "Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth declared she was not coming back. Dot heard little from her that Summer.

But a mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did one crisp Fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed on the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue

traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you," he cried. "How dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. "Our frat gives a little dance tomorrow night. May—may I come for you?" And Ruth smiled acceptance.

After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue paper wrappings a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taupe color, Frenchly set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed.

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours!"

Not answering, Ruth took out another dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored satin and silver lace. Dot gasped. "Pinch me—am I still on earth?" she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"

But there was—a blue silk "for Sundays," exquisitely braided and faintly touched with scarlet; an intricately draped printed voile, all misty grays and lavenders with a violet grille; a smart brown serge sailor suit and an even smarter checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt.

"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such," said Ruth, lifting out a wonderful evening coat, acro blue with white marabout collar. Then Ruth faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't exceed my clothes allowance of \$100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something had surely affected Ruth's brain!

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette \$28 (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown \$6.50. The foundation was an old red silk cover for our square piano, laid away and forgotten.

"The evening coat was mother's long-ago party cape. The corn-color silk was an old dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta? My last year's best dress! The other party dress contains three and a half yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace, at a cost of \$21.70."

"Don't dare analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot.

"The traveling dress was my last year's suit, the checked wool a made-over, too."

"But who made them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, I did!" came Ruth's reply. "You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why, after only four lessons I made some dear 'undies,' two waists and this crepe kimono! Then I made over that checked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of course. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some models from a fashionable shop. Then I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my Spring suit!"

"Do you think I could learn to sew, too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text books



"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily.

seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home!"

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends, while he watched jealously, or in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing sycpe, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allure-ment, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. What are you going to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make us some bridesmaids' hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 50,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out what the Institute can do for you. Just send a letter, post-card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation by return mail—the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 20-E, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She is a specialist in common sense baby culture.

The Loving Hour



Dear Beatrice:—

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before Mennen invented Borated Talcum—isn't it a comfort after a bath—especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly,
Belle.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Laboratories: Montreal, Quebec
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Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

you originally conceived. You don't suppose he would have really done such a thing just to satisfy you, do you? Gad, what man would! But on Friday night he happened to recognize in Mock Lo the Mighty, one of the smoothest opium-smugglers that the Secret Service has ever failed to capture, and all Saturday he had the Secret Service men lined up for the event—so your plan happened to coincide most beautifully. Of course, Wier had to do the thing with a dash of the dramatic—he must have his excitement! So he was only too glad to be a subject and pretend to fall in line with your command. And while the rest of the subjects had shuffled off-stage, and Wier still pretended to be deep in Mock Lo's power, the Secret Service men were going through his traps and found box after box filled with pseudo-sausages which were filled with opium. They handcuffed the nigger, who was a confederate, and no one in the audience was a whit the wiser. So while you were thinking your fiancé was being made a fool of, he was helping the Government land a mighty good opium-smuggler. Except for a wrist wound,—Mock Lo had sharp teeth and he fought like a wildcat,—Wier is unusually cocky. And he is all ready to be the hero and have the customary fuss made over him."

"So it wasn't—it wasn't—"

Her father could not resist giving her a little shaking. "You may have rid the country of a smuggler—but you have fallen into the hands of a robber yourself. So you love him, Jolanda! I might have known it!"

"It was quite dreadful and very deceitful of you," Jolanda told Wier the next morning, having "fussed over him as if he was a sick kitten," as Peter said, and even carried his breakfast-tray into the garden. Then she exclaimed over the bandaged wrist with the proper mixture of concern and dimples: "It wasn't square of you, Wier, anyhow—that you can't deny!"

"What would you have done, Jo-Jo? Here was a chance to make the meanest young person in the world admit the nicest truth, and to park my pet hobby satisfactorily."

"You mean—"

"Mock Lo, the best smuggler I've ever had the bad fortune to meet. I'd have made a greater mess of it, if I hadn't gone on the stage and pretended to be under the spell—for he had to play the game out, recognizing me all the time. Meantime it gave the Secret Service chaps time to go through all his traps and sidetrack the confederate. Let me see, we met the first time in Mukden—then in Pekin; I almost had him that time. But why waste time talking about old smugglers that are fast under lock and key when I won Jolanda! Besides, I didn't mean to spoil your little divining-rod of ridicule."

"Ah, but you didn't mean not to—did you?" she questioned shrewdly.

"Seeing that you have publicly declared yourself, I plead guilty. But wouldn't you have done likewise?"

"I suppose. Besides, it is fun to be absolutely captured—when you've wanted to be all the time!"

ODELL

(Continued from page 62)

could not bear failure, criticism or rebuffs. I think he loved me because I had such faith—"

Michelson, who had flung himself down in a chair, shouted suddenly: "Faith! Where did it get you?"

"Here," she said simply. "A long way, if you stop to think of it. When I met Odell, I was only twenty. He wanted me to run away with him. I didn't. There were so many things. . . . I went back to Blythea, and he followed. When my father saw him he said: 'Dammit all, Lilah, you can't marry that fellow. That chap! That somber idiot! Odell, of all men on God's green earth! No, my dear girl, I'll save you from that.'"

"Odell couldn't understand. He raged. Once, I remember, he wept. We were walking in the moor, and the wind was powdered with fine sea-mist. Odell looked at me and said: 'You will come. No one will ever love you unless I do.' When I shook my head, he pulled me down in the heather beside him and put his head in my lap and wept.

he said what you said to me just now: 'A woman like you—going out to a backwater, a pit of darkness.' A woman like me? Who knows what it is that makes us do things, makes us feel, here in our hearts? Odell had touched my imagination. He belonged to me—all, his dreams, his madness, his desire for an easy triumph, for power without struggle. He called me, across the continent, across two seas. Do you believe that?"

Michelson thought of Agatha Wrightson. "No," he answered sharply.

She laughed. "Well, here I am! I came!"

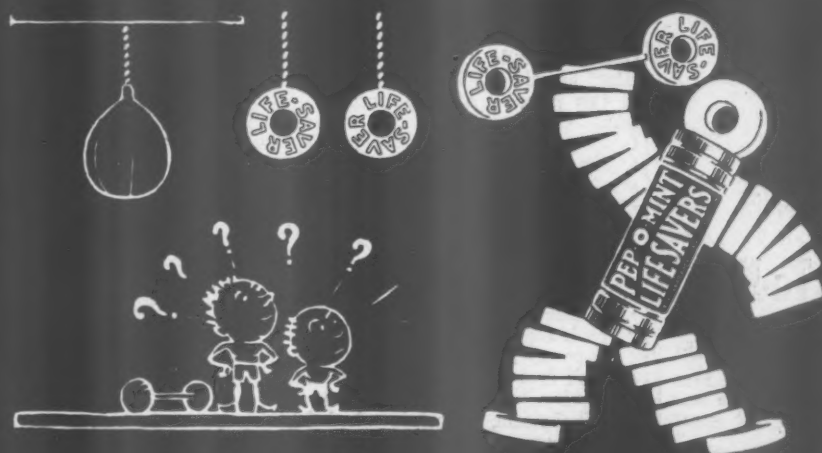
"Without knowing—"

"He sent me money. The letter reached me a year after he had written it. 'Come,' he said. But there were no instructions. I had no idea how to get out here. I wrote to Rotterdam. 'We should not advise you,' they answered, 'to make the attempt alone. The station is isolated, and there are peculiar difficulties.' Then I received another letter from Odell. I must wait. He did not say why. I waited—a year. I wrote. No answer—no sign! No word, until six months ago, when a letter came—one sheet of paper, stained and torn, on which was scrawled: 'Come. Odell.'"

"Six months ago?"

She nodded. "My father said at the

THE next day he went away. And my father said: 'You will forget him.' I didn't. He wrote to me from Rotterdam: 'I am going out to Africa. I will send for you when I can. Be ready.' When I showed the letter to my father,



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last: "Go. The man is indestructible. But you are flinging yourself away." And I left. At Port Michael they could tell me nothing of Odell. No one there had ever heard of him. I waited for three months. Hot! I heard the silence for the first time—I wondered if I could make my voice heard against it. Then your Dutchman turned up, and told me. Odell was dead! "They all die, sooner or later," he said. "What is one Englishman in this place?" A mad dance of black men! Ooze and silence! He advised me to turn back. "There is another fool at Odell's Landing," he told me, "—Michelson. Came out two years ago, full of ideas. You should see him now—a bare-footed specter kept alive by rum. Afraid to come away, afraid to die."

"He lied!"

"Perhaps."

Michelson got unsteadily to his feet. "Why in God's name did you come here?"

"I couldn't go back to England. I couldn't face the future in Port Michael—not then." She lifted her head. "Besides," she said, "I had promised Odell."

"So there are two of us," Michelson said bitterly.

"Are you afraid?"

He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her erect so that their eyes were level. The flowers in her hair had faded and lay crushed against the smooth braids. She trembled a little beneath his hands, but her eyes did not waver. "Are you afraid?" she whispered again.

"I am afraid of no one but you," he answered.

He saw her eyes dilate. Looking beyond him, she said quickly: "Sambo! He is watching us."

THE black man stood in the doorway.

Behind him a flood of white light poured in from the clearing. He was wearing gaudy clothes and had added a nose-ring to his other adornments. He leaned against the wall, his attitude indifferent, as if the gestures of the white man and woman were incomprehensible and unimportant. He seemed to be staring beyond them at some one who remained in the shadows of the room, and the illusion was so perfect, of communion and understanding, that Michelson waited for speech between the negro and Odell.

Sambo stood there a moment, silhouetted against the blazing daylight. Then he turned and stalked across the clearing, absurd, black, pompous.

That night there were drums in the forest, and a fire burned before Sambo's quarters. Looking from the windows of the house itself, Michelson and Lilah saw outlandish shapes passing before the flames. A forest of spears leaped and quivered. A chorus of insane shouts drove back the encroaching silence, so that Odell's Landing was a bedlam in the center of immeasurable stillness.

"Ivory," Sambo said in explanation the next morning, "—much, fine quality." And he added, with a note of malice: "The English lord will be pleased."

Michelson said: "Remember, I am the agent. Show me the ivory."

He followed Sambo to the store, pretending to make inspection. But he knew nothing about ivory. He knew nothing of the manner in which Sambo collected



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In this article, he said: "But too often the chance of these women to attain the highest success of which they were capable has been spoiled by a thing which until now I have hesitated to discuss with anyone but my wife. Often the very women who seem to be most scrupulously careful about their appearance are the ones in whom the odor of perspiration is most noticeable."

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Some of the
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it, paid for it, guarded it against the covetous attacks of hostile savages. While he fumbled with the tusks in the half-shadow of the mud hut, he was conscious of Sambo's eyes upon his back. Something prompted him to say contemptuously: "A poor lot. You must do better than this."

He crossed the clearing again as slowly as he dared. When he reached the dilapidated steps of the house, he heard a little whispering sound, and an arrow struck the panels of the door before him, quivered and dropped at his feet. He turned. Sambo was leaning against the wall of the store, pensive, indifferent.

"What does it matter?" Michelson thought. "He will get me sooner or later."

And stepping across the arrow, he went into the house.

TIME passes slowly in such a place.

But at first Lilah and Michelson had so much to say to one another that they lost the illusion of suspended existence. They were actually happy. Michelson shaved and put on a fresh suit of clothes and wore shoes. He felt decent again.

"Five months," he said. "We'll make it. No man, alive or dead, can hold me here when the steamer comes."

They saw Odell's shadow no longer. Sambo cooked for them, and when they could forget his naked body and filed teeth, did very well indeed. He seemed absorbed in some dream of his own. Michelson, watching the big black with half-closed eyes, could detect nothing hostile or threatening. He slept with a loaded revolver beneath his pillow for some time; then he used it to fire at a hippo that had wandered into the clearing, and thereafter left it in the desk drawer. If the fellow contemplated any mischief, he, Michelson, was helpless. No use taking precautionary measures against a death which might strike from the darkness at any moment.

"These natives are all cowards at heart," he told Lilah. "Sambo knows that if anything happens to us, he will lose his job."

They talked a great deal those first days, striving to keep the silence at bay—Lilah lying in the canvas hammock, her white arms over her head, her gray eyes veiled sleepily, Michelson sitting tailor-fashion on the veranda floor. He told her about Agatha Wrightson. He spoke glibly of going back to an "assured position in London or Rotterdam." Made drunk by empty phrases and easy evasions, he told her all his dreams, his plans, his faith in the essential sanity of civilization. He assured himself that he was not in love with her. He was not even afraid of her. Escape was in sight; he was going away from this uncanny silence, away from the everlasting spectacle of his own degradation, away from terror of the unseen.

Lilah listened. She seemed strangely contented to swing idly in the hammock. She braided her hair in two long plaits that hung over her shoulders; in them she placed exotic flowers and leaves.

"Where are you going when the steamer comes?" Michelson asked.

She shook her head and smiled. "I don't know."

"I will see that you get to England."
She frowned. "Never! Never there!"
"But what on earth are you going to do?"

"I don't know."
Her indifference irritated him. He got up abruptly and went into the living-room, where he wrote assiduously for more than an hour—a long letter to the Company. In it he assured them at length of his ability and fidelity, as if the matter of his success were of vital importance. He had forgotten his own insignificance. It seemed to him that all the energies of the Company were being applied to save him from the terror he had glimpsed and by some miracle had escaped. He felt sure that he could not escape a second time.

When the steamer was expected, he began to pack his clothes, deriving comfort from the neat appearance of his trunks and boxes; he folded his shirts in exact piles, coiled his collars, starched no longer but still recognizable, in a leather box stamped with his initials, and put his overcoat near the top. He dreamed at night of cold winds, human voices, the sound of feet passing and repassing on paved streets, of bathtubs with nickel fittings, laughter, theaters, restaurants, trains—all the familiar, sane, recognizable facts of civilization. He had had no idea of how he loved them. More than anything else he wanted noise—raucous, ear-splitting, constant.

LILAH made no move to pack her few things. All day she lay in the hammock, her eyes fixed upon some invisible tapestry of dreams. A hundred times a day Michelson rushed to the landing to stare down the river. He imagined that he heard the whistle and would start from his bed in the middle of the night to listen.

"Mistah Michelson goes with the steamer?" Sambo asked.

"Yes."

"Ah!"

"What d'you mean by that, you black scoundrel?"

Sambo's flaring nostrils dilated. He gave Michelson a scornful look. "The white woman stays," he said.

"She is going too."

"She stays," Sambo repeated. He lifted Odell's cane and made as if to hurl it at Michelson's breast. "She is Odell's."

Michelson did not flinch. "If I hear any more of that from you," he shouted. "I'll see that the Company knows of it."

He went back to the veranda feeling angry and shaken. Lilah opened her sleepy eyes. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"That darky! Pompous fool! Keep away from him."

"What has he been saying?"

Michelson gave her a quick look. Something malicious and alien prompted him to say: "He has an idea that Odell is only waiting for me to go away."

"Why?" she asked, sitting suddenly upright.

Michelson laughed. "He is waiting for you, it seems."

"For me?"

"Alone."

She got unsteadily to her feet and



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looked wildly around. "I cannot! I cannot!" she cried. "It is too much!"

Michelson was profoundly ashamed. He put his arm around her shoulders, holding her fast until she had ceased to tremble. "I'm so confoundedly sorry," he said. "This place isn't safe—my mind's no good—rotten, like the mud! I didn't mean to frighten you. Tomorrow the steamer will be here, and we'll go back to decency."

THE steamer did not come that day, or the next. Somewhere down the coast she had gone ashore, and the irate Dutchman was engaged in pulling her out of the mud inch by inch. Michelson's plight never occurred to him. What was one agent, or even two? The fool couldn't expect miracles.

A month passed. Michelson had permitted Sambo to be reckless with the stores, and there was nothing fit to eat at the station save a few meager and discouraged vegetables which grew in a garden Michelson had scratched on the edge of the clearing. Michelson was too weak to hunt and too lazy to fish. He was seized with despair.

"They have forgotten us," he said bitterly.

He became again dirty, unshaven and sullen and sat all day with his arms around his knees, staring at nothing. Into Lilah's eyes there had come a strange brightness—she no longer swung in the hammock, but wandered about the clearing and even into the forest. In the house she went barefoot and wore a wrapper, frilled, faded, a little too long in the back. When she walked, it flapped against her pretty bare heels. Sometimes she sang—a low, crooning tenderness. Sometimes she laughed.

"Keep out of the sun," Michelson warned her.

"I am not afraid," she said.

Michelson watched her. Without warning of any sort, he forgot Agatha Wrightson. This woman, gray-eyed, white-skinned, mysterious, doomed like himself to eternal silence, filled his thoughts. He began to feel a fierce jealousy of Odell, the man she had loved and still loved. It seemed to Michelson that he himself had changed. He no longer knew what his standards were, what he was capable of, what possibilities of violence and madness lay within him. He became suspicious of that fetish he had worshiped so long—civilization. He was alone in the world, beyond restraint, beyond criticism, beyond faith. He believed that he was beyond remorse as well. He reasoned with immense cunning that nothing mattered—success, failure, justification. The days would pass and bring nothing but death. Everything was illusion. He had tried to keep faith with the world of reality,—love, accomplishment, dignity,—and it had cheated him.

The steamer was not coming; there was no doubt of that. They lived on rice, dried beans, the dregs of their scant supply of coffee. There was no salt, no sugar, no bread. All about them an immense wilderness, the wide river which never ceased to flow between the lush banks toward the unattainable freshness of the sea. Down there ships were passing, cutting north to crowded cities, to



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Michelson went down to the river's edge and contemplated his canoe. He jumped in and lifted the paddle. It was heavy. He had not gone ten feet from the shore before he felt dizzy, weak, shaken by chills. So he went back and squatted on the veranda, his head in his hands. There was no escape—

That night he saw the shadow again.

THEY had lighted the last of the candles sent out by the Company. It flickered unsteadily on the table between Michelson and Lilah, and in the narrow circle of light behind them Sambo moved about, serving the eternal boiled rice. His hair was twisted into coiled ringlets; the brass ornament in his hair glittered. He stepped softly, his bare feet brushing the floor with a curious whispering sound. Outside, the darkness had come from the forest and had flowed over the clearing like a palpable tide. Lilah was sitting with her elbows on the table and her hands clasped under her chin. She had kicked off her slippers. The sleeves of her wrapper fell back showing the whiteness of her arms.

"You are beautiful," Michelson said suddenly.

Lilah said nothing. She sat still, staring beyond the pool of light into the shadows of the room. Michelson turned his head and looked. Odell was standing by the desk.

"Intolerable!" Michelson shouted. He pushed back his chair, seized a glass and hurled it. It splintered against the wall, leaving a splash like the imprint of a hand on the plaster.

"What on earth is the matter?" Lilah cried.

"Odell!"

"I can see nothing."

Sambo had paused, his eyes flashing. Now he crossed the room, picked up the broken glass and went back to his quarters. Michelson thought: "Ah, I have frightened them! They will know who is master here."

He laughed. His hands were shaking. "Do you still love that man?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said simply.

"It is impossible. I love you."

"You should not have told me."

"Why? In God's name, why?"

She moved her head from side to side and whispered: "It isn't safe. Believe me. It isn't safe for you."

"And you?"

"It doesn't matter. I am happy."

"Happy?" he shouted.

"I am here. I have kept my promise. What happens to me now cannot matter."

"You are mad."

"No." She fixed him with her eyes. "I would rather die than go away from here."

"Black magic!" Michelson cried.

"That scoundrel Sambo is to blame."

She shook her head again. "No."

"Then why—" He stopped short and stared at her in the flickering and uncertain light of the candle. He heard again that palpable and degrading silence, pressing against the very walls of the house, invading the room, obsessing his spirit. "You are too beautiful," he said

in a low voice. "You have bewitched me."

"Take care!"
"Of what? I love you. I tell you now, I love you. I have loved you—for an eternity. There is no shadow, no absurd phantom, no romantic ghost that can come between my love and you. They are bound up in each other, inseparable."

"It isn't true."

Michelson rose unsteadily and went toward her. "I am master here," he said thickly.

Lilah watched him with a look of profound sorrow. "Take care!" she whispered.

Michelson grasped her hands and lifted her to her feet. Their eyes met and remained fastened together, with fear, like the gaze of accomplices. The violence of the tumult within him had not touched her. She was remote and mysterious as ever.

"This is the beginning," he cried exultantly.

"The end," she said in a despairing voice.

She leaned against him, relaxed and white; Michelson's arms tightened. He caught his breath sharply, tipped her head back against his shoulder and kissed her.

Her breath died against his lips.

"ODELL," a voice shouted in the clearing. "I have kept my word. She is yours!"

Michelson raised his head and looked into the woman's face. Her eyes stared beyond him. She shivered, sighed, slipped slowly out of his arms and lay at his feet. A spear, flung from the darkness, had struck between her shoulders into her heart.

Michelson stood above her for a moment. While he stared, the last candle flickered and went out. He shouted, leaped back and furiously searched for his revolver in the darkness. Finding it, he became suddenly calm, and held himself without a move.

There was no sound in the clearing. Creeping on all fours to the open window, he lifted his head and peered out. He saw Sambo standing about five feet away, a motionless shadow in a world of shadows. Michelson chuckled aloud and fired.

He heard a deep sigh—then nothing more. Silence—silence complete, stifling, suggestive. He got to his feet and rushed out of the house, down to the bank, stumbling in the thick grass. He heard with relief the cough of an alligator in the thicket.

His canoe was there. Pushing clear, he plunged the paddle into the invisible water and turned the prow toward the sea.

Three days later the tramp-steamer floundered slowly up-stream, like a puffy old woman climbing a hill. Fifty miles below Odell's Landing the laconic Dutchman came upon an overturned canoe.

"Impatient fool!" he remarked.

But when he found the others at the station, he discovered unexpected eloquence. "A tenacious woman," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Tenacious—incomprehensible!"



No money accepted

In proving this way to white teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

No charge is made for a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Not even postage is accepted.

The object is to quickly prove to millions what this new method means. To show the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Then to let each user decide for himself about it.

To fight film

There is on your teeth a coat of film. When fresh it is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And most tooth troubles are nowadays traced to that film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So this film question is of paramount importance.

Could not end it

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Thus millions have found that brushed teeth still discolored and decayed. And statistics show that, despite all brushing, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has for years sought a way to fight this film, and at last

Pepsodent
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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

it has been found. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and two other great essentials with it.

Able authorities have for years subjected this method to convincing tests. They have collaborated, so that this new tooth paste might bring a new era in teeth cleaning. Now leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

Based on pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied.

None can doubt it

The results of Pepsodent are quick and apparent. A ten-day test will leave no doubt about it. And each result will be explained in the book we send.

Mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

This test means much to you and yours. Make it now. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-Day Tube Free 354

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THE WAY IT

(Continued)

and walked back and forth. Suddenly he looked up.

"What I'm trying to say is that I have injured you, and the only way—the only thing I have to give is money. But I've got a lot of that, and you are entitled to damages—considerable damages. But we'll settle all that later."

"That's all right," said Maizie.

Mr. Van Blarcom looked at her quizzically.

"Eugenia is perfectly right," he said. "I beg your pardon for saying so—but you are beautiful. I shall begin to think that I ran you down on purpose."

Maizie did not know what to say, and so she raised her eyebrows.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"Surely," she murmured.

Maizie lay still, enjoying herself in the mirror, and wondering idly what manner of man Mr. Van Blarcom was. His clothes were not at all elegant; they were of some very rough stuff and quite unpressed. He was very strange, but he was nice—at least he meant to be. Maizie was not in the least afraid of him.

Toward evening Lil and Belle arrived. They greeted Maizie in whispers.

"Shut the door," said Maizie. Belle obeyed. "Now," said Maizie, "you can talk."

"Now whadya think, Maizie," said Lil. "there's a footman at the front door in a blue coat and silver buttons!"

"Look at Maizie!" cried Belle. "Look at that jacket!"

She leaned over and fingered the fur and the silk.

"It must have cost a hundred dollars," said Lil.

"It cost nearer two hundred," said Belle. "Did she lend it to you?"

"She gave it to me," said Maizie.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Lil in mock pain, "and here we all thought you were unlucky!"

THEY sat on the edge of Maizie's bed and, both talking at once, told her how Mr. Van Blarcom had come dashing up the stairs at nine o'clock the night of the accident to tell them where she was and to get her mother's address that he might send her a telegram, and to assure them that she would have the best care in the world.

Lil interrupted the steady flow of Belle's words.

"He said: 'Dr. Foxcroft has set her leg—Dr. Ernest Foxcroft.'"

They all laughed.

Lil and Belle paused on their way out, and Lil stepped back into the room.

"Joe Davis sent his regards, honey," she said, "and he said to tell you that when you got out, you were going to learn to dance if he had to teach you himself—and he's some swell dancer, believe me."

Maizie went off to sleep, thinking she wasn't so unlucky after all.

In the morning there was a letter from her mother and a set of ivory toilet things from Miss Van Blarcom, a set so complete that Maizie did not know the uses

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ALL COMES TRUE

(from page 71)

of half the pieces; and a bunch of violets imbedded in tinfoil and tied with a purple gauze ribbon.

"There's a card with the violets," the nurse said.

Maizie seized it. It was Joe Davis' card. And on the back he had written: "When are we going to sing some more hymns?"

Maizie wore the violets that day, and the next.

But before the first week was up, she settled down into a monotonous routine. Belle and Lil came in for a few minutes every day or two; the doctor came every day; the nurse was always there; Miss Van Blarcom brought her some sort of present every day; and Mr. Van Blarcom came in and smiled his quizzical smile, and offered to read aloud to her. But it was very lonely, lonelier than Sharon, and very tiresome. Maizie counted the days until the cast on her leg could be removed.

When the time came, Miss Van Blarcom appeared with a maid and armfuls of things.

"I've been studying you," she announced to Maizie. "And I do hope I've got some things you'll like."

There were undergarments of lustrous silk, and stockings, and pumps, and a curious dress of Chinese green.

"It's a negligée, and yet it's perfectly suitable to wear anywhere," Miss Van Blarcom assured her.

Maizie got into the things with the aid of the maid and the nurse and many exclamations from Miss Van Blarcom. There was no lace on them, and they were ivory white; but they were wonderfully soft and shimmering. It occurred to Maizie that Miss Van Blarcom might have got more for her money—more frills. And pink would have been nicer. But after all, they were really lovely.

Maizie examined the pump on her right foot and wiggled her toes. (Her left leg was still in splints.) She did not like the pump; it was not patent-leather but soft dull kid, and the heel was hardly more than half an inch high; and it seemed awfully long. She did not like the stocking, either. Maizie liked sheer stockings, and this one was of the heaviest silk.

"Does the pump feel all right?" Miss Van Blarcom asked.

"It is comfortable," said Maizie.

"I hoped it would be—and it's really very smart."

"It is all right," said Maizie. She was not going to hurt Miss Van Blarcom's feelings by criticizing her taste.

"And now the dress!"

The maid slipped it over Maizie's head. Miss Van Blarcom stood off and regarded it with a frown between her eyes.

"It hangs very nicely," she decided. "A Poiret dress always hangs."

Maizie looked at her reflection in the mirror. It was a curious sort of dress, almost straight. There was nothing to it. And the color was strange, the embroidery even stranger. Maizie looked very strange to herself.

Miss Van Blarcom fluttered about

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

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"I am delighted with the book beyond all. The power of words to express."—Laura Davis, Eastchester, Wash.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless book of Humanity!



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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the sotsam and jetsam of life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you want to write, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T?

Listen! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *The Wonder Book for Writers*, shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Benarolo Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers "net their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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while the maid worked with Maizie's hair. Maizie might have been a piece of sculpture from Miss Van Blarcom's own hand, a piece of sculpture that had suddenly and amazingly come to life.

Maizie watched the coil gradually shaping itself in the mirror. The maid was doing it high. Maizie did not like it high.

"I always do it low," she protested. She made the gesture of coiling a heavy lock over one ear. The maid paused.

"But my dear, please," begged Miss Van Blarcom, "please let us do it our way this once. I have a vision of you that I want to come true."

Maizie acquiesced. What else was there to do?

WHEN the maid had finished, Miss Van Blarcom clasped her hands.

"My dear," she said, "you are lovely, perfectly lovely!"

"I'm awfully pale," Maizie said. "I need to be made up."

"Oh, no-o-o-o! You are so beautifully pale."

"And I haven't any corsets," said Maizie. "Everything is so loose."

"But that is as it should be," Miss Van Blarcom cried. "You are so slender—you are like a flower. You are perfect."

Maizie ceased to argue. There was no use arguing with Miss Van Blarcom. She was really, Maizie reflected, an old maid, and she did not know what fashion was, and she was perhaps a little bit crazy besides. Maizie was resolved to humor her.

They wheeled Maizie into the library and put her in a low chair of red morocco with cushions two feet deep, before an open fire, and gave her tea; and Mr. Van Blarcom came in, and said she was a vision, and he hoped she would never leave them, and insisted on reading aloud to her from a volume of poetry.

Maizie was half asleep when Joe called. Mr. Van Blarcom threw down the poems and jumped up.

"Shall I send him up here?" he asked.

"Would you please?" Maizie asked.

Her cheeks felt hot.

Joe regarded her from the doorway.

"Hello!" said Maizie.

Joe advanced toward her. He had a box of chocolates in his hand.

"Gee," said Joe Davis, "you look good to me."

"Do I?" asked Maizie.

"You sure do. I don't think I got how pretty you were that day we sang hymns together. I was so glad to find somebody who knew the songs I used to sing that I hardly looked at you."

"I loved it," Maizie said.

"When are we going to sing 'em again?"

You don't have to stay here much longer, do you?"

"A week or two. I can begin walking on crutches right away. They're coming tomorrow."

"I meant to come and see you before. But I was afraid I was butting in," Joe explained.

"You weren't," Maizie said. "I hoped you'd come."

"Well," said Joe, "I'll come again. But this house sort of gets my goat. It's a palace, Maizie. I feel as if I was calling on the Queen of England."

"It sort of gets me too," Maizie admit-

The Red Book Magazine

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ted, "but it won't be long now before I'll be back in Wilson Avenue."

Joe rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going."

"Do come again, Joe," she pleaded.

"I will"—he smiled the smile that had sold so many Wabash Twin-Twos—"as soon as I can get up the nerve."

Maizie almost cried when he had gone. Had Joe called out of anything but the kindness of his heart? He had said she "looked good to him," as if he meant it. Perhaps the Poiret dress suited her, after all. But she would have liked nothing better than to get out of it at that moment. She felt only half dressed in it. She felt she didn't belong in this house—palace, Joe had called it. That was it; she didn't belong.

MAIZIE had tea every afternoon in the library. Sometimes Miss Van Blarcom was there and sometimes not. But Mr. Van Blarcom always came. Occasionally they talked; occasionally he read aloud; and occasionally he sat and gazed at her as if she were a picture. One afternoon he came over to her low chair and took her hand in his.

"Maizie—" he said, and his voice trembled.

Maizie looked up at him with a sudden frightened sense of her own helplessness. "Maizie, you aren't going to leave us, are you?"

"I must, soon," Maizie said.

"I hadn't meant to tell you so soon. But I want you to stay here always. I want to marry you. I love you."

Maizie dropped her eyes. She did not know how to answer him. She could not refuse, and she could not accept—not possibly.

"You don't have to answer now," he went on. "But if you don't mind, I'm going to write to your mother. Do you mind?"

"No," said Maizie very low.

Miss Van Blarcom tucked Maizie in bed that night.

"Horace has told me, my dear," she said. "I'm so glad. I—Horace is the finest man in the world, my dear."

"I know," said Maizie softly. She wanted to be left alone in the dark to think.

But when she was alone she could not think. She could only see one picture of herself after another. She wept for the picture of herself as she had been when she left Sharon—home. And weeping, she went to sleep.

There was an incoherent letter from Mrs. Maynard two mornings later, a letter the sense of which was that Maizie was very lucky indeed, or else very unlucky. In any case she was lost to her mother. Lil and Belle called in the late afternoon. They looked at Maizie with a kind of awe, as if she were something fragile from another world.

"My Gawd," said Lil, "it's just like Cinderella!"

"He certainly is a prince," Belle agreed.

"The coach and four will be a Rolls-Royce," said Lil.

Belle looked at Maizie intently. "Can you ever get used to it?" she asked.

Maizie only smiled. She had no sense

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that it was really true. It felt more like a dream which the cold reality of morning was sure to dispel.

But the next afternoon, when Joe Davis called, she was suddenly very wide awake.

"Is it so?" he asked.

"I guess it is," she said.

"Well," said Joe, "I'm sorry. I've been thinking of you a lot. And—you'll laugh, but I'm going to tell you anyhow. There's a four-room flat for rent up in Rogers Park that I pass every day or two, and every time I see it, I think of you. It's kind of funny, now—four rooms when you're going to have forty."

Joe rose. "I just wanted to get it off my chest," he said. "I feel better now that you know just what my hopes had been."

He held out his hand to Maizie. "I wish it wasn't true, but seeing it is—here's

all the luck in the world, and all the happiness, too!"

"Thank you, Joe."

He turned quickly and walked toward the door. Maizie caught her breath.

"Joe," she cried. "Joe!"

Joe came slowly back. "Joe!" she said. With a quick sweep of his arms he held her fast—kissed her.

"I—d-d-don't w-want to m-m-marry him," Maizie sobbed into his shoulder.

"I—I—I want to go home."

Joe Davis stroked her hair very gently. "It's for you to say, honey," he answered.

She lifted her face then and asked: "Can we see that flat now, Joe?"

Which, of course, they could—and did. For after a fashion this must be somewhat more common in life than it is in fiction; that was the only way it could all come true for Maizie Maynard.

WHAT'S THE WORLD

(Continued)

isn't liquor enough in world to drown my poor sorrows, and she says a few ornate blossoms drowned me. O, woman, woman!

"Well, jus' then, along came baby-carriage full o' booze. Must have been baby-carriage old god Backache himself was pushed round in. Well, when I saw that—oh, Officer! But would you believe it? Eleven million waiters made a trench-raid on me! I counted 'em—eleven million waiters! I set my fists goin' like old propeller my old airboat. I smashed waiters till I got so tired—oh, so tired! I suppose I mus' 'a' pile dup sisseven million wai'rs. Then I was so tired—gets awful monotonous pilin' up wai'ers—so I just walked out. I just contemptuously shook the feet off my dust and walk out."

"Manners is somethigg, after all, Officer. My name's Tasster, and no Tasster ever stayed in res'rant where eleven million witters tried push 'mout."

He yawned vastly, and decided that he would take a little well-earned repose on the curb, but Twomey lugged him along, combining the technique of arresting a thug with the technique of soothing a petulant child.

By the time they reached the Deucalion, fatigue and drowsiness were beginning to suffocate Bob's soul. The vertical posture was intolerable; he was in a horizontal humor.

OFFICER TWOMEY suggested that he might borrow a cigar off Bob before he went home. Bob was delighted at the suggestion, but he was drifting far away. The elevator-boy liked Bob, and smiled indulgently as he took the officer up and opened Bob's door with a pass-key.

At the sight of his bed Bob went over like a felled cedar, with his limbs in four directions. Twomey took off his shoes and his clothes with much rolling and hunching, straightened him out, covered him up, opened a window and let in a gale of air already vibrant with the reveille of dawn.

He paused a moment to look across the innumerable roofs still smothered in night and the last of sleep, and at the vast metropolis of the sky with its countless street-lamps and its unfathomable communities. He looked to the east, where the dark was a little less dark. It came to him that the sun was high over France now, and shining on the fields where the American dead were sown. In one of those constellations of crosses, one cross was slanting above the earth-blanketed form of his boy.

That boy had been wild when sober, and ugly drunk, and Twomey had learned patience with him from the lad's mother. He was solemnly glad that his son and he had been friends, and had wrung hands before the boy went for a soldier, and did not die for Ireland after all.

The big policeman felt old and fatherly, and his heart swelled in his great breast as he smiled at Bob where the boy lay in a brief ignoble death, a hero for all the brawling insanity of his escapade.

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COMING TO?

(from page 57)

It came to Twomey, as he walked home, that Bob had probably sunk to this muddy degradation as an escape from some unbearable misfortune, to get away from killing thoughts—somewhat as the soldiers had dug into the slimy trenches for refuge from the dreadful things that filled the air.

And that was so.

BOB'S folly was always pushing him off some dock or other into water far over his head. But somebody always jumped in after him. Total strangers would respond to his need as quickly as old friends who knew him. There was a kind of magnetism about him that seemed to be as irresistible as it was inexplicable. Such a man is more mystic than any of these lofty heroes of occult gifts and superb spiritual endowments. Even the waiters who rushed Bob out of the restaurant learned to like him during the brief and lively passage to the door. The policeman he reviled took him, not to the cell he had earned, but to the bed he had not deserved. Far, far better than a talent for taking care of oneself is a genius for getting oneself taken care of.

April, however, was finished with Bob. She had fallen out of love with that aviator, and she had no parachute. It was an awful bump from clouds to clods. No martyr in the flames, no good woman stripped before a jeering multitude, could have felt more intense torment and confusion than April during the period between Bob's idiotic entrance and his contemptible exit. She never knew how she got out of the place alive. Her face was streaks of red and white, like a barber-pole.

Bob, however, was not one of those who atoned for a wrong with a right: he effaced the first wrong by committing a worse one. Furthermore, Bob was not one of those who win people by doing nice things for them; he won them by presenting them with opportunities to do magnanimous things for him. And magnanimous deeds feel about as good as anything this side of paradise.

But April was definitely and finally and everlastingly done with Bob. At last she was saved from letting him wreck her life as well as his own. Of course, if April should see Bob pushed off a dock, or walking off a dock into terribly deep water—well, she would not fall in love. She would jump in.

But it would have to be terribly deep water.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AMONG all the sleepless sleepers in New York, none suffered more than Professor Zebulon Taxter. His body was determined to go to sleep, and his brain was afraid to let it. No saint had ever acted with a purer altruism, and no thief ever suffered purer remorse. Zeb was dismayed at what he had done as Bob. The success of his insane act was



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|----------|---------|--------|
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| 32x3 1/2 | \$5.50 | \$2.10 |
| 34x3 1/2 | \$6.50 | \$2.20 |
| 36x3 1/2 | \$7.50 | \$2.30 |
| 38x3 1/2 | \$8.50 | \$2.40 |
| 40x3 1/2 | \$9.50 | \$2.50 |
| 42x3 1/2 | \$10.50 | \$2.60 |
| 44x3 1/2 | \$11.50 | \$2.70 |
| 46x3 1/2 | \$12.50 | \$2.80 |
| 48x3 1/2 | \$13.50 | \$2.90 |
| 50x3 1/2 | \$14.50 | \$3.00 |
| 52x3 1/2 | \$15.50 | \$3.10 |
| 54x3 1/2 | \$16.50 | \$3.20 |
| 56x3 1/2 | \$17.50 | \$3.30 |
| 58x3 1/2 | \$18.50 | \$3.40 |
| 60x3 1/2 | \$19.50 | \$3.50 |

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bewildering. He could not imagine how he had got down those stairs without breaking his neck. He credited the Lord with upholding him and placing that old hack exactly at that spot, just as He had set the whale to receive Jonah.

Ordinarily a cab-driver will pause to ask for a specific address. But Hob Dent had had few fares recently, and he accepted Bronx Park as destination enough. He thanked heaven for sending him even an old negro as a passenger, as perhaps the whale thanked the Lord even for an ejected prophet.

By the time Zeb had got his breath, he craned his neck to see through the dirty little mica porthole in the back of the cab. He could see no one pursuing, and he settled back with a sigh of joy into the sweet chariot that had swung low, comin' for to carry him home.

HIS brain began to fidget about for a place of concealment. He dared not return to his Fifty-third Street haunt, because the police would undoubtedly go there at once. Had he not distributed business-cards all over town? The one he gave Miss Summerlin had brought him back into the Taxter fold. He was out of it now as the blackest of sheep. He had done been and gone and run off again. But he would go and come home again, too. The main thing for the present was to keep from getting arrested—to lose himself so that he could stay lost till he was ready to unlose himself.

During his years in New York, Zeb had made many friends. He was a church-member in good standing. He belonged to several lodges, benevolent associations and clubs; he was what is known as a "joiner." He had been a distinguished member of a committee to welcome home colored soldiers. He was a fairly important man in that world within a world, the negro community.

Uptown there were "black belts" where dealers in what is called "colored real-estate" established shady oases in the white desert. These oases were growing all the time, as more and more of the negroes came up from the South, to escape lynching-bees and gain opportunities. Many of the black soldiers who had been drafted out of the cotton-fields and sent to Europe (where they saw black troops treated as equals by foreign men and women) came back to settle in New York.

The race-problem of the South, at which the North had wondered with incredulous contempt, was shifting rapidly to the North, and bringing with it its old concomitants of horror and slaughter. The labor unions were finding the negro workman a hard problem to digest; he was willing and able to carry a heavy load, and proud to take a wage that organized white labor despised.

Zeb, however, had no friends among the restive negroes. His kind were the meek and lowly, who accepted their dark skins as a cross that Heaven had given them to bear, and would reward them for waiting peacefully. He bethought him at last of a humble couple in Harlem. Mrs. Rideout was a chocolate mound, her husband a huge licorice-stick. She went out by the day to wash in people's homes, and he went out by the day to drive an ash-cart. They had formerly lived near Zeb

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when he dwelt on San Juan Hill, and had met in a church where Sister Chloe was a loud exhorter, and Brother Eph a sonorous amenster.

When they moved north, they had invited Zeb to call upon them, but he had never paid them a visit. Now he ransacked the old rubbish-container of his head and dug the address out of his memory before the cab had gone a mile.

He tapped on the front glass, and leaning out at the open door, told the driver the address, explaining:

"I've change' my mine abote Bronnix Pakh."

"Aw-awl right!" snapped the driver, hoping that his horse had not heard the distance he had yet to go.

When Zeb finally decabbed at the door of the Rideouts' apartment-house, paid his fare and took a certain pride in letting himself be robbed a little, he looked up at the sign: "THE SAN MIGUEL—Respectable Colored Families." It pleased certain negroes to pretend that they were of Cuban extraction.

Zeb found that Mrs. Rideout was away at work, but Eph had finished his day, and he made Pafessa Taxta welcome. Zeb expounded the elaborate lie he had developed and memorized on the way up, and accounted for his precious vacuum cleaner:

"I been vacurum cleanin' uptaown, and I rememered you-all's invitin' me to drap in. So yere I yam."

Mr. Rideout received him royally. The wages of teamsters had soared, and laundresses were receiving better pay than college professors. When Mrs. Rideout arrived, Zeb pretended that he could not stay to supper, just for the luxury of being asked.

Mrs. Rideout complained that owing to the dearth of servants she had to do her own housework. But she was one of those cooks that made Southern cooking famous, and Zeb and Eph sat in the kitchen and fed their eyes and nostrils on the preparations for the feast. After supper Zeb continued to sit and talk and talk, and by and by he heard the words he was waiting for.

There was a spare room, and he was urged to spend the night. Very artfully he mingled his protests that he could not think of it and his confessions that it would save him a long journey down- and a long journey uptown again the next morning; and at length permitted himself to be coerced.

WHEN his host and hostess finally decided to retire, he went to his room with a feeling of shame at forcing them to shelter the criminal he was. He got into bed and lay with his arm around the precious container of the stolen funds. Then he lifted it into the bed and covered it.

He spent a miserable night; his furious dreams were not nightmares, but night-blooms chasing him from torment to torment. He had a vast amount of dream-lore in his superstitious head, and the appearance of the simplest objects in his visions had terrifying significances that he shivered over while he waked.

His imagination wore itself out at dawn, and he fell into such a profound sleep that when his host peeked in he

FIVE years ago, in Aurora, Ill., an idea took root in the mind of a young and ambitious salesman.

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had not the heart to disturb him. Even the noise and the savor of breakfast did not penetrate to his senses. His perfect hostess left a breakfast to keep warm for him on the gas-stove, and therewith a little note:

Hep yorsef and turn of the gass and cal agan sune.

IT was well on in the forenoon when Zeb woke and found himself alone in a strange bed. He thought it was a jail-room at first, but gradually remembered. He rose, washed, dressed, fed handsomely on the breakfast, and sat down to think. He fancied that all the police in New York were on his trail. He peered out of the window to see if they had him treed. Not one was in sight, unless he was disguised as a loiterer.

Zeb supposed that the morning papers were full of him, and ventured at last to look out into the hall. Seeing a small negro girl going down the stairs, he bribed her to fetch him a paper. The headlines at least did not contain him. He read every line of the paper, including the advertisements, understanding little except the fact that he was not mentioned nor his master nor the ten thousand dollars. He felt a trifle disappointed, insulted somehow, in spite of his relief. His reverence for the all-seeing eye of the newspapers received a shock.

NOW he was alone indeed, not even worth a line—unless perhaps the police were keeping the affair secret in order to give him a false sense of security. But he could never have a sense of security while he was alone and cursed with all that money. It belonged to his master, as he himself did, and his supreme desire was to get back to the family with it.

The childish old ape was as blue as a dog that has run away from home and regretted it. He was working round slowly but surely to the inevitable conclusion that he would rather go back and take his whipping than stay away any longer. He was afraid, though, to try to get back to Bob, for fear the police would seize him and drag him off to a cell, with never a chance to explain.

And if he reached Master Bob, he would probably be refused a hearing. He had already been told that he was fired. That was impossible, of course, but how could he make sure of persuading Bob to give him another chance?

He thought of sending the money back first, as a proof of his loyalty. But how could he send it? By hand? Or express? Would it ever get there? The more he floundered, the more he wound himself up in rope.

Who would untie him and intercede for him? In the storm-clouds about him, only one face shone out—the pretty, the angelic countenance of Miss April, whom he had instantly accepted as worthy of being the wife of his master. The first day he saw her, didn't she help him out of the elevator and lend her white hand to the task of untangling the vacuum hose? She was his one hope.

But he who imagined so vigorously had not imagined the present state of April's feelings after her encounter with Bob in the restaurant.

CHAPTER XXXVII

KATE and Joe debated a long while over schemes for taking away with them more cash than they had. Their procedure is interesting, perhaps, as a specimen of one way that New York gets a bad name.

Kate and Joe, two wicked persons from the far South, met a man who had come from the far West and played upon his evil motives, robbing him of money he had stolen in the West. Later they caught a vicious man from the far East in his own trap, and robbed him. Not one of the persons concerned was born in New York, or belonged there, but to New York was attributed the whole mischief.

Joe relied on the pistol that Bob had returned to him, and he was for sticking up the cashier of a dance-hall or a movie-palace. Kate objected that it was dangerous to work in a crowd, where some blind fool might, from excess of courage or of fear, jump and cling, or shoot and hit, and wreck the high emprise. Kate preferred something more quiet, subtle, congenial, in a scene remote from the police.

Joe deferred to her womanly intuition, and they set out on the hunt for such game as might cross their path. They kept near but just off the "Broadway of Harlem," 125th Street, wide and bright and cheap as tinsel. Joe dropped back as they approached a certain restaurant, "The La Joy Cafe," a bower of shoddy gauds.

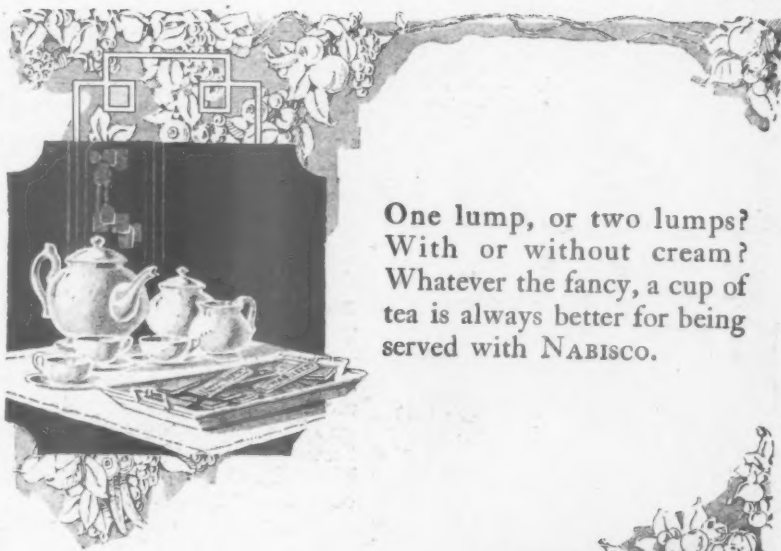
Kate went in alone and found a seat by herself, where she ordered a drink. This advertised her as a reckless person; her face and garb advertised her other attractions.

Because "The La Joy" was obscure and yet hilarious, Kate had chosen it for the "location" of the movie-scenario she had improvised from well-worn sure-fire material. Because "The La Joy" was obscure and yet hilarious, a certain man from the West had chosen it as a safe place to come up for air.

"Honest Jack" Gabe was born and bred in the cattle-country, where the best of good men come from, as we are assured by countless writers and by critics of wicked metropolitan fiction. He had none of the disadvantages of life in the vile cities, but grew up under God's own sky, close to nature. Hence he was rugged, fearless, brawny, and yet gentle as a woman except when aroused; in fact, he was just like all Westerners. And so in time he had become the cashier of a bank in the small and well-ventilated town with the playful title of "Cattleina." There was a good deal of whisky, women, murder and poker in Cattleina, after dark, but no vices, the town being in the West.

Honest Jack unfortunately lost too much at cards, and fell into the habit of taking the money of the depositors—with the best intentions of putting it back, of course. He was as honest as the day is long. Unfortunately his nights were still longer, and by and by he was in so deep that he went on through. He took all the cash and negotiable securities the bank had, and then he took the eastbound express. His photograph and description, and the offer of a reward, followed him to New York.

The expectation of this cramped Honest



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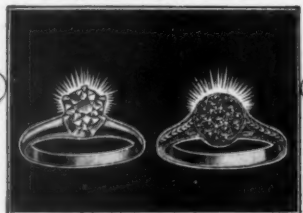
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Jack's style as a Lothario and reduced him to sore straits for amusement. He spent a good deal of his time and most of his money in pool-rooms, but he had been frightened even from this most stupor-known form of sport by a series of mishaps. He could not afford to get arrested even for carrying a pistol for he would not be let off with a fine. He would be shipped back to Cattellina, where the depositors would probably save the State the expense of boarding him at the penitentiary by cordially depositing him from the limb of a tree. Honest Jack was just about convinced that honesty is the best policy. He was blue enough to risk arrest for the sake of a kind word from some human being, preferably a girl.

ON this night Honest Jack slipped into "The La Joy," whose merry scene Kate had chosen to adorn. The sight of her solitary beauty inflamed him. He caught her eye again and again, and finally she granted his ocular appeal, and indicated a willingness to receive him as a guest by moving over a little on the long imitation-leather wall-seat which gave the place an imitation Parisian appearance.

Honest Jack strode over to Kate, carrying his honest Stetson—he had not yet sunk so low as to disgrace his head with one of the fashionable hats. He and Kate were immediately as good friends as if they were members of the same lodge.

Honest Jack was, like all Westerners, slow of speech, metaphorical of language and big of heart, and Kate won his sympathy by confessing that she was a desperate woman. Her husband had deserted her a week before—had run off to Canada with another. Kate moaned that she had stayed in her lonely home till she could stand it no longer. Honest Jack could understand her perfectly. She just had to have a little human companionship, she said; and she didn't care what happened!

Honest Jack tried to console her in his rough-diamond way. Champagne was trebly a tribute now, since its price had trebled and more; so Jack ordered a bottle of champagne wine, and like all Westerners, said: "Here's how!"

When he paid his check, he took from the inside pocket of his honest store-clothes vest a fat bundle of folded bills. He peeled off a yellow boy and put the wad back carefully. It was all that remained of the depositors' money.

Kate felt that it was going to be a pleasant and profitable evening—nearly as sweet as the imitation champagne. Honest Jack was too noble to count the short change the waiter brought him. He swept it into his pocket. He came from the country where waiters do not expect to be insulted by tips.

Kate sighed and murmured a shy regret at having to leave so nice a gentleman and go back to that awful lonely flat. And Jack, being one of Nature's gentlemen said he couldn't see how it was absolutely necessary for her to go back alone. He was sort of lonesome his own self, and how about poolin' these two lonesomenesses and makin' it a josh-pot?

Kate was ever so grateful, and coyly consented. She folded up the big bill and

are, with its menu mimeographed in purple ink. She said she wanted it as a souvenir of one who was certainly a perfect gentleman if God ever made one. Jack called a taxicab, and Kate gave the driver an address across the park. In the gloom, Honest Jack forgot his timidity, and when Kate snuggled in his arms and wept, he comforted her as only a stalwart Westerner can comfort a little woman who has been maltreated by one of nature's ignoblemen.

After Kate had sobbed awhile, fear began to chill her. She began to tell of the cruelty and treachery of her husband. He was wanted for killing a man. She had not known this, of course, till after she had married him in her innocence. She had stuck by him, though, and been a good wife to him. But how had he rewarded her? With suspicion and brutality! If she ever looked at a man, her husband wanted to kill him. He had taken a shot at one poor fellow, too, who had merely seen her home once when she felt faint on a streetcar. But those jealous ones are the worst kind! Wouldn't you just know that kind of a man would run off with another woman? Wasn't that the world? Shoot at his wife if a man was just polite to her! But if he saw anybody he liked, away he goes! Leastways, she reckoned he'd gone. She was told so by a certain party. Of course, she didn't know for sure.

Maybe the police had got him! They were always after him. They took him away, too, but he got away, and you should have seen him when he came back unexpected and caught her just talkin' to a gas-meter man, and—if the man hadn't had his book in his hand and been writin' in it, he'd never have read another meter. He'd have been killed, for her husband always had a gun, somehow, and he didn't care who he shot.

By this time Honest Jack was in a gentle sweat, not altogether due to the sultry zephyrs. He was in a state of perfect psychological preparation for what followed.

The cab stopped at the door of one of those super-solitary apartments where the hall-door is opened by push-button from tenants aloft, warned by push-button below. Honest Jack stepped out with an anxious look up and down the street, helped Kate down and paid the taxi driver, who taxidrove away.

Kate paused to look for her key, and cautiously peered into the hallway. She fell back with a gasp and a whisper:

"My God, my husband's come home. He's waitin' for me. Looks like he's got a—yes, it's a gun! Run quick—don't let him see you, or he'll—oh, run! run!"

And Honest Jack ran, as any honest man would do in like circumstances—as much for the lady's sake as his own—perhaps a little more for his own.

His long legs ran him in good stead until the sight of a policeman in silhouette under a lamppost checked him. Jack was a little afraid of a policeman than of a shooting husband.

He walked past the policeman nonchalantly, without breathing, till he had turned the next corner. There he paused for breath. As he ran, he had kept his hand on his waistcoat to keep the bundle of money from falling out. Something

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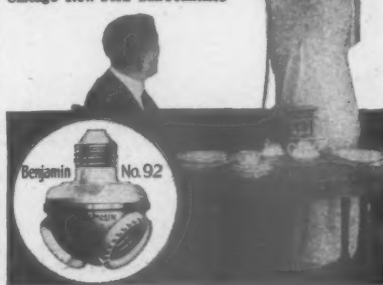
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impelled him to make doubly sure he had it, and he reached for it steadily. It did not feel natural. He moved close to the next lamppost. His money was the carefully folded bill-of-fare he had seen the woman take for a souvenir. A thousand dollars was a purple scandalous thing to eat: "Steamed clams, boiled live lobster, shrimps!"

While Kate had wept on his bosom, she had completely unseated him. Honest Jack ran round the corner and all the way back. If that policeman had got in his way, Honest Jack would have trampled him under. When he reached the lonely apartment-house, of course Kate and her husband were not there. Honest Jack played scales on the push-button keyboard till the door jiggled open and all the honest tenants were out in the halls and the janitor from the basement.

Of course, no such persons as Kate and her husband had ever lived there. And Honest Jack went his uncertain way cursing the wickedness of the modern Babylon.

The depositors' money, or what was left of it, was now safe in the hands of Joe and Kate. They had stood for a precious seconds watching Honest Jack as he made his first outbound dash—or (as Joe worded it) "took it on a Dan O'Leary."

Then they had fled together to a taxicab, and so home.

Their laughter nearly split their sides as they split the wad of the poor boob from God's country.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

NEXT morning found Joe and Kate still laughing the inextinguishable laughter of successful thieves. But sweet as stolen fruit may be, it is not always sufficient. To revert to the text at the beginning of this long story: who ever had just enough money?

Kate sighed: "We can't leave this man's town with only this one little oval thousand dollars. Dough is too loose to leave it lay without grabbin' off a mile mo' on the way out."

Joe answered solemnly, using the very words reported to have been employed later by the mayoress of a large American city in answer to a polite observation by the visiting sovereign from Belgium:

"Queen, you said a mouthful."

The problem for Kate and Joe was just what money to try for next. They debated a long while, each suggesting some wild project for the other to reject. At last Kate, who could never forget the chagrin of losing the Taxter necklace, bethought her, as so often, of diamonds. "Shinias!" said Kate. "I got to take away some shinias!"

All forms of jewelry had gone skyward in price with the rest of human necessities. The war had shut down the diamond mines, and restricted the output for years. This, of course, made them only the more desirable. Gems were quite the rage among fashionable thieves. There were the usual quiet atrocities committed by wives upon their husbands, and sweethearts upon their lovers, in the form of theft by persuasion, coaxing

and shame, with a resultant diversion of funds from the proper usages. There were also gigantic burglaries in homes and hotels. Nearly every paper advertised some woman as having lost far more mineral wealth than she had been suspected of having. It is bitter to acquire fame by losing wealth.

To lift a forty-thousand dollar lavalier is a crime of the first water, and Kate would have felt that murder was a reasonable price to pay for the opportunity.

But jewel-thefts usually impose leisure for long reconnaissance, and time was what Joe and Kate could least afford. The big shops were sure to be well guarded, and the lesser ones apt to be cautious. Joe and Kate went forth for a breath of air and a study of the terrain.

ON upper Third Avenue they came upon a pawnshop window with a number of sparklers displayed among the curious clutter of things that people hock. They lingered and walked past, then decided to make the venture. They discussed the strategy in technical terms with swift understanding, and Joe set out to look for a taxicab, while Kate went back to the pawnshop with the grim exultance of a playwright approaching a theater where his own fate is to be settled.

The pawnbroker was alone, and he looked the *Shylock* as he stood quaint and hopeful among the trophies of embarrassment that filled his window, his cases and his safe. The law had cut down his usury, and the various branches of the Provident Loan Society showed mercy to the temporary or permanent poor. So this ambitious pawnbroker looked for his real opportunities in making covert deals with thieves.

He acted as a fence when he dared, and his was a peculiarly dishonest dishonesty, since even his burglar clients could not trust him; for if the police came snooping round, Mr. Nosswitz was quick to expose all his wares and protest his innocence. If any of the missing articles were identified, he promptly told the police as much as he could about the crook who had fooled his trusting disposition. He protested too much; his compulsory daily reports were plainly doctored; and the police despised him, as they do all their stool-pigeons; but they found him useful as a parasite that preyed on parasites.

Into the shop of this thief from thieves Kate entered shyly, trying to "look like a million dollars." She was wise enough to know her limitations and not pretend too far. Her dialect at least was natural:

"I saw a ring in yo' window that looked right good to me, unless you have betta."

Mr. Nosswitz hastened to lift it out and lay it before her for examination. She was not satisfied:

"Ma husband, you see, has just made a killin' in the oil-business. We're from Texas, you know. He's simply foolish rich, and he wants to dress me up like a boss and buggy. I've been raound to Tiffany's and Marcuses and those places, but heavens alive, they want a wagon-load of money for a diamond you can't see with a microscope."

"It's a robbery they make," Mr. Noss-



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witz agreed with a shrug extending to his finger-tips. He was almost persuaded already that Kate was on the level. And he suspected everybody who entered his store of being there to sting him, one way or another. He suspected everybody on earth of trying to sting him.

Kate attacked him from a new angle by admitting that she was an out-of-towner, a new-rich and therefore gullible. Mr. Nosswitz grew so enthusiastic over the prospect of cheating her that he almost forgot to suspect her. She led him on by taking out a large amount of money and making as if to pay for some trinket, only to change her mind after every

ring, brooch or bracelet that he displayed:

"That's too cheap. While ma husband has got all this money, I want to buy something wuth whahl. There's no betta investment than diamonds: Libaty Bonds can't touch 'em; do you think so?"

Mr. Nosswitz answered heartily: "Sure, I don't."

Kate's guilelessness, her ambition to spend, and her ignorance of values simply overwhelmed the poor man. He began, to bring out everything in the shop that was expensive, and he added to the cost recklessly.

He finally unwrapped a long bar-pin of big diamonds in platinum. He had got



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it from a cherubic bellboy in a large hotel. Kate admired this immensely, but she hesitated over a choice among so many choices. She explained her delay nonchalantly:

"I'm expectin' ma husband to drop in. He went to get some good cigars, and he's comin' right along to help me in makin' ma selection."

The moment Kate mentioned an expected man, Mr. Nosswitz winced. He did not like to have two people in his shop at once. Before he quite realized what he was doing, he had pressed a button under the counter-ledge. It made a little noise in the kitchen, like a sleepy rattlesnake's warning—but it was warning enough.

Mrs. Nosswitz, who was busy in her combined kitchen, drawing-room, dining-room, laundry, nursery and dormitory, dropped her work and moved forward toward the store with a large pistol in her hand.

Just as she reached a well-masked loop-hole, Mr. Joe Yarmy walked in the front door, trying to look like two million dollars.

"Oh, thah you ah, honey," he said to Kate. "Found anything you like yet?"

"There's several nice things, ma dear," said Kate. "What do you think of this lavallee?"

As Joe drew near, Mr. Nosswitz' heart began to bound like a chained watchdog. He could hear it bellow and feel it plunge.

Joe reached out with his left hand to take the concatenation of jewels that Kate held out for him. With a pretense of great courtesy Mr. Nosswitz snatched it himself and held it out. Joe was so shocked by the crass behavior that he pushed his right hand into his pocket, and brought out the same gun that he had threatened Bob with—only now he got the drop first, and he snapped at the pawnbroker:

"Put 'em up!"

Mr. Nosswitz' hands went up halfway in a familiar gesture.

"On up!" said Joe.

He was going to add: "Keep 'em up till ma wife gathers up the stuff and gets outside, and I folla; and don't come to the do', for I'll shoot from the window of the taxi, and you'll be lookin' like a co'se sieve if I do!"

That was what he planned to say, and Nosswitz looked an easy victim. His hands were palsied in the air, and it was rather his terror than his wisdom that led him to cry out:

"Mamma—don't shoot yet!"

He was afraid that Mamma would shatter him and a lot of expensive glass besides.

Joe and Kate were petrified by the sharp cry of "Mamma," and by a harsh voice from some vague place, uttering a profane parody of their own polite phrase:

"Poot 'em oop!"

Kate and Joe hoisted their hands in a horror of disgust. Nosswitz swept the gems off the showcase, thrust them into the safe and slammed the door. Now he felt braver, and he faced the situation like a conqueror instead of a helpless victim.

But Joe still had his gun in one hand.

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RED BOOK MAGAZINE

He brought it down now, to the level of Nosswitz' chest, and called out to his invisible menace in a plucky burlesque of her dialect:

"Mamma, if you shoot me, I shoot Papa!"

"Wait vonce, Mamma!" cried Nosswitz. And there was a pause, a general stalemate.

Joe and Kate were too good sports not to respect the swiftness of the pawnbroker's action. Joe was not much afraid of the marksmanship of the concealed woman, but it would make a noise, and the street outside was crowded, and the cab-driver was not a confederate, simply a lousy pick-up whom Joe had told to drive to the pawnshop and wait while he went in for a package, and then drive to the 125th Street railroad-station in a hurry.

The plan had looked simple in the flare of the diamonds, and far cruder plans had succeeded again and again. But now the jig was up; the gems were gone, and even Kate and Joe were in peril.

Yet Nosswitz felt none too triumphant with Joe's gun at his chest. He would have died for his diamonds, perhaps, and gone to Gehenna with one more grievance. But he was no more eager for the police than Joe was. They would seize the jewelry themselves, no doubt, and he would be as badly off as if he had let the thieves take it. Nosswitz trusted the police a little less than he trusted anybody else. He felt that it was an excellent time for an armistice. Even with his hands in air again, he gesticulated with the palms inward instead of forward as he grinned nervously.

"Vet's de uset of such a shootink? It's only to make nuisance vit police. You go on ovid kviet, and I dun't make no complaint: so everybody is sottisfite."

Joe was reluctant to leave empty-handed and defeated, but the mysterious tone of Mrs. Nosswitz was curdling:

"Move over, lady, vile I shoot dot chendleman!"

Kate moved over to the door, and Joe, with an instinct of comradeship, moved with her. He let her out, pointed his gun at Nosswitz and said:

"Come on out in the street!"

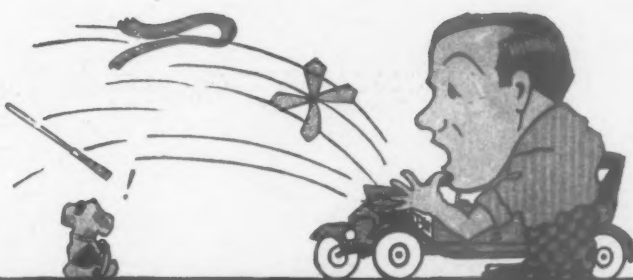
Nosswitz was suspicious of the invitation, and stood fast long enough for Joe to close the door, slip his gun back into its arm-holder, hasten to the cab and tell the driver to beat it to the depot. He looked at his watch to add plausibility to his innocent need of haste.

The cab carried two of the most friendly indignant passengers that ever jounced among the pillars of the elevated. Kate and Joe emitted oaths in a stream. One thing was certain: their outraged pride would not permit them to leave New York without effacing this stain. They devoted themselves to getting somebody's diamonds.

"There's that Taxta necklace," Kate moaned.

They got out at the railroad-station, paid the cabby, took a local train to 138th Street, got out, and returned by street-car to Bob's realm.

Watch for the final installment of "What's the World Coming to?" to appear in the June issue of The Red Book Magazine.



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A DAUGHTER

(Continued)

reputable place with some woman." The way she spoke the word *woman* was eloquently descriptive of what sort of woman it was. Jane felt her cheeks growing hot. "You don't like Mr Islip?" she said to cover her embarrassment.

"No. There was that girl in his office—the Clotts girl. There was something back of her fainting that day. And such a girl! Nobody but a man like him would have anything to do with her. She's just animal." Jane watched Ruth's face, and the young nurse seemed somehow mature, wise, strong—and at the same time very youthful and sweet. Her acerbity seemed quite out of character, her intolerance a foreign thing, misplaced where there should have been tenderness and forgiveness.

Chagnon seemed to read her thoughts. "Ruth isn't so hard on everybody as she is on Cleghorn Islip. He's rubbed her the wrong way. One would think he had offended her personally—and yet she's hardly seen him."

"Hardly is plenty," said Ruth.

MRS. CHAGNON steered the conversation away from Ruth and her hospital and Cleghorn—in putting it on what one might call a domestic basis. She talked about Finney and herself, and quite casually and without self-consciousness about the baby. She spoke of it as she would speak of any other individual who was about to arrive in the house—and Jane, watching the faces of the others, saw that they accepted it quite in the same manner. She saw that Chagnon was as delighted as his wife, and she saw that their glances, when the child was spoken of, met with an even greater tenderness than was their custom.

The phone rang, and Finney was occupied in conversation in the other room for some minutes.

"It was the one thing we wanted to make our life perfect," said Hope. Then as if defensively: "It has been perfect, but this makes it more than perfect. You girls think you're happy, but you don't know. You aren't living at all, not until you love some man—love him. And he loves you. Sometimes I lie down to rest in the afternoon, and close my eyes and just think about my husband, and I quiver all over with happiness—because he's mine and I am his."

"I could love somebody—very much," said Ruth meditatively. "It's in me to love—hard. But if it should be the wrong man, if he was—oh, like some men I've seen!"

Jane shook her head. "I'm afraid I'm lacking," she said. "I haven't any idea what love would be like. I don't want to love."

"My dear! You! You were made to give some man wonderful happiness. Why else were you made so beautiful? What nonsense! Why, if you shouldn't love and marry, it would be the most wickedly wasteful thing that ever happened. Don't you want to be happy?"

"Of course."

OF DISCONTENT

(from page 42)

"Well, then—" said Hope with an air of finality.

Jane was very quiet the rest of the evening; she listened and watched, studying Finney and Hope as she would have studied some problem in mathematics or philosophy or biology. They were true. They had this thing called love, and were happy with it. They were even happy about this baby which was a result of it! She watched them, their every movement and expression. If it could make her as they were, contented, happy, it was worth having. . . . But was it as worth having as those things she desired—wealth, social eminence, the ability to waste and to know that there was more and always more to waste if she desired? She was impressed, but not convinced. And always there was the baby!

Ledyard came in later, seeming very much at home, but Jane's intuition perceived at once that it was not Ruth Deyo who drew him to that house. She noted this as a fact, but it was of no especial importance to her.

After a time she announced that she must go home.

"But you must stay all night," Hope said. "There is room. You can telephone."

"No, I really must go home." She wanted to go, because she wanted to be in her own room, where she could think. She wanted to lay out the total of her observations that evening, and to con them over and see what golden sand of fact might be left remaining of them when the rest should be washed away. She was seeking knowledge for use in her own life.

Weeks Ledyard arose with her. "Of course I shall go out with you," he said.

"I'm not in the least afraid."

He did not argue the matter, but simply accompanied her as if no other thing were possible—as perhaps it was not.

"They're a wonderful couple," he said as they reached the street.

"They seem very—satisfied," she said slowly.

"Why shouldn't they be? They've won the capital prize."

"Meaning?"

Ledyard, unfortunately, was not a facile user of words. There were times when he gave an impression of heaviness, of slowness of thought. It was not heaviness or slowness but an innate New England caution—a sort of economy which prevented him from spending words until he had earned them by thought. This hesitation was offset by the sincerity with which he spoke when he was ready to speak. Sincerity was basic with him. He could not pretend. And as to those matters which lay close to his heart, he was a zealot—an inarticulate zealot, if such a creature be possible. Those things which he admired he admired to the verge of fanaticism; the things he despised he despised to the uttermost degree.

"Meaning," he said presently, in an-

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swer to Jane's question, "that in the most important arrangement in the lives of human beings, they have come close to perfection."

"Their marriage?"

"Exactly—marriage. The time in the life of all people which really counts is the time after they reach maturity, isn't it? It has always seemed to me that the one thing which, more than any other, made that period successful or unsuccessful was marriage. Of all the things people do in their lives, the most important is marriage. It—modifies them more. Suppose people have succeeded after fashion in spite of unfortunate marriages but it can be only a barren sort of success. I hope you understand me. My notion is that success really means getting away with one's life. It means, after all, being happy in those hours when you are in privacy."

"That sounds—deep and learned," she said.

"I DON'T mean it to be that way. What I'm trying to say is that there's a heap of difference between what the crowd calls success, and happiness; between what the crowd sees of a man or woman in his or her public aspect, and what really exists when the person is from under the eyes of his neighbors—at home, sitting in the house or eating dinner or lying in bed—when a man has withdrawn into his family. That is really his life; the rest is only his work."

"Then, if I understand you, you mean that happiness lies in a contented private life."

"Not contented—a successful private life."

"What constitutes a truly successful private life?"

This time he answered directly, without hesitation. "Love," he said, "the sort of love the Chagnons have for each other."

"Would it make a successful life if the people were very poor—if it was all they had?"

"Of course," he said with a touch of surprise in his voice.

"Then, if you could choose between marrying some girl who loved you—Mrs. Chagnon does her husband—and another girl who had—oh, barrels of money—"

"There would be no choice."

"There would with me," she said sharply. "I want to be rich. I want—everything. I don't know anything about 'his love you and the Chagnons talk about, but I do know about money.'"

He looked at her sharply. "You mean—"

"I mean that when I marry, it is going to be to get what I want; that's what I mean."

"For money?"

"Yes."

"I should think," he said slowly, personally, as if thinking aloud, "that would be horrible."

"Horrible?"

"Rather—loathsome," he said.

She caught her breath. Suddenly she thought of the baby that was to come to the Chagnons—and she understood.

"You can't be rich without paying for it," she said defiantly.

"Why do you want to be rich?"
 "So I can have everything I've ever wanted—and couldn't have. So I can spend, spend, spend!"
 "Because you think that would be happiness," he said.
 "I suppose so."

HE did not speak again, and they walked along silently. She felt a certain disapproval in his attitude toward her, and she wanted to explain, to make tenable her position, to prove to him that she was right. But she could think of no arguments. Ledyard seemed unconscious of the silence. He was hurt, amazed. Jane Lang had attracted him as no girl had ever attracted him before. It had begun with her beauty, but like all other fascinated young men, he had fancied he perceived in her other and finer qualities than physical beauty. She had shocked him. He was inclined to believe that she had not meant what she said, or had spoken with the ignorance of girlhood; yet she was no child. He was asking himself if it could be possible he had fallen in love with a woman whose soul would approve the sale of her body to the highest bidder, without respect to the identity of the bidder.

He turned to her suddenly. "Of course, it's none of my business," he said, "but for God's sake, get such notions out of your head."

She was not offended. Somehow she had never liked Weeks Ledyard so well as she did in that moment—and she could not have told why.

Their train stopped, and they alighted. In silence they walked the few blocks to Daniel Lang's house.

"Good night, and thank you for coming way out here with me," she said—gently, as if she knew instinctively that she had hurt him and was sorry for it.

"Good night, Miss Lang."

He turned away and was going without another word when she stopped him.

"Aren't you going to ask when you may call?"

He turned and faced her. "I—to tell the truth, Miss Lang, I'm not certain that I want to call."

Again she was not offended, and was surprised that she was not. "Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, looking steadily into her face, "it would be so easy for me to love you, Miss Lang. . . . Good night."

CHAPTER XV

IT had always been rather a pleasure to Jane Lang to wake up in the morning, to sense the reality of herself and her presence in the world. It was not that she was satisfied with the world, or with her part in it; but she was young, and the pleasure was largely physical—merely the awakening of youth from the unconsciousness of sleep, the realization of life. That had always been good until recently, but now it was good no longer.

Jane awoke now to the necessity for thought, unpleasant thought. She was no longer greeted by that pleasant, drowsy sense of aliveness; her morning greeting came from some unpleasant recollection, some apprehension, some unlovely prob-

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lem. Especially of a Sunday morning she had delighted to lie abed for a time, basking in her youth; but on this Sunday morning she got up quickly and busied herself with her toilet because to be busy was to have her mind occupied with the trivial, the routine thing to the exclusion of those problems which had been demanding some solution from her.

She dressed quickly and descended to the library, where she found her father already well through the papers and waiting for his breakfast. She greeted him without brightness and mechanically picked up a section of the paper—the so-called "feature section"—and glanced at it. In the center of the page was Peter Ogus' portrait; most of the remainder of the page was covered with pictures of huge houses, of formal gardens with quaint little buildings in them, each with its explanatory caption. Jane sat down quickly to read.

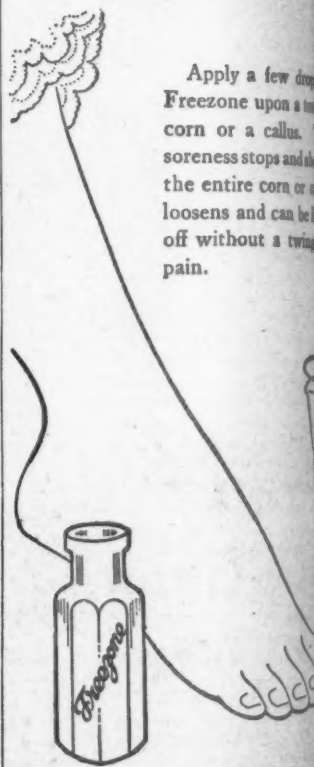
The title of the article was "The Bolshevik Prince." It purported to be the story of the life of Peter Ogus, an account of his former wealth and social position, anecdotes of his intimacy with the Czar and his family—all set down very much in detail and with every evidence of historical truth. The article was very good to Peter Ogus, and its inferences were hopeful. The final column was devoted to a discussion of Peter's place in the Bolshevik régime, his astuteness and the extreme likelihood that his estates and position would be restored to him—if not by Lenine and Trotsky themselves, then certainly by the government which should replace them, the conservative government which must replace the mock-proletariat chaos. Apparently Peter had been one of the first noblemen of old Russia; the writer of the article stated it as his mature opinion that Peter would at no distant day emerge as one of the first and richest citizens of the Russia that was to be.

PETER OGUS! His appearance had excited Jane when she first encountered him, but not so much as his apocryphal history had done. She had doubted that history even while she had allowed it to enter into her calculations. She was shopping, so to speak, for a husband, and it had been her intention to allow Ogus to show her his samples—until the incident in the restaurant. Ogus and Cleghorn Islip had been unconscious rivals. It seemed as if both had been eliminated, the one by a prying Secret Service, the other by the shock of accident and its resultant dangers.

Ogus she had seen a few times, but a coldness which she knew how to assume held him at a distance, irritated him, made him, being the sort of man he was, more determined to have his way in the end. Now, reading this account of his life in the paper, this account reinforced by actual photographs of his former grandeur, she admitted him to her calculations again. The article had been so certain that he would soon be restored to his estates. A prince! As the wife of a prince, as a princess, her social position would be superior to that of any woman in the city. With the wealth of this prince she could spend and spend and spend—as it was her dream to do. So, in a short

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half-hour, Ogu was reestablished as a responsibility. This was the more easily accomplished because there was a fascination about the man—something that aroused her, an exotic something that quickened her imagination and made her fancy that life with him might be something other than intolerable.

Jane was stubborn. She had made her plan. Events were arguing with her against its excellence, but she fought with events. Love! It was to study this thing called love that she had gone to the Chagnons—and she had found it a puzzle. Even if she could have it, she was not sure she wanted it; but with all that, deep within her, she had an instinctive sense of its rightness. She was angry with love, because it accused her. She was puzzled by it, because it made people do incredible things. There was the Chagnon baby, and its mother's joy at the prospect of its arrival! There was nothing to account for that but love.

Then she had Weeks Ledyard's dictum that it was loathsome to go to a husband without love, to give for money what love alone seemed to make it lawful or thinkable to give. For her part, she could not see the difference. If one had to give, if life demanded such concessions of one, what was the difference between surrendering to love and to money? If that were the fate common to women, she told herself she would get the utmost in return for it. But for all that, she was unhappy.

JANE stayed home that day, not neglecting to envy those whose circumstances permitted them the luxury of chauffeurs and motorcars and country estates. She read the papers, and found them uninteresting. Discussions of the League of Nations meant nothing to her. Article Ten was as foreign to her as a discussion of Sanscrit roots. Aside from international politics the papers seemed given up to a reflection of the unrest of labor. It seemed, if one accepted the statements of the press, that this unrest was working, under some special urge, toward a climax. There were disagreements, threats of strikes, actual strikes. It was not the city alone that suffered from these manifestations, but the country at large. The crop of Dragon's Teeth had been sown; fields had been well planted, and their dreadful crop was even now breaking through the soil.

Indications of all these things were to be found in the press of that Sunday, but only a fraction of their importance found a resting-place in Jane's intelligence. She read the papers to pass the time, and yawned, and grumbled mentally—until in the afternoon Peter Ogu himself appeared at the door.

Peter's call was the logical sequence to the article in the morning paper. In the first place his dramatic soul discerned it to be a fitting entrance; in the second place he was a man to strike while the iron was hot, to follow up with a feline tenacity any advantage. He came to see Daniel Lang, well knowing that Daniel Lang was speaking in Gary that afternoon. His reception by Jane would be an indication to him of the effect of his shifflingly obtained publicity.

Not that the publicity had been ob-

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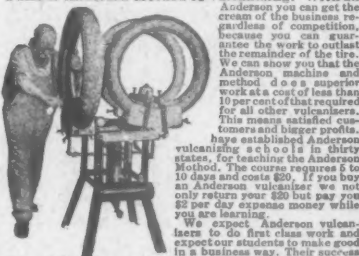
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tained solely for its effect upon Ogus had larger plans, and Jane was incidental, but she was a very desirable incident. Ogus always figured a part from his by-products.

Jane had heated his imagination. It had been like some beautiful jewel in a window of a shop, glowing, beckoning, alluring, flicking off from its facets scintillating rays which gave birth to consciousness and planted the seeds of crime. As the thief might return again and again to stare at the jewel and to let his senses with imaginings of its possession until, in an auspicious moment, it became overpowering and he smashed the window and darted away with his loot, so had Ogus returned again and again his thoughts to Jane Lang.

Marriage was not in the mind of Ogus. His notion of women was the Bolshevik notion. New religions and new political orders are apt to tinker with womanhood and so derive a certain appeal and draw a certain following. Peter had attracted converts by his attitude toward woman. "The rich bourgeois," he was accustomed to say, "have bought the pick of the women—the lovely, the lithe, the graceful; and we, the laborers, have been compelled to content ourselves with the leavings. We are men. We have the right to the best of the women as much as they—and in the new order each man shall take what he wants. We shall help ourselves. The poorest of us, who have no strength to seize, shall possess."

Nationalization of women might come. He hinted at it, but did not explain it. When he spoke, it was of direct action, of the freedom of the individual male to possess himself as he saw fit, without restraint. The proletariat should hold the supreme power, and one of the first fruits of power should be women—such women

SO Ogus, exotically handsome, a figure to blind the eyes of a young girl, stood before Jane Lang and asked for her father.

"He is not at home," Jane said, but with the cold aloofness of former occasions. Yes, he looked a prince. She saw him in court costume—a figure out of a romantic novel.

He looked into her eyes and smiled. "You have not forgiven me," he said, "because my mission excited the interest of your bourgeois Government—which has no tact. It was a mere nothing—its only importance was the annoyance it gave you. May I come in—to ask to be forgiven?"

Jane felt the restraints of a doubt, some deep internal aversion to the man asserted itself. But hers was the stubbornness of women, who will sometimes run counter to every impulse, every advice, from mere perversity. She stepped aside and smiled.

"I don't suppose it really was your fault," she said.

"No. No—unless to work for the abolition of misery is a fault." He followed her into the library and seated himself opposite her—waiting.

"You are quite famous," she said. He smiled, not at her, but to himself. His white, regular teeth gleamed; a keen-eyed spectator would have said he purred. "Oh—that! It was unfortunate."

may interfere with my work. But these young American newspapermen, they run one to earth. I can't imagine where they got so much accurate information." She particularly noticed his use of the word accurate.

"It was true, then?"

"For the most part—some natural errors, but in the main remarkably accurate."

"How should I speak to you?" she asked with a nervous laugh. "Your Highness? Your Grace? How?"

He pretended alarm. "Not now—not yet. It would be dangerous. I hope you will not make such a suggestion—yet."

"Yet?"

"One never can tell," he said in his sleek way.

"Then you hope—"

"I wouldn't call it *hope* exactly."

"You are sure," she translated. "Is that what you mean?"

"We mustn't speak of it, even hint at it. It would be dangerous. But when my work here is finished, I shall go back—and I know what my reward will be. There are things in motion in Russia."

"And you will be a prince again?"

"There are no titles in republican France," he said easily; "yet one meets dukes on the boulevards."

THERE was a brief silence. Jane was visioning the future; Ogus was studying the present, calculating the effect of the matter upon this girl, and asking himself if she had been thrown from her equilibrium. It was his judgment that he might act, that the time had come.

"You would be a beautiful—princess," he said softly.

She looked at him with sudden apprehension, then let her eyes fall, and frowned. He gave her no time to fortify herself. "You asked me how you should address me," he said. "There is but one way I want to hear you speak to me, and that is as a woman speaks to the man she loves. You are lovely—lovely. There never was a woman like you. I worship you; I bow down before your beauty. I think of you by day and dream of you by night. You have blinded me to everything else."

Ogus had the quality of the skilled demagogue, who can play upon the emotions with florid, bedizened, pinchbeck words. He changed his tone to one of grave emotion: "I love you. I love you. I would give it all up for you—possessions, place, everything. But I want them all to give to you. I want to put you where the world will admire you. I want to cover you with jewels, so that your loveliness will dazzle the world. For myself I do not care, but I want all those things for you—only for you—all to be your playthings."

Jane felt the strength of her will slipping from her. Ogus had shaken her, was fascinating her, overpowering her. She felt faint, frightened—but powerless to hold this man at bay. He had rushed her defenses and was storming the last citadel. She dared not look at him. If she looked, if his eyes encountered and held her own, she knew it would be the end: he would master her will. She had not figured on this. With a supreme effort she forced her eyes to close.



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"Think. . . . Think. . . . Think she repeated over and over to herself.

It had been her part to cast about for the best bargain, to be cool, calm, unturbed, calculating, not to be swept away in a flood of abhorrent emotion. Ogo repelled her; she hated him in that moment; yet if he had ventured farther one step, if he had seized her in his arms and held her, overwhelming her weakness with masterful passion, she would have been his. But Ogo was a man of words; deeds he left to others.

He seized her hand, when he should have crushed her to him with the firmness he felt but dared not exercise—he continued to talk; it was his weakness.

"We shall be great—you and I together. Wealth! You shall have the spending of the treasure of a continent. And I shall love you, worship you. You love me. You must love me—my process!"

HIS moment had passed. He had clutched it, and it was gone—for the time. Jane, fighting her weakness, her faintness, with every potency of her will compelled herself to think, to shut her ears—to think of herself. She must yield, must not surrender. Before she made her bargain, she must be certain of payment. Ogo talked on, perverted words, words, words, until they became only words to Jane, and she dared not look at him. The danger was passed—for that time. She was herself again—almost herself, shaken, pale, unable to rise, but clear of thought and steady of purpose.

"You love me!" Ogo whispered. "I love me!"

"I don't know," she said tremulously. "I don't think so. I don't know." Then with a sudden outburst of desperation. "Love! I don't want to love. I know nothing about love."

She was asking herself if that terrifying numbness, that numbness in which she seemed to live detached from herself, tormented, desiring, sense-deadened were love. If it were, then love was no sweet, not an ecstasy, not the wonderful and beautiful thing the Chagnons and Weeks Ledyard declared it to be—loathsome. That was Ledyard's word—loathsome.

Ogo was battering her with words, impassioned, fervid; but now they faded hollowly. They had no power to move.

"You are mine—my beauty! I love you."

"Be still," she said suddenly, sharply.

He stopped, taken aback, arrested in mid-career.

"I love you," he said, but the words fell flat.

"I know what I want," she said, still faintly, as if prompting herself, steadying herself. "It isn't love. If I've got to pay,—with that,—I must have what I want. I must be sure."

He was puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Go away now," she said. "I want to be alone. I want to think about this. Before I give, I must be certain—certain."

"Of what? Of my love?"

She was sure of herself now. She

even smiled a little. "No," she said, "of your ability to pay."

"Pay," she repeated a little wildly. "Oh, it will take a big payment to make that bargain worth while."

"I don't understand."

She looked at him queerly. "I know what I want," she said, "and I'm not sure you can give it. I'm not buying the shadow of a castle, the reflection of wealth that I may never be able to touch."

"But love—"

"Love," she said, shutting her eyes and striving to hide a quivering of her body, "is cheap. I could have that of—the man who brings the groceries, the conductor on the train, of any man. . . . That is cheap—cheap."

He understood at last. "It is a bargain you offer," he said in a queer tone, studying her as he had never studied her before.

"What else?"

"With guarantees of my ability to pay?"

She nodded.

"By God!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

"Go now," she said.

"I may come back—when I can give guarantees?"

"That is to be discussed," she said coldly, able at last to stand. He arose and faced her, admiringly, with craving in his eyes.

"What we could accomplish together!" he said.

"Good-by!"

He took her hand and lifted it to his lips, but at their touch she jerked it away.

"Good-by!" he said, and turned again at the door to stare at her. His face looked drawn now, his teeth bared as he spoke. "I'd wreck the world for you," he said harshly, "and pour the pieces in your lap."

Peter Ogus found himself the vanquished instead of the victor. Jane Lang had gone to his head; and now, in common with many other men of great schemes or grisly plots, he found the world subordinated to the desire for one woman—a path that has never been found safe for the feet of men.

CHAPTER XVI

PETER OGUS went directly from Jane Lang to Henry Clotts' little second-hand bookstore, and to the dingy back room which the public, in so far as it was interested in the affairs of Clotts, supposed to be filled with rubbish. As the day was Sunday, the street was all but deserted; the other dingy little shops were closed, but Henry Clotts, being of independent mind, a free-thinker of the Teutonic school, remained open for business as upon any other day—in a spirit of perversity.

Ogus entered and paused as he passed through the basement shop to look for a moment at the shelves upon shelves of textbooks on chemistry, books which impoverished Henry Clotts, for he would always buy and could with difficulty be persuaded to sell a volume bearing on this subject. The book a customer seemed desirous of purchasing was the very one,

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it seemed, that Henry Clotts most wanted to consult. Ogus regarded these books with an almost friendly glance. He was filled with satisfaction at having ready to his hand such a student of chemistry as Henry Clotts, such an unsuspected chemist—for chemists have their uses to those who engineer social revolutions.

He passed on into the meeting-room, where he found Doc Keenan and Omar Borginski lounging and smoking. He nodded. "Where's Clotts?" he asked. "Fishing a fresh batch of petrified toads out of a tub of his Elixir," said Keenan with a grin.

Borginski growled in his throat. "Anna should bring some beer," he said honestly; and then, going to the stairs, he lifted his voice in a bellow: "Anna—hey, Clotts, you should bring some beer—for three."

OGUS took his accustomed seat at the head of the table and lounged back moodily. His thoughts were not of social revolutions or chemical experiments or even of beer—they were of Jane Lang, and they were troublesome thoughts.

Presently Anna entered, dressed as Anna would dress on a day of leisure, bearing a tray of bottles and glasses. She passed around the table with that like, jointless walk that made her seem so feline. As she passed Borginski, he snatched at her, but she eluded him with a catlike twitch of her body and glared.

"You're my girl," Borginski declared heavily, scowling.

"You lie," Anna said softly, her eyes narrowed, animal hate glowing in their depths.

"You're my girl," Borginski repeated. "When the time is here, I take you—so!" He held up his curiously deformed teamster's hand and clutched his fingers into a knot—a sinister, speaking gesture. "And I kill him—like this." Slowly, with visible enjoyment, he made the motion of one twisting a chicken's neck. "You also I kill if you don't watch out. . . . I see you; I know where you go. I follow you. . . . You are my girl."

"You let me alone," Anna said in a sharp voice that was almost a squall. "You hear? You let me alone."

"You stay away from him. You hear? I catch you with him some day, and— Again he made the significant twisting gesture.

"Whose neck is this you're going to wring?" asked Ogus with slight interest.

"Young Islip's," said Doc Keenan oilily. "Omar knows Anna's sweet on him. Anna's in his office. She's Islip's girl."

"You lie," Anna said shrilly.

"She's my girl," Omar repeated again menacingly. "One day I kill him. You got to stop working there. You hear?"

"You aint my boss. You aint got a right to tell me where I should work."

"I make me that right," said Omar, licking his lips.

"Run along, Anna," Ogus said sharply. "We want to talk." He turned and scrutinized Doc Keenan. "What's the matter, Keenan?" he asked. "I thought you left the fighting to the other fellow."

Keenan scowled darkly. "It was that damn' skim-milk Socialist Lang," he said. He felt of his neck and breathed

hoarsely as if in painful recollection. "Lang?" queried Ogus.

"I went to see him on a little matter of business," said Keenan, "and he choked me damn' near to death—and threw me out into the street."

Ogus regarded him a moment calculatingly, and dropped the subject. "How is Clotts coming along with the—package?" he asked.

"Don't know. Let's have him down," Keenan went to the door and called again and again. After a time Clotts' voice came down to them irritably.

"Vell, vat iss it? Why should you disturb me?"

"Come down. Ogus wants to see you." Clotts lumbered down the stairs, his face the face of a peevish child. "Vell, vat iss it? I am busy."

"What is it? The Elixir?" Ogus asked smoothly.

"The Elixir—always it iss the Elixir, when I am not disturb'. It iss the important thing. See?" He held in his hand what seemed to be a toad carved out of stone. "It has been in the mixture only t'ree mont'. Already it iss stone. I am near to it now. We shall nefer die, my wife and I."

"But you want to live in the right kind of a world, Clotts. There wouldn't be much pleasure living as you are. You want to live forever in a good world."

"That iss it. It is why I help you. My wife and I, we wish to live easy. It iss why I help."

"Then how is the package? That brings the new world closer, you know. Have you been working on the package?"

"To be sure. It wass simble—what you say, elementary! All ready it iss. Should I show you?"

Ogus nodded, and leaned forward with strained interest while Clotts pattered upstairs to return with what seemed to be a cardboard container such as might be used to mail small articles.

"See," said Clotts with childish pride. "It iss very simble, but very—effective—not? It iss new. It comes from my brain—but it iss simble." He opened the package and showed it lined with wood, containing a tiny mechanism. "It works—so." He illustrated. "See—it comes in the mails. You take it from the postman. Outside is the label—from what store we like. You unwrap the paper, and dere lies the leetle box—like this. See? It iss fasten' wit' this little brass clasp—so! Many box are fasten' with this leetle brass clasp—but not like—no, no—not like underneath'. So, you lift the brass clasp, and—whoom! You lift no more clasps forever. You are scatter'. For the brass clasp, it iss a trigger like on a gun—see? You lift; the hammer falls—it iss all over."

He stood erect, crossed his hands on his stomach and beamed like a pleased child. "It wass so simble."

"Clotts," said Ogus eagerly, "you are a genius. There will be no failure with this. You must make many of them, fifty, a hundred, as many as you can. Senators, judges, governors—great capitalists! In one instant they will be gone—the leaders. One morning's mail! The leaders will be gone—and with no one to plan and direct, we shall have our way. Before the country collects its senses, it



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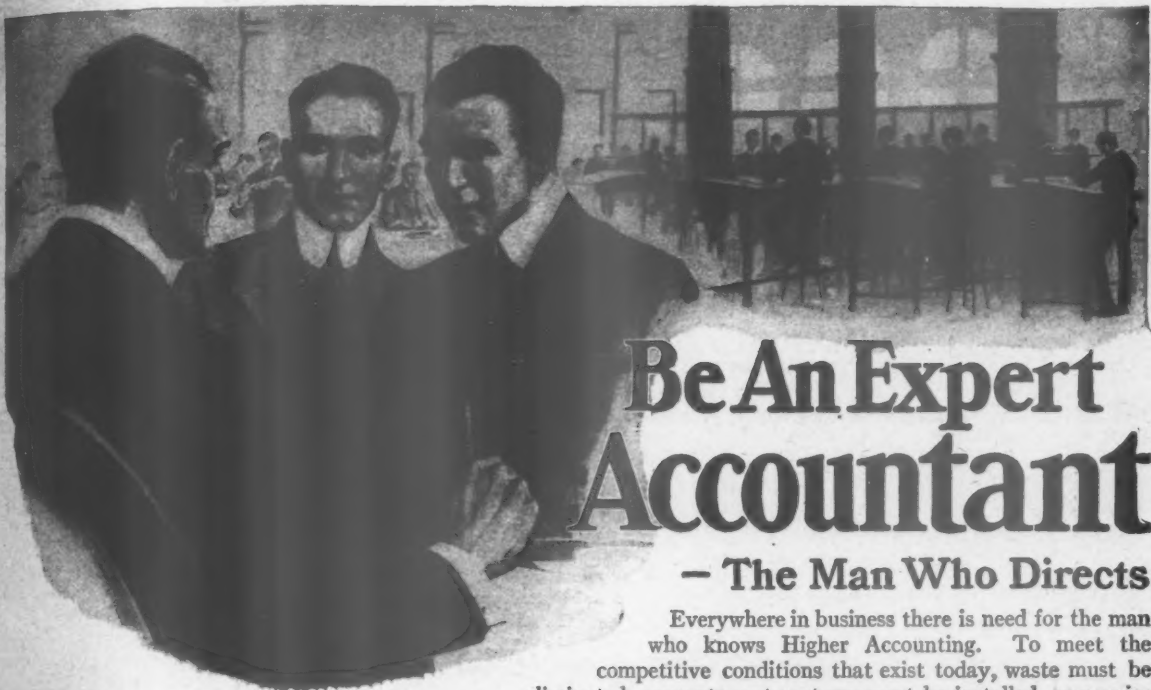
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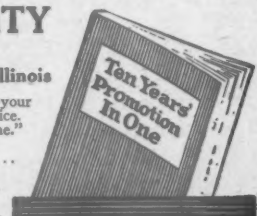
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sex and man as her pursuer. She was not of the sort to wait to be pursued, but once she desired, to pursue with a fierce tenacity equaled by no man. In spite of rebuffs, in spite of all obstacles in the way, she wanted Cleghorn, pursued him frankly, without shame.

She called the Islip residence, but Cleghorn was not in. It was more than a disappointment. She had not foreseen this possibility in making her plans, nor when she had dressed herself with the sole idea of displaying herself before his eyes, and she did not know what to do, knew no other place to seek him.

When she emerged from the telephone booth, she did not see Omar Bonaparte. He had stepped out of sight; but when she moved on down the street, he followed—as he had followed her every movement for weeks. He lumbered along at her heels, muttering, scowling, his little, burning eyes fastened upon her. It made one think of a gorilla trailing a panther through some jungle; it made one hold one's breath and wonder what would happen when panther should be overtaken by gorilla, when those primitive passions should meet uncontrolled.

THE next two weeks were a weird period in Cleghorn Islip's life. Anna Clotts harried him. She was waiting for him in his office when he came in the morning, her eyes fixed on his face with animal intensity. On the first morning she walked past him, closed the door tightly, and before he knew she was about, threw her arms about his and drew his face down to her lips. Cleghorn had been made apprehensive; he had uttered good resolutions; but the heat of youth was in him. His head cleared to find himself holding her lithe body to him and returning kiss for kiss. He felt a hot shame, not at the kissing, but because he had done so in spite of himself.

It was not like Cleghorn Islip to accuse himself because of a kiss, or to calculate results. The experience was novel, but even had his state of mind rendered it possible, he was not created for introspective analysis. He could not have told why he felt repulsion today at an act which would not have troubled him a month ago.

In this condition Weeks Ledyard played some part. Cleghorn admired Ledyard, as all men who came within the scope of his personality admired him. Ledyard possessed the attribute of making men perceive and admire rightness of conduct. But Ledyard was not the chief influence. Cleghorn, as he pushed Anna Clotts away from him, felt as if two steady, clear, scornful eyes were accusing him. The sensation was startlingly distinct—as if the possessor of those eyes were physically present, actually beholding. He was ashamed of himself because there existed a girl named Ruth Deyo!

He had met her only a few times; but twice at least, he had gone out of his way to encounter her. She aroused his curiosity, piqued him by her attitude. Since a last disturbing interview with her, she had been often present in his mind. She affected him as no other girl had ever affected him. When he thought of her, he lost sight of her physical beauties, did not dwell upon them. It was rather that



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she impressed him with her spirit, with herself. He could remember admiring no other girl—at least not with the respectful admiration, akin to awe, which he felt for Ruth Deyo. She arrested him, compelled some instinct within him. He became grave when he thought of her—grave and dissatisfied with himself, because he knew Ruth was dissatisfied with him.

It would be going too far to say that Cleghorn coveted virtue for himself or virtue's own sake. He did not name virtue or reformation. But he did de-

sire to dispel Ruth Deyo's manifest dislike for him and scorn of his mode of life.

Also she excited his curiosity, aroused in him a desire to understand her, to comprehend what made her as she was, and to break through the armor of distrust which she donned to protect herself from him. He was conscious of a strange, instinctive feeling that she was good for him, possessed of something beneficial, something necessary to his well-being. It was occult, psychic. Some voice in the soul of Ruth Deyo spoke to

some ear in the soul of Cleghorn Isip and his whole being responded.

It was a definite but incomprehensible phenomenon that his thoughts of her always associated themselves with the idea of safety. If he had been given to imagery, he would have pictured her as a city of refuge—as a harbor, perhaps, into the protection of which no wind could blow him save the wind of rightness.

Who can guess at the adventures of the human soul? Who can map its movements or name its contacts? It is beyond the will, free, untrammelled in its goings and comings, requiring no latchkey. Have the souls of men a life apart from the physical lives of men? Do they come and go about their own concerns unknown to the bodies they animate? Who can say? Events become manifest which can be explained by no other assumption than that the soul of one being, on its travels, has encountered the soul of another being, and meeting, has allied itself with that other soul in indissoluble union. Is this be possible, if this be true, then the souls of Cleghorn Isip and of Ruth Deyo had met, fraternized, bound themselves together by ineffable ties.

ANNA CLOTTIS approached Cleghorn again. He repulsed her.

"You've got to cut that out," he said with boyish anger.

She smiled at the wall, and went about her work, but he could not forget her presence. It was impossible for him to concentrate upon the routine of his work. Anna Clotts made it impossible. She never passed him without a touch, a caustic caressing touch. She lay in wait to catch his eye—until it became unendurable. Within a few days he came to dread entering his office—would have dropped everything and taken to his heels if he had dared. He tried to talk to Anna reasonably, but it was useless. He would talk, and she would listen—and a moment afterward she would be at it again; or perhaps she would fly into a rage and threaten—or burst into tears and accuse.

There was nobody with whom he could advise, and he did not know how to act without advice. If he discharged her, what would be the result? Once he had threatened it, and the result had been nerve-racking. He grew to hate her. It was apparent to himself that he had gotten into an entanglement from which something very disagreeable must result.

Anna was without shame. He would talk to her roughly, cruelly, and for the most part she would give no sign that she had heard, and when he was finished, she would crawl to him as a scolded dog crawls to its master. She was beyond reason.

"You made me love you," she said to him a hundred times. "You kissed me and made me love you."

He tried to buy her off, but she only smiled in that mirthless way of hers. Anna was not mercenary. It was Cleghorn she wanted and no amount of money could remove her desire. It would be difficult for the mature to blame him if there were moments when he was near to surrender. But for the most part she repelled him and alarmed him.

Weeks Ledyard had been keeping an

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STAND on a street corner some day and watch the motor cars go by. Every now and then you will see a motorist with two or three tires strapped on the back of his car, each tire of a different make.

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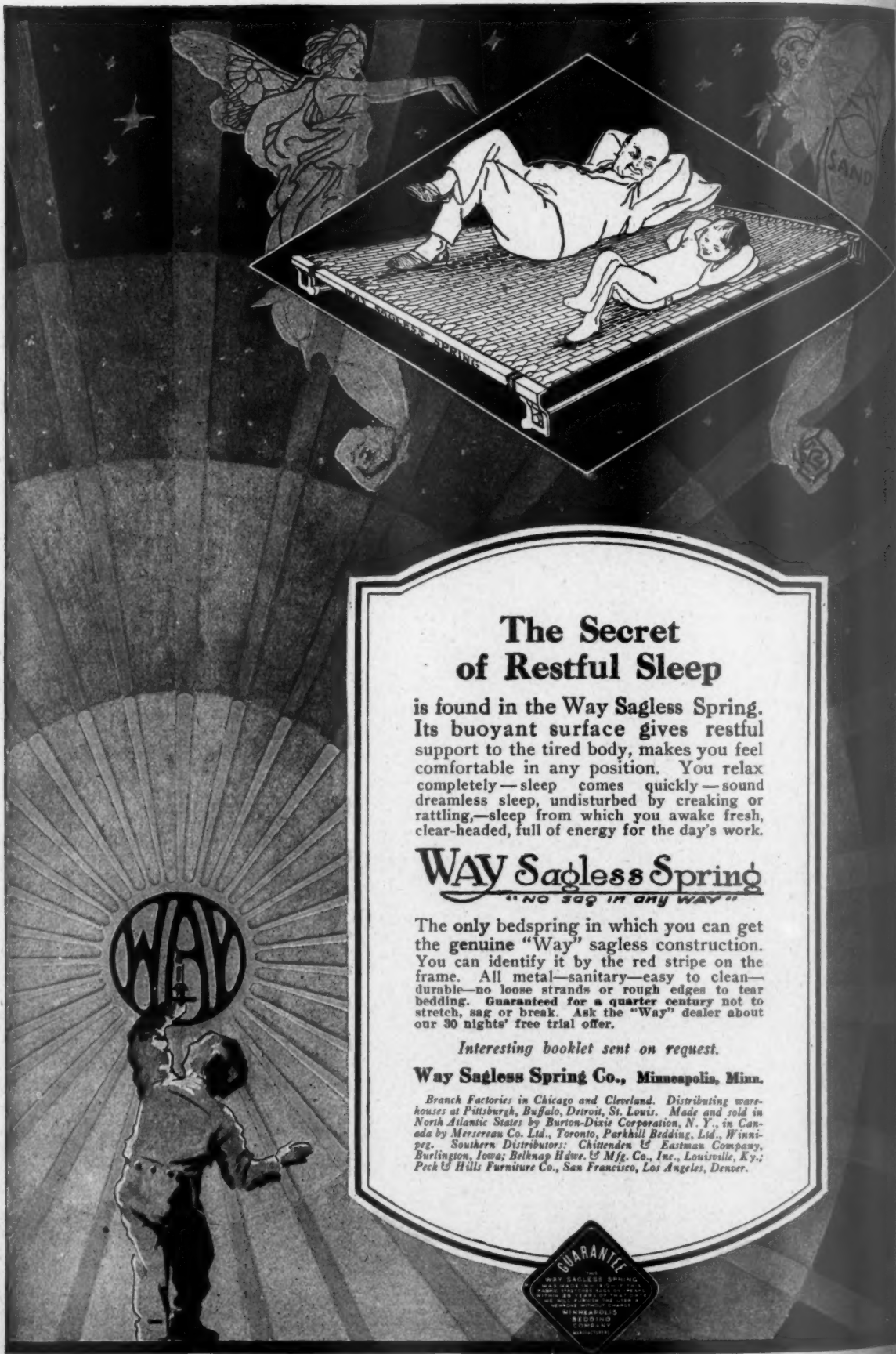
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eye on the situation. He had watched Anna and studied Cleghorn, and though his relations with the boy were in an uncomfortable state, he felt the necessity of intervening to prevent a scandal at best, and something more lasting and hurtful than a scandal at worst. He could not go to Abner Islip bearing tales, but he could go to old Hiram Dodds, who was as near to being supreme in that great office-building as any man; and he did go to Hiram, who listened, nodded and understood—and would, Weeks knew, be silent.

THE result was that Cleghorn was sent on an errand to Omaha, and during his absence Anna Clotts was discharged. Cleghorn returned to find her gone, and his relief was boundless. He continued to bask in that delightful feeling of relief, of freedom from a weighing care, until the second day of his return. Then he found on his desk a letter from Anna. It was long and ominous, demanding a meeting—it made threats.

"You have got to meet me tonight," it said, and she named the hour and the place—a spot some miles from the city on the shore of the lake. "If you do not come, I shall kill myself—and I shall leave a letter—not to you. It will be to your father. I shall tell him *everything*." She underlined the *everything*, and Cleghorn understood what she meant by the word. She would lie; she would leave behind her a lie about their relations which would be outside the power of man to refute. Cleghorn was young, and he was afraid. An older man might have disregarded the letter heartlessly, considering it an hysterical threat, but Cleghorn was wiser, perhaps. He believed Anna Clotts would do as she said.

He was afraid to keep the appointment; yet he did not dare to fail to keep it. And after it was kept—what?

The hour of the meeting was to be nine o'clock. Cleghorn took certain precautions. He left the city at six, driving in an opposite direction, and circled back to the lake. It was dark by the time he arrived within a mile of his destination, and he drove his car off the road, concealing it in a clump of trees. The remaining distance he walked.

The meeting-place was the wharf of a road-house, a resort not yet hopeful of much business from the city because of the season of the year. It would probably be deserted. Anna had calculated on this, and Cleghorn had hoped it might be so. The place was dark as he walked up the driveway—the house nothing but a huge black blur, blacker, more solid than the black surroundings of half-leaved trees. Before him lay the lake, itself black under a moonless sky. The darkness was intense, and darkness had always affected Cleghorn disagreeably. . . . He walked down the driveway slowly toward the wharf.

Anna was there before him. She leaned against a spile and waited, sure now of success. She had been there a matter of minutes. Presently she saw a man coming toward her, and her heart leaped. "Cleghorn!" she cried in her throaty voice. The man did not reply until he reached her side.

When he spoke, Anna screamed faintly.



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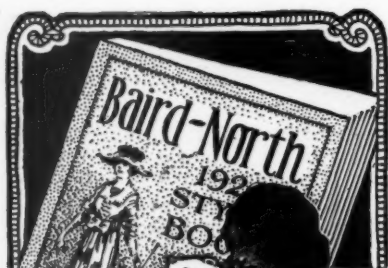
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"Shut up!" growled Borginski. "Shut up!"

Anna cowered against the spile. Borginski stood over her, silent, twitching with rage. "I told you," he said presently. "I said I'd catch you—and him." Suddenly he uttered a beastlike roar and clutched her throat with his twisted hands. She screamed shrilly—once—just as Cleghorn, emerging from the driveway, stepped upon the wharf followed by another of whose presence all three were unconscious.

Borginski shook the girl, struck her. Now Cleghorn could see dimly. He saw a man striking again and again, saw a woman's body, limp, senseless, lifted by powerful arms and hurled into the black water.

Then some one leaped on him from behind and crushed him to the planking.

"I saw you do it," an oily, menacing voice said in his ear. "I saw you kill her. Hey, Borginski, help me hold down this man!"

Borginski lurched forward menacingly, frightened at the presence of witnesses to his act, ready for more killing.

"It's Doc Keenan," said the man who held Cleghorn. "You and I just saw this man kill Anna Clotts. It's young Islip."

Borginski uttered another roar of rage. "Hands off!" said Doc. "We got him—we saw him kill Anna Clotts. Help drag him back here where we can go through him."

THEY dragged Cleghorn, struggling vainly, choked into silence, among the trees, and while Borginski held an electric flash, Keenan searched Cleghorn systematically. He found Anna Clotts' letter, and laughed.

"This'll do the trick," he said. "Evidence enough for any jury! We're in luck, Omar. I guess we own the Islip family from now on."

"But me," Borginski said hoarsely, "what about me?"

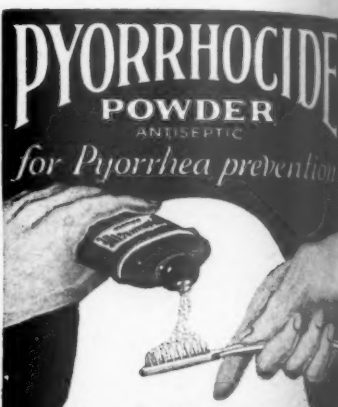
"You—nothin' about you! You didn't do anything, did you? Course not. You and me, we saw this young millionaire kill that girl. You haint got anything to worry you—if you do like I say." He released Cleghorn, who sat up bewildered, half unconscious from the handling he had received.

"Well, my young murderer!" said Keenan.

Stark fear held Cleghorn. He was crushed by such a calamity as he had never imagined, wordless, his brain refusing to function.

"Git up and git out of here," Keenan said roughly. "Jerk him onto his feet, Omar. . . . That's the eye. Now fade away, Islip. Remember you just killed a girl and we seen you—and we got her letter. You're comin' in handy to us—worth more alive than dead. . . . You'll hear from us damn' soon. All you got to do is what you're ordered—or sit and hear this told to a jury. Beat it!" He pushed Cleghorn violently, and the boy staggered blindly, helplessly down the driveway.

Further developments in this dramatic tale of class feeling and racial conflict will be found in the next installment, to appear in the June issue of The Red Book Magazine.



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THE FACE IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from page 77)

She was half-lifted, half-dragged through the doorway, and there she was dropped on the plank flooring. Her assailant, turning, made to close and bar the door.

When she could see clearly, she perceived a weak illumination in the cabin. On the rough bench-table, shaded by two slabs of bark, burned the stub of a tallow candle probably left by some hunting-party.

The windows were curtained with rotting blankets. Some rough furniture lay about; rusted cooking-utensils littered the tables, and at one end was a sheet-iron stove. The place had been equipped after a fashion by deer-hunters or mountain hikers, who brought additional furnishings to the place each year and left moldy provisions and unconsumed firewood behind.

THE man succeeded finally in closing the door. He turned upon her.

He was short and stocky. The stolen corduroy coat covered blacksmith's muscles now made doubly powerful by dementia. His hair was lifeless black and clipped close, prison-fashion. His low forehead hung over burning, mismatched eyes. From her helplessness on the floor Cora McBride stared up at him.

He came closer.

"Get up!" he ordered. "Take that chair. And don't start no rough-house; whether you're a woman or not, I'll drill you!"

She groped to the indicated chair and raised herself, the single snowshoe still dragging from one foot. Again the man surveyed her. She saw his eyes and gave another inarticulate cry.

"Shut your mouth and keep it shut! You hear me?"

She obeyed.

The greenish light burned brighter in his mismatched eyes, which gazed intently at the top of her head as though it held something unearthly.

"Take off your hat!" was his next command.

She pulled off the toque. Her hair fell in a mass on her snow-blotched shoulders. Her captor advanced upon her. He reached out and satisfied himself by touch that something was not there which he dreaded. In hypnotic fear she suffered that touch. It reassured him.

"Your hair now," he demanded; "it don't stand up, does it? No, o' course it don't. You aint him; you're a woman. But if your hair comes up, I'll kill you—understand? If your hair comes up, I'll kill you!"

She understood. She understood only too well. She was not only housed with a murderer; she was housed with a maniac. She sensed, also, why he had come to this mountain shack so boldly. In his dementia he knew no better. And she was alone with him, unarmed now.

"I'll keep it down," she whispered, watching his face out of fear-distended eyes.

The wind blew one of the rotten blan-



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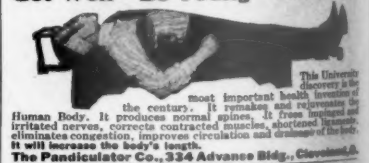
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kets inward. Thereby she knew that the window-aperture on the south wall contained no sash. He must have removed it to provide means of escape in case he were attacked from the east door. He must have climbed out that window when she came around the shack; that is how he had felled her from behind.

He stepped backward now until he felt the edge of the bench touch his calves. Then he sank down, one arm stretched along the table's rim, the hand clutching the revolver.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Cora McB—" She stopped—she recalled in a flash the part her husband had played in his former capture and trial. "I'm Cora Allen," she corrected. Then she waited, her wits in chaos. She was fighting desperately to bring order out of that chaos.

"What you doin' up here?"

"I started for Millington, over the mountain. I lost my way."

"Why didn't you go by the road?"

"It's further."

"That's a lie! It aint! And don't lie to me, or I'll kill you!"

"Who are you?" she heard herself asking. "And why are you acting this way with me?"

The man leaned suddenly forward.

"You mean to tell me you don't know?"

"A lumberjack, maybe, who's lost his way like myself?"

His expression changed abruptly.

"What you luggin' this for?" He indicated the revolver.

"For protection."

"From what?"

"Wild things."

"There aint no wild things in these mountains this time o' year; they're snowed up, and you know it."

"I just felt safer to have it along."

"To protect you from men-folks, maybe?"

"There are no men in these mountains I'm afraid of!" She made the declaration with pathetic bravado.

His eyes narrowed.

"I think I better kill you," he decided. "You've seen me; you'll tell you seen me. Why shouldn't I kill you? You'd only tell."

"Why? What have I done to you?" she managed to stammer. "Why should you object to being seen?"

It was an unfortunate demand. He sprang up with a snarl. Pointing the revolver from his hip, he drew back the hammer.

"Don't!" she shrieked. "Are you crazy? Don't you know how to treat a woman—in distress?"

"Distress, hell! You know who I be. And I don't care whether you're a woman or not, I aint goin' to be took—you understand?"

"Certainly I understand."

She said it in such a way that he eased the hammer back into place and lowered the gun. For the moment again she was safe. In response to her terrible need, some of her latent Yankee courage came now to aid her. "I don't see what you're making all this rumpus about," she told him in as indifferent a voice as she could command. "I don't see why you should want to kill a friend who might help you

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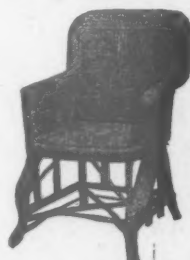
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—if you're really in need of help."

"I want to get to Partridgeville," he
muttered after a moment.

"You're not far from there. How long
have you been on the road?"

"None of your business."

"Have you had any food?"

"No."

"If you'll put up that gun and let me
get off this snowshoe and pack, I'll share
with you some of the food I have."

"Never you mind what I do with this
gun. Go ahead and fix your foot, and
let's see what you got for grub." The
man resumed his seat.

She twisted up her tangled hair, re-
placed her toque and untied the dangling
snowshoe.

Outside a tree cracked in the frost.
He started in hair-trigger fright. Creep-
ing to the window, he peeped cautiously
between casing and blanket. Convinced
that it was nothing, he returned to his
seat by the table.

"It's too bad we couldn't have a fire,"
suggested the woman then. "I'd make us
something hot." The stove was there,
rusty but still serviceable; available wood
was scattered around. But the man
shook his bullet head.

After a trying time unfastening the
frosted knots of the ropes that had
bound the knapsack upon her back, she
emptied it onto the table. She kept her
eye, however, on the gun. He had dis-
posed of it by thrusting it into his belt.
Plainly she would never recover it with-
out a struggle. And she was in no con-
dition for physical conflict.

"You're welcome to anything I have,"
she told him.

"Little you got to say about it! If
you hadn't given it up, I'd took it away
from you. So what's the difference?"

She shrugged her shoulders. She
started around behind him but he sprang
toward her.

"Don't try no monkey-shines with me!"
he snarled. "You stay here in front
where I can see you."

She obeyed, watching him make what
poor meal he could from the contents of
her bag.

She tried to reason out what the dé-
nouement of the situation was to be. He
would not send her away peacefully, for
she knew he dared not risk the story she
would tell regardless of any promises of
secrecy she might give him. If he left
her bound in the cabin, she would freeze
before help came—if it ever arrived.

No, either they were going to leave
the place and journey forth together,—
the Lord only knew where or with what
outcome,—or the life of one of them was
to end in this tragic place within the com-
ing few minutes. For she realized she
must use that gun with deadly effect if
it were to come again into her possession.

The silence was broken only by the
noises of his lips as he ate ravenously.
Outside, not a thing stirred in that snow-
bound world. Not a sound of civilization
reached them. They were a man and
woman in the primal, in civilization and
yet a million miles from it.

"The candle's going out," she an-
nounced. "Is there another?"

"There'll be light enough for what I
got to do," he growled.

Despite her effort to appear indifferent,

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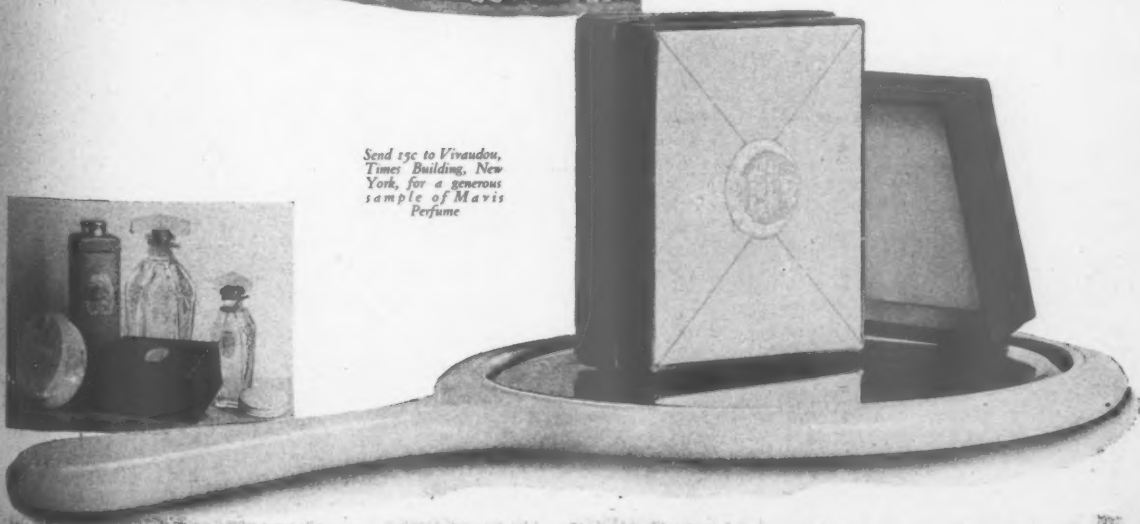
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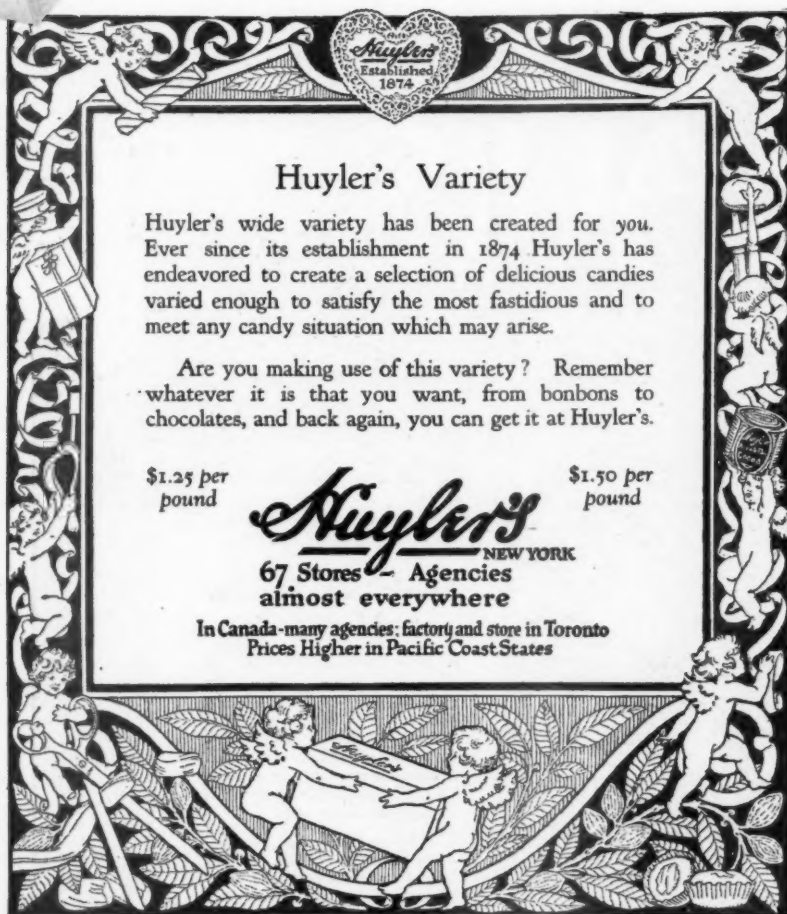
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her great fear showed plainly in her eyes.

"Are we going to stay here all night?" she asked with a pathetic attempt at lightness.

"That's my business."

"Don't you want me to help you?"

"You've helped me all you can with the gun and food."

"If you're going to Partridgeville, I'd go along and show you the way."

He leaped up.

"Now I know you been lyin'!" he belated. "You said you was headed for Millington. And you aint at all. You're watchin' your chance to get the drop on me and have me took—that's what you're doin'!"

"Wait!" she pleaded desperately. "I was going to Millington. But I'd turn back and show you the way to Partridgeville to help you."

"What's it to you?" He had drawn the gun from his belt and now was fingering it nervously.

"You're lost up here in the mountains, aren't you?" she said. "I couldn't let you stay lost if it was possible for me to direct you on your way."

"You said you was lost yourself."

"I was lost—until I stumbled into this clearing. That gave me my location."

"Smart, aint you? Damn smart, but not too smart for me, you woman!" The flare fanned up again in his crooked eyes. "You know who I be, all right. You

know what I'm aimin' to do. And you're stallin' for time till you can put one over. But you can't—see? I'll have this business done with! I'll end this business!"

She felt herself sinking to her knees. He advanced and gripped her left wrist. The crunch of his iron fingers sent an arrow of pain through her arm. It bore her down.

"For God's sake—don't!" she whispered hoarsely, overwhelmed with horror. For the cold, sharp nose of the revolver suddenly punched her neck.

"I aint leavin' no traces behind. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Never mind if I do—"

"Look!" she cried wildly. "Look, look, look!" And with her free hand she pointed behind him.

It was an old trick. There was nothing behind him. But in that instant of desperation instinct had guided her.

Involuntarily he turned.

With a scream of pain she twisted from his grasp and blotted out the candle.

A long, livid pencil of orange flame spurted from the gunpoint. She sensed the powder-flare in her face. He had missed.

She scrambled for shelter beneath the table. The cabin was now in inky blackness. Across that black four more threads of scarlet light were laced. The man stumbled about seeking her, cursing with blood-curdling blasphemy.

Suddenly he tripped and went sprawl-

ing. The gun clattered from his bruised fingers; it struck the woman's knee.

Swiftly her hand closed upon it. The hot barrel burned her palm.

She was on her feet in an instant. Her left hand fumbled in her blouse, and she found what had been there all along—the flash-lamp.

With her back against the door, she pulled it forth. With the gun thrust forward for action she pressed the button. "I've got the gun—get up!" she ordered. "Don't come too near me, or I'll shoot. Back up against that wall."

The bull's-eye of radiance blinded him. When his eyes became accustomed to the light, he saw its reflection on the barrel of the revolver. He obeyed.

"Put up your hands. Put 'em up high!"

"Suppose I won't?"

"I'll kill you."

"What'll you gain by that?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Then you know who I be?"

"Yes."

"You was huntin' me?"

"Yes."

"And was aimin' to take me in?"

"Yes."

"How you goin' to do that if I won't go?"

"You're goin' to find out."

"You won't get no money shootin' me."

"Yes, I will—just as much—dead as alive."

With his hands raised a little way above the level of his shoulders, he stood rigidly at bay in the circle of light.

"Well," he croaked at last, "go ahead and shoot. I aint aimin' to be took—not by no woman. Shoot, damn you, and have it done with. I'm waitin'!"

"Keep up those hands!"

"I won't!" He lowered them defiantly.

"I w-wanted to m-make Partridgeville and see the old lady. She'd 'a' helped me. But anything's better'n goin' back to that hell where I been the last two years. Go on! Why don't you shoot?"

"You wanted to make Partridgeville and see—who?"

"My mother—and my wife."

"Have you got a mother? Have you got a—wife?"

"Yes, and three kids. Why don't you shoot?"

IT seemed an eon that they stood so.

The McBride woman was trying to find the nerve to fire. She could not. In that instant she made a discovery that many luckless souls make too late: to kill a man is easy to talk about, easy to write about. But to stand deliberately face to face with a fellow-human,—alive, pulsing, breathing, fearing, hoping, loving, living,—point a weapon at him that would take his life, blot him from the earth, negate twenty or thirty years of childhood, youth, maturity, and make of him in an instant—nothing!—that is quite another matter.

He was helpless before her now. Perhaps the expression on his face had something to do with the sudden revulsion that halted her finger. Facing certain death, some of the evil in those crooked eyes seemed to die out, and the terrible personality of the man to fade. Regardless of her danger, regardless of what he

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would have done to her if luck had not turned the tables, Cora McBride saw before her only a lone man with all society's hand against him, realizing he had played a bad game to the limit and lost, two big tears creeping down his unshaven face, waiting for the end.

"Three children!" she whispered faintly.

"Yes."

"You're going back to see them?"

"Yes, and my mother. Mother'd help me get to Canada—somehow."

Cora McBride had forgotten all about the five thousand dollars. She was stunned by the announcement that this man had relatives—a mother, a wife, *three* babies. The human factor had not before occurred to her. Murderers! They have no license to let their eyes well with tears, to have wives and babies, to possess mothers who will help them get to Canada regardless of what their earthly indiscretions may have been.

At this revelation the gun-point wavered. The sight of those tears on his face sapped her will-power even as a wound in her breast might have drained her life-blood.

Her great moment had been given her. She was letting it slip away. She had her reward in her hand for the mere pulling of a trigger and no incrimination for the result. For a bit of human sentiment she was bungling the situation unpardonably, fatally.

Why did she not shoot? Because she was a woman. Because it is the God-given purpose of womanhood to give life, not take it.

The gun sank, sank—down out of the light, down out of sight.

And the next instant he was upon her.

The flash-lamp was knocked from her hand and blinked out. It struck the stove and she heard the tinkle of the broken lens. The woman's hand caught at the sacking before the window at her left shoulder. Gripping it wildly to save herself from that onslaught, she tore it away. For the second time the revolver was twisted from her raw fingers.

The man reared upward, over her.

"Where are you?" he roared again and again. "I'll show you! Lemme at you!"

Outside the great yellow moon of early winter, arising late, was coming up over the silhouetted line of purple mountains to the eastward. It illumined the cabin with a faint radiance, disclosing the woman crouching beneath the table.

The man saw her, pointed his weapon point-blank at her face and fired.

To Cora McBride, prostrate there in her terror, the impact of the bullet felt like the blow of a stick upon her cheekbone, rocking her head. Her cheek felt warmly numb. She pressed a quick hand involuntarily against it, and drew it away sticky with blood.

Click! Click! Click!

Three times the revolver mechanism was worked to accomplish her destruction. But there was no further report. The cylinder was empty.

"Oh, God!" the woman moaned. "I fed you and offered to help you. I refused to shoot you because of your mother—your wife—your babies. And yet you—"

"Where's your cartridges?" he cried

wildly. "You got more; gimme that belt!"

She felt his touch upon her. His crazy fingers tried to unbutton the clasp of the belt and holster. But he could secure neither while she fought him. He pinioned her at length with his knee. His fingers secured a fistful of the cylinders from her girdle, and he opened the chamber of the revolver.

She realized the end was but a matter of moments. Nothing but a miracle could save her now.

Convulsively she groped about for something with which to strike. Nothing lay within reach of her bleeding fingers, however, but a little piece of dried sapling. She tried to struggle loose, but the lunatic held her mercilessly. He continued the mechanical loading of the revolver.

The semidarkness of the hut, the outline of the moon afar through the uncurtained window—these swam before her. . . . Suddenly her eyes riveted on that curtainless window and she uttered a terrifying cry.

Ruggam turned.

Outlined in the window aperture against the low-hung moon, *Martin Wiley, the murdered deputy, was staring into the cabin!*

FROM the fugitive's throat came a gurgle. Some of the cartridges he held spilled to the flooring. Above her his figure became rigid. There was no mistaking the identity of the apparition. They saw the man's hatless head and some of his neck. They saw his dark pompadour and the outline of his skull. As that horrible silhouette remained there, Wiley's pompadour lifted slightly as it had done in life.

The cry in the convict's throat broke forth into words.

"Mart Wiley!" he cried, "Mart Wiley! Mart—Wiley!"

Clear, sharp, distinct was the shape of that never-to-be-forgotten pompadour against the disk of the winter moon. His features could not be discerned, for the source of light was behind him, but the silhouette was sufficient. It was Martin Wiley; he was alive. His head and his wirelike hair were moving—rising, falling.

Ruggam, his eyes riveted upon the phantom, recoiled mechanically to the western wall. He finished loading the revolver by the sense of touch. Then:

Spurt after spurt of fire lanced the darkness, directed at the Thing in the window. While the air of the hut reeked with the acrid smoke, the echo of the volley sounded through the silent forest-world miles away.

But the silhouette in the window remained.

Once or twice it moved slightly as though in surprise; that was all. The pompadour rose in bellicose retaliation—the gesture that had always ensued when Wiley was angered or excited. But no bullets fired from an earthly gun the silhouette of the murdered deputy's ghost, arisen in these winter woods to prevent another slaughter, was impervious.

Ruggam saw; he shrieked. He broke the gun and spilled out the empty shells. He fumbled in more cartridges, locked the



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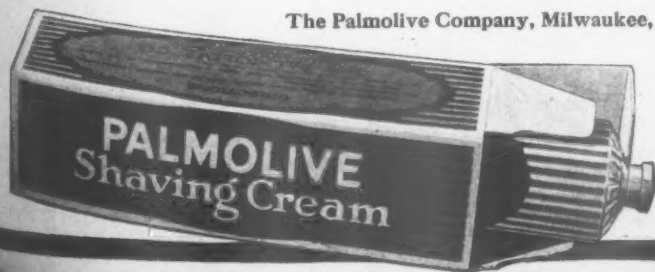
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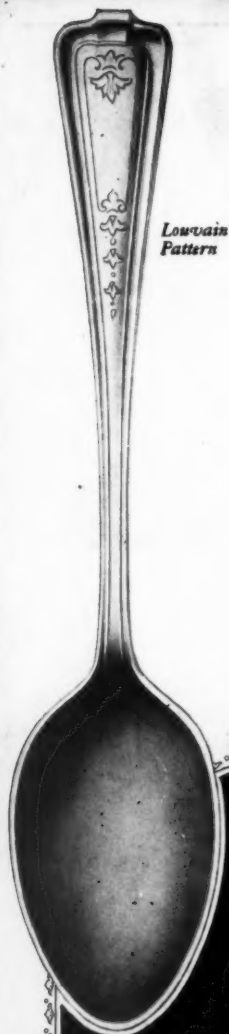
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